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THE
HANDBOOK OF ORATORY

FROM THE

*EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE
PRESENT TIME*

WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS
EDITOR



ST. LOUIS

CHICAGO

FERD. P. KAISER

1901



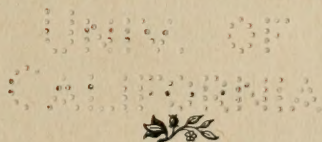
THE
HANDBOOK OF ORATORY

A CYCLOPEDIA

OF AUTHORITIES ON ORATORY AS AN ART AND OF CELE-
BRATED PASSAGES FROM THE BEST ORATIONS

FROM THE

EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME



William Vincent Byars
EDITOR

ST. LOUIS

CHICAGO

FERD. P. KAISER

1901

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EDITOR'S PREFACE



THE primary object of this book is to bring within reach of public speakers and students, all that is essential in what Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Fénelon, Blair, Whately, and other great authorities, ancient and modern, have written on the subject of oratory as an art—the art of telling the truth in such a way as to give it its greatest possible influence.

The distinction between oratory and rhetoric has not been clearly made even in modern times; and by classical writers it is not made at all. A great part of the works of Quintilian and much of the treatises of Aristotle and Cicero are devoted to etymology, prosody, and questions of philology that are now treated separately either in the Grammar, Rhetoric, and Prose Composition of the common schools, or in such learned works as those of Grimm and Bopp. While the views of classical authorities on such questions are valuable for the purposes of philologists and antiquarians, they are out of place in a book devoted strictly to public speaking as an art. In editing the classical authorities and in selecting from the treatises of such moderns as Blair and Whately, nothing has been retained unless it bore directly on public speaking either at the bar, in the pulpit, on the lecture platform, or in public life. To a certain extent great authorities have been allowed to repeat each other, so that from Aristotle to Henry Ward Beecher, the student may have the views of the greatest writers on oratory as they attempt to define what makes oratory great.

To these studies of oratory as an art has been added a department of essays on the great orators by such writers as Macaulay, Cormanin, Harsha, Matthews, Headley, and Jebb, while Longinus, Edmund Burke, John Locke, Hume, Lord Kames, Beattie, and others of like authority, discuss the use of words as vehicles of power, beauty, and sublimity.

The oratory of the pulpit is so intimately connected in its principles with that of the forum and senate, that what is said of one illustrates all; but special chapters on pulpit eloquence are included from Fénelon, Isaac

Watts, Hugh Blair, George Campbell, Archbishop Maury, Dr. Matthews, and Henry Ward Beecher. Elocution and Delivery are treated in chapters from Cicero, Quintilian, Fénelon, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. William Enfield, John Quincy Adams, Richard Whately, and Epes Sargent—who summarizes Rush and other important writers on the artistic control of the voice in speaking. While the importance of this branch of the subject has been given due weight, it has not been allowed to distract attention from the central fact of oratory,—that success depends on the strength of a governing idea firmly grasped and coherently expressed. It is in the art of coherent expression throughout the whole of a speech, composed of clearly defined parts, each supporting and strengthening the other, from exordium to peroration, that the classical orators excel the moderns. As has been already suggested, the chief object of this Handbook is to make the great authorities in the art of doing this available and intelligible to all who believe that in public speaking, as in everything else, what is worth doing at all is worth doing as well as possible. It remains only to be added that the classical oration is not divided by its parts, but rather united by them into a harmonious, consecutive, coherent whole. Assuredly Charles Dickens in writing the speech of Sergeant Buzfuz in "*Bardell vs. Pickwick*" had no idea of imitating Attic models, but in travestyng great English lawyers, students of Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, whom he had so often heard in doing his work as a reporter, he achieves a well-defined exordium, a masterly statement, and a highly artistic peroration. The most serious pulpit addresses composed as Aristotle, Quintilian, and Fénelon direct, will have the same ease of motion and the same appearance of wholeness which distinguishes this remarkable parody in which Dickens suggests the power of the British bar in making "the worse appear the better part."

It is equally true that such orations and addresses from the poets, as Antony at Cæsar's Funeral, Belial and Moloch to the Council of War of the Fallen Angels, and Satan's Address to the Sun in "*Paradise Lost*," illustrate the classical rules of oratory and are models of what a prose oration should be in its unities. Hence the Handbook includes a department of imaginary addresses and soliloquies, giving speeches and soliloquies from the poets from the time of Homer. To complete the work as a Handbook and reference book, there have been added departments of celebrated passages from great orators ancient and modern and from poets oftenest quoted in public speaking. The "*Celebrated Passages from the Best Orations*" begin with Pericles (born 495 B. C.) and end with the year of publication. They illustrate the three great periods, Classical, Mediæval, and

Modern, and they include the oratory of the pulpit as well as that of the bar and of public life.

The Chronological arrangement has been adopted for the authorities on oratory (from Aristotle to Jebb, 384 B. C. to 1900 A. D.), and it is believed that the work includes all that the modern student can need of the great classical masters—especially as the direct translations from the great classics have been reinforced by the complete text of the analysis and summary of Aristotle's "Rhetoric" made by the celebrated Thomas Hobbes.

The number and variety of the "Celebrated Passages from the Best Orations Ancient and Modern" has necessitated the alphabetical arrangement by authors, and it is hoped that the care taken in making the selections will justify the attempt to bring the most striking thoughts of the great orators ancient, mediæval, and modern within reach of the student.

It is believed that the Handbook, attempting as it does what has not been attempted before thus extensively and systematically, will be useful not only as a table book for professional men, but a text-book for students. Care has been taken to make it authoritative. The translations are from accepted and standard authorities and the dates have been tested by the British Encyclopædia and the Century Dictionary of Names. A reference to the Tables of Contents will complement what is said here of the purposes and scope of the work and will suggest much that remains unsaid. Indeed, it is believed that in these tables the Handbook will find its best introduction and a sufficient explanation of its reason for existence.

ARISTOTLE

(384-322 B. C.)

THE earliest and one of the most authoritative treatises on the principles underlying the methods through which the human mind seeks fitting expression is Aristotle's "Rhetoric" — "rhetoric" with Aristotle meaning the whole art of persuasion. His understanding of its scope and province explains the great importance he attached to it; the care with which he studied it; the scientific accuracy with which he strove to define its canons. It seemed to him the fundamental art of civilization. In the measure in which men control each other by force, they are savages or at best barbarians. Moral force, exerting itself through persuasion, is the beginning of civilization, and the extent to which it supplants control by violence or fear is at all times the measure of the reality of any putative civilization. Aristotle, the first great scientific thinker of Europe, undertook to analyze civilization and to get at the principles of natural development. Hence he made his work on "Rhetoric" one of his masterpieces. With his "Poetics" it remained for many centuries — as indeed it still remains — one of the great authorities on expression. Though the modern science of language may show that it is often erroneous in detail, its grasp of principle gives it an enduring value side by side with the greatest works of modern times. Aristotle's use of his great intellect entitles him to the profound respect of all who feel the necessity of being grateful to the benefactors of humanity. It cannot be said with assurance even at the beginning of the twentieth century that modern times have produced his equal as an independent thinker. He taught men to think, as Lord Bacon, his pupil and his peer, taught them to experiment.

He was born at Stagira, in Chalcidice, 384 B. C. In his eighteenth year he went to Athens, where he studied in the school of Plato and caught the inspiration of the great mind of the martyred Socrates. In 342 or 343 B. C. he went to Macedonia and became the tutor of Alexander the Great, then a boy of thirteen. Returning to Athens he founded a school of philosophy in the Lyceum, and from his habit of walking with his disciples in the grove surrounding it they were first called "Peripatetics." After the death of Alexander, Aristotle was persecuted at Athens, and had he not escaped it is probable that he would have been put to death. He died at Chalcis, in Eubœa, in 322. He wrote on logic, metaphysics, natural history, mathematics, meteorology, ethics, and almost every other conceivable subject. His influence was chiefly responsible for the high civilization of the Saracens, and the first impulse towards modern times in North

Europe was largely derived from Arab translations of his works brought back to Europe by crusaders and pilgrims returning from Palestine.

The version of his "Rhetoric" here used is the excellent one of Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church, Oxford.

SUBJECTS OF DELIBERATIVE ORATORY

FIRST, then, we must ascertain what kind of good or evil it is respecting which the deliberative orator gives his advice; for we have seen that it is not about every kind, but about such as may or may not befall us. Such, however, as either has or will have an existence of necessity; such, again, as it is impossible should exist or be produced; respecting every such description [of good or evil] there never is any deliberation: neither, in fact, is there about every one even of contingent subjects; for of goods which may or may not accrue, some exist naturally, others are produced by chance, on the subject of which it is not worth while to deliberate; but evidently [he is confined to subjects] about which men resolve; of which character are all such as are of a nature to be referred to ourselves, and the first principle of whose creation is in our own power; for in deliberation we carry on our views thus far, *viz.*, till we shall ascertain whether the achievement of the object be possible to us or not.

Now, to enumerate in accurate detail, and to divide into separate species, every subject about which men are wont to interest themselves; to enter, moreover, into minute distinctions conformable to the standard of truth to the very utmost that the subject admits it; these inquiries it is not necessary, on the present occasion to institute, by reason that they belong not to the art of rhetoric, but to some art whose province is, in a more peculiar manner, intellect, and truth; and because many speculations more than are proper to this art have already been assigned to it. For that remark is true, which I have before made; that rhetoric is made up of the science of logic, and of that branch of the science of social life which recognizes the subject of morals; and it partly resembles logic, partly the declamations of the sophists: and in exact proportion as one shall attempt to get up logic or rhetoric, not as they are general faculties, but as distinct sciences, he will unwittingly do away their nature by his encroaching, in the act of so tricking them out, upon sciences of certain definite subject-matter, and not of words alone. Let us, however, even on the present occasion, discuss such points as it is worth while to enlarge upon, and which still reserve the more full consideration for the science of social life: for nearly all the questions on which men deliberate, and on which the deliberative orator harangues, those at least of the highest concernment are in number five; and these are questions of finance, of war and peace, and again respecting the safeguard of the territory, and respecting imports and exports, and also respecting legislation.

So that it will be fitting that the orator, who is about to give his advice on the subject of the finance of the state, be acquainted with its revenues, both what and how great they may be; in order that, if any branch is overlooked, it may be added to the rest; and, if any be in default, it may be augmented. Moreover, he should be acquainted with the whole expenditure of the state, that if any expense be superfluous it may be curtailed; if any too high, it may be reduced. For men become more wealthy, not only by adding to their capital stock, but by detracting from their expenses as well. These, however, are points which we must not only

learn from our own experience as individuals; but, with a view to deliberation on these subjects, one ought to be qualified by a research into the discoveries made by other people.

Respecting questions of war and peace, the orator must needs be acquainted with the force of the state, how great it actually is already, and how great it admits of becoming; of what description also it is already, and what additions admit of being made to it. Moreover, he should know both what wars the state has been engaged in, and how it has conducted them. This must he needs know, not in relation to his own state only, but as regards frontier states also; particularly in the case of those with whom there is a likelihood of being at war, in order that toward the more powerful, pacific measures may be held, and that in regard to the weaker, it may rest with his own state to make war or not. He should also be acquainted with the description of force which belongs to each state, whether it resemble or differ from his own; for it is possible, even in this respect, to secure an advantage to yourself, or to have one taken by the enemy. In order to all which things the orator must necessarily have considered with attention the wars, not of his own state only, but those also of others, what has been their issue; for it is natural that from similar causes similar results should accrue.

Moreover, as regards the safeguard of the territory, it should not escape his attention how that is preserved; but he must be acquainted as well with the numbers as the nature of the garrisons, and with the positions of the strongholds; this it is impossible that one not acquainted with the country should know. But known it must be, in order that, if any garrison be weak, it may be reinforced; if any be unnecessary, it may be done away, and the force may rather maintain positions strictly adapted to defense.

Again, on the subject of provision, the orator should know how great a consumption is sufficient to subsist the state, and of what kind that is which arises at home, and what is imported; and those nations whose exports there is need of, and those to whose markets he wants to import his home productions, in order that commercial treaties and agreements may be entered into with them. [All this should the orator be acquainted with], because it is absolutely necessary strictly to preserve your citizens from any ground of quarrel in two of their relations, *viz.*, in respect to those physically their superiors, and those who may be serviceable in aforementioned points.

Thus much, then, it is absolutely necessary that the deliberative orator should be able to consider, in order to the security of the state; neither is an attention to legislation the least essential, for in its legislative enactments stands the safety of the state. And thus it becomes requisite, both that he should know how many forms of government there are, and what system of things is expedient for each; and what things, as well peculiar to the government, as opposite to it, have a natural tendency to destroy it. I talk of a government being destroyed by things peculiar to itself because, with the exception of the most excellent form of government, every other, by being relaxed or strained too much, destroys itself. Thus a democracy, not only when relaxed, but even when overstrained, grows weaker, and thus will at last be brought an oligarchy. Just as hookedness or flatness of the nose not only approaches the mean in proportion as it relaxes from the excess, but also, when it becomes excessively hooked or flat, disposes the nostrils in such a way as no longer to resemble the nasal organ.

It is serviceable, moreover, with a view to legislation, to apprehend not only what constitution is expedient, by deriving your view from circumstances past, but to become acquainted also with the constitution of other states, and to what kind of constitutions what sort of measures are adapted. Thus it is plain that accounts of

travelers are of use with a view to legislation; for hence we are able to ascertain what the laws of other nations are; and with a view to debates on matters of state, the researches of those who write on human conduct are useful: all these points, however, form part, not of rhetoric, but of the science of social life.

So many, then, are the questions of highest concern touching which the deliberative orator must be in possession of propositions. We will, however, again discuss the elements out of which it is proper to exhort and dissuade, as well on these as on other questions.

OBJECTS TO BE AIMED AT IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

NEARLY every one individually, and all men in general, have some object, at which, directing every aim, they both choose and avoid; and this, to speak summarily, is happiness and its constituents. Let us, then, for the sake of getting at a received standard, ascertain what happiness, generally speaking, is; and what are its constituents; for on the subject of it, and what conduces to it, and of its opposites, exhortation or dissuasion is always conversant; and this, because we need do the things which procure it or any of its constituents, or which render it greater from having been less, and refrain from doing the things which destroy or impede it, or produce its opposites.

Let happiness, then, be defined to be good fortune in conjunction with virtue,—or independency of life,—or the life which is most pleasant, accompanied by security,—or abundance of property and slaves, with power to preserve and augment it; for mankind allow either one or more of these things to amount nearly to happiness. If, then, happiness be such as I have described, its constituents must necessarily be: 1. noble birth, many and excellent friends, wealth, a good and numerous offspring, a good old age; and, moreover, personal excellencies,—as health, comeliness, strength, stature, ability in the games; character; 2. honor, good fortune; 3. virtue, and its constituents,—prudence, courage, justice, temperance. Thus furnished, one would be most independent, were both external and internal goods his own; for besides these there are no others. But the internal goods are mental and personal; the external, noble birth, friends, wealth, and distinction. We deem, moreover, that power and good fortune ought to be present, for thus would life be most independent. . . .

Since the expedient is the object proposed to the deliberative orator, and as all form their conclusions, not about the end itself, but about the means conducive to that end; as, moreover, these are all things which are expedient in reference to human conduct (now everything expedient is a good), we shall have to ascertain certain elementary propositions on the subjects of the good and the expedient in general.

Let good, then, be defined to be: 1. Whatever is an object of choice independently, for its own sake; 2. and for the sake of which we choose something else. 3. What everything aims at, or everything which has perception, or which has intelligence; or everything would aim at, were it possessed of intelligence. 4. Whatever intelligence would award to each. 5. Whatever the intelligence conversant with every instance awards to each, that to each individual is his good. 6. That which being present, one is well disposed and independent. 7. Independency. 8. Whatever produces or preserves such advantages; 9. and that on which they are consequent. 10. Whatever, too, has a tendency to prevent or destroy their opposites. Now, things are consequent in two ways; for either they may be consequent simultaneously or subsequently.—Knowledge, for instance, is a consequent on learning

subsequently; life is so on health simultaneously. Again, things are productive in three ways; first, in the way that the being healthy is productive of health; or as food is so of health; or as exercise is, because usually it does produce health.

These things being laid down, it must be, of course, that acquisitions of good, and the exemptions from evil, are good; for on the one is consequent the non-possession of evil simultaneously; on the other, the possession of good subsequently.

And the acquisition of a greater instead of a less good; of a less evil instead of a greater; for this becomes an acquisition of the one and an exemption from the other, in the ratio of the excess of the greater above the less. The virtues, also, must, of course, be a good, for in reference to them are their possessors well-disposed; they are also productive of goods, and bear on moral conduct: respecting each, however, severally what, and of what kind it is, must be distinctly treated. It must be also that pleasure is a good, for all living things naturally desire it. Thus, too, things pleasant and honorable must needs be good; for the first are productive of pleasure; while, of things honorable, some are pleasant, and the rest are by themselves objects of choice on their own account. So that to speak of them severally, it must be that the following things are good.—Happiness; for it is both an object of choice by itself, and independent, and for the sake of it we choose many things. Justice, courage, temperance, magnanimity, magnificence, and other habits of that sort; for they are excellencies of the soul;—and health and comeliness, and things of that sort, for they are excellencies of the body, and productive of many things; health, for instance, both of pleasure and of life; and it seems, on this account, to be the very best possession, because it is the cause of two things, which the generality of men value most, *viz.*, of pleasure and life:—Wealth; because it is an excellence of possession, and productive of many things. A friend and friendship; for a friend is an object of choice independently, and productive of many advantages. Honor, character; for they are pleasant, and productive of much; and there is usually consequent on them the actual possession of the qualities, on account of which the subject is honored. Ability, in speaking and acting; for all such powers are productive of good. Again, high genius, memory, readiness in learning, quickness of thought, and all such qualities; for these faculties are productive of good; and in the same way all the arts and sciences. And life; for were no other good consequent on it, of itself it is an object of choice. And that which is just, for it is a kind of general advantage. Such, then, are the things which are good, as it were confessedly. . . .

In a word, all objects of determined choice are good. And men determinately choose to do both the things which have been mentioned, and those which are evil to foes and good to friends; and those which are possible—these are varied in two ways, such as may be done and such as may easily be done. Easy things are such as are done either without pain, or in a short time; for difficulty is defined in reference either to the pain, or length of time. And men choose what is done as they wish; and they wish what either is in no respect an evil, or in a less degree than it is good. This will occur in the case of unjust action, where the punishment either escapes notice or is trifling: and such actions as are peculiar; as no one has done; or which are extraordinary, for thus is their value greater: and those things which have an adaptation to ourselves; of which kind are things belonging to us in respect of family and power. Things, too, which men consider are wanting to the completion of something else; for be they ever so trifling, they in no less degree determine on putting them in execution: and things easily brought about; for they are possible, inasmuch as they are easy: but things easily brought about are such as every one, or many, or our equals, or our inferiors, have succeeded in. Whatever gratifies one's friends, or will be disliked by one's foes. Everything, too, which they

whom we admire deliberately set about. Things toward which men are well fitted by nature, and about which they have experience; for they suppose they shall more easily succeed in them. Things, too, which no bad man does; for they are the rather commendable. What people happen to be desirous of; for not only does it appear pleasant, but it is viewed in the more favorable light. And men more particularly choose on deliberation the things in reference to which they severally are of a certain disposition; the ambitious, for instance, if the object be victory; the avaricious, if it be money; and other characters in the same way.

On questions, then, of good and of expediency, we must deduce our means of persuading from hence.

PROSECUTION AND DEFENSE

IT WILL be for me next to speak of the number and nature of the sources out of which the orator must construct his reasonings, touching accusation and defense.

Now we must ascertain three points: one, what and how many are the objects for the sake of which men act unjustly; the second, how themselves are disposed; and the third, towards persons of what character and of what disposition they do so act.

Let us then, after defining the acting unjustly, speak in order of the rest. Let the acting unjustly be defined to be the voluntary commission of hurt in contravention of law. Now law is either general or peculiar. The peculiar law I call that, by whose written enactments men direct their polity; the general, whatever unwritten rules appear to be recognized among all men. Men are voluntary agents in whatever they do wittingly, and without compulsion. Men, therefore, do not everything on fixed principle, which they do wittingly; but whatever they do on fixed principle, that they do wittingly; because no one is ignorant of that which he chooses on principle. Now, the principles by whose motion men deliberately choose to hurt and do evil in contravention of law are depravity and moral weakness; for if any are depraved either in one or more respects, it is in reference to that point, on which they are so depraved, that they are guilty of injustice. The illiberal man, for instance, on the subject of money; the intemperate, touching the pleasure of the body; and the effeminate, respecting objects of ease; and the coward, respecting danger (for it is by reason of fear that men abandon their comrades in danger); the ambitious man, on the score of honor; the hasty man, by reason of anger; the man eager to excel, on account of victory; the vindictive, for the sake of revenge; a silly man, owing to his being mistaken on points of right and wrong; a man of effrontery, from his contempt of character. And in other characters in the same way each [goes wrong] respecting his own particular weakness. But my meaning on these matters will be evident from what has been already said on the subject of the virtues, and from what hereafter will be stated on the subject of the passions. It merely remains for me to state on what account, how effected, and toward whom, men do commit injustice.

First, then, let us distinctly enumerate the objects, which desiring, or which avoiding, we set about injustice: because it evidently should be considered by the plaintiff how many, and what sort of those things, from a desire of which men wrong their neighbors, have an existence on the side of his adversary; and by the defendant again, what, and what number of these things do not so exist. Now all men do all things either of themselves, or not of themselves. The things which they do not of themselves, they do either by chance or from necessity; and the things done by necessity, they do either by compulsion or by nature. So that all

things whatsoever which men do not of themselves, they do either by chance, or from compulsion, or by nature. Again, the things which they do of themselves, and of which they are themselves the causes, some they do through custom, and others through natural desire; and this partly through this desire influenced by reason, and in part through it devoid of reason. Now, the act of wishing is desire accompanied by reason, fixing on some good as its object; because no one wishes for anything other than what he conceives to be a good. The desires devoid of reason are anger and appetite. So that all things whatever which men do, they necessarily do from seven causes; by chance, compulsion, nature, custom, will, anger, or appetite. But to carry on distinctions in reference to age, or habits, or whatever else enacts itself in conduct, were superfluous. For, granting that it happens to young men to be passionate, it is not by motion of their youth that they act thus, but by motion of anger and appetite; neither is it by motion either of wealth or poverty simply, but (in the case of the poor) it is on account of their neediness that it happens that they cherish an appetite for wealth; and (in the case of the rich) on account of their having the means, that they risk an appetite for unnecessary pleasure; and these persons will act neither by motion of their wealth nor of their poverty, but by motion of appetite. And in exactly the same way, the just and unjust, and all such as are said to act conformably to habits, will in reality act, under all circumstances, by motion of these principles; for they act on the impulse either of reason or of passion; but some from good manners and passions, others from the contrary. Still, however, it happens that on habits of this particular character, principles of action the same in character are consequent; and on those of that kind, principles also of that kind. For on the temperate man perhaps forthwith, by motion of his temperance, are attendant good opinions and appetites respecting pleasures; but on the intemperate, the contrary on these same subjects. For which reason we must waive distinctions of such a kind; but we must consider on what conditions, what principles of conduct are wont to follow: for it is not ordained (in the nature of things), that, if a man be white or black, or tall or short, principles of this or that kind should be attendant on him; but if he be young or old, just or unjust, here some difference begins; and so, in a word, in the case of all contingent circumstances whatever, which produce a difference in the tempers of men, for instance, a man's seeming to himself to be rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate; in all these cases there will be some essential difference. Of this, however, we will speak hereafter; let us now treat first of the remaining points. Things proceed from chance which are of such kind that their cause is not definite, and are produced in the absence of any final motive, and that neither invariably, nor usually, nor in any prescribed order. My meaning on these subjects will be plain from the definition of chance. All those things exist naturally whose cause is internal and ordinate; for they turn out, either invariably or generally, in the same way; since there is no need of an accurate inquiry on results contrary to nature, whether they be produced conformably to a certain nature, or any other cause. It would appear, too, that chance is the cause of such results. All things originate in compulsion, which are produced through the instrumentality of the agents themselves, contrary to their inclination and reason. In habit originates everything which men do because they have often done it before. From will proceed whatever of the forementioned goods appear to be useful, either as an end or as conducing to the end, when it is by reason of such their usefulness that they are realized in action: for even the intemperate do some things which are useful; but not on account of their usefulness, but on account of pleasure. Through the medium of anger and excited feeling arise acts of vengeance. Now, between revenge and punishment there is a difference; for punishment is for the sake of the sufferer, but revenge for that of the person inflict-

ing it, in order that he may be satiated. On what subjects this excitement of feeling exists will therefore be plain in my treatise of the passions. But all such things as appear pleasant are produced in action on the impulse of appetite. But that which is familiar and has become habitual is of the number of things pleasant; for many things there are, even among such as are not pleasant naturally, which, when men have been habituated to, they do with pleasure. So that, to speak in one word comprehending the whole, everything whatsoever which men do of their own proper motion, either is good, or apparently good; pleasant, or apparently pleasant. But as they act voluntarily in whatever they do of their own motion, and involuntarily in whatever they do not of their own motion; all things whatsoever in respect to which they act voluntarily will be either good or apparently good; pleasant or apparently pleasant. For I also set down the getting quit either of evils or apparent evils, and the getting a less evil in exchange for a greater, in the class of goods; because they are in a certain way desirable things. And, among things pleasant, I likewise set down the getting quit of things bringing pain, or appearing to do so; or the getting things less so, in exchange for such as are so in greater degree.

We have, therefore, to ascertain the number of things pleasant and of what kinds they are. Now on the subject of what is useful, something has been already said in my treating of deliberative rhetoric; but on the subject of what is pleasant let us treat, beginning at this point. As to the definitions, you must deem them to be adequate [to my purpose] if they be found, on each subject, exempt from obscurity, though not accurately precise.

ON PLEASING THE JUDGES

THE materials, then, from which we must exhort and dissuade, praise and blame, accuse and defend, the notions also and propositions, useful in order to render these points credible, are those which we have discussed: for respecting these questions, and out of these sources, are enthymemes deduced, so that an orator, thus provided, may speak on each separate department of questions. But as rhetoric has in view the coming to a decision (for in deliberative oratory the assembly arrive at decisions; and the sentence of a court of justice is *ipso facto* a decision); it is necessary to look not only to your speech, in what way that will be of a character to convince and persuade, but also to invest yourself with a certain kind of character, and the judge with a certain kind of feeling. For it is a point of great consequence, particularly in deliberative cases; and, next to these, in judicial; as well that the speaker seem to be a man of a certain character as that his audience conceive him to be of a certain disposition toward themselves; moreover, it is of consequence if your audience chance to be themselves also disposed in a certain way. Now, as to a speaker's appearing to be himself of a certain character, this point is more available in deliberations: but the disposing the auditor in a certain way, in judicial cases; for things do not show themselves in the same light to persons affected by love and by hatred, nor to those under emotions of anger, as to those who are disposed to placability; but they appear either utterly different in character, or at least different in degree. For to a judge who is affected by love toward the party respecting whom he pronounces his decision, that party appears either not at all to be unjust, or to be so in a very trivial degree. To a judge, however, who is affected by hatred, the case has a contrary appearance. So also to a person who is eager and sanguine, the proposed object, if pleasant, takes the appearance, as well of being

likely to accrue, as of being likely to prove really a good; while by one who is indifferent and reluctant, the opposite view is taken.

Now, there are three causes of a speaker's deserving belief; for so many in number are the qualities on account of which we lend our credit, independently of proof adduced; and these are prudence, moral excellence, and the having our interests at heart (for men are fallacious in what they allege or advise by reason, either of all, or some, of these causes; for either, from want of ability, they do not rightly apprehend the question; or, rightly apprehending it, from their depravity, they do not tell you what they think; or, being men both of ability and moral excellence, they have not your interests at heart, on which account it is possible they should not give you the best advice, though fully known what is best); and besides these there is no other: it follows therefore, of course, that the speaker who appears to possess all these qualities is considered by his audience as deserving credit. Now, the means by which men may appear virtuous and prudent are to be derived from what has been laid down on the subject of the virtues; for it is by help of the very same things that an orator may invest himself, and any one else, in a certain character. The subject of feeling an interest, and of friendliness, must be discussed in my treatise of the passions, commencing henceforth. Passions, however, are all emotions whatsoever, on which pain and pleasure are consequent, by whose operation, undergoing a change, men differ in respect to their decisions: for instance, anger, pity, fear, and whatever other emotions are of such a nature, and those opposed to them. But it will be fitting to divide what I have to say respecting each into three considerations: to consider, respecting anger, for example, how those who are susceptible of anger are affected; with whom they usually are angry; and on what occasions. For, granted that we be in possession of one, or even two of these points, and not of them all, it will be impossible for us to kindle anger in the breast; and in the case of the rest of the passions in a similar way. In the same way, then, as on the subjects treated of above, I have separately drawn up the several propositions, so let me do in respect of these also, and make my distinctions according to the manner specified.

THE PROPER HANDLING OF AN ARGUMENT

IT FOLLOWS that I speak of the modes of disengaging oneself from arguments. They are either the meeting them with contradictory arguments, or starting an objection. Now as to the meeting them with counter arguments, it is evident that we may do it on the ground of the same topics [as were given for refutation]; for the arguments arise out of probabilities, and many things which appear likely are opposed to each other.

Objections, however (as was stated in the "Topics"), are started in four ways: 1. For either it may be from the same subject; 2. from a similar; 3. or an opposite [to that from which the adversary argues]; 4. or from points already decided. By deriving your objection from the same source, I mean that, supposing the enthymeme were respecting love, "that it was a good feeling"; there would be a twofold objection; for it [might be started] asserting generally that "every want is bad": or, particularly, that "the proverbial expression 'Caunian loves' would not have arisen had there not been some wicked loves." Again, an objection is alleged on the ground of a contrary fact; as if the enthymeme was this, "The good man benefits all his friends;" [and the objection,] "But the bad man does not hurt all his." And on the ground of similar cases; if the argument be, "Those who have been treated ill always

hate;" [the objection,] that "those who have been treated well do not always love." And again, the decisions of men of celebrity: thus, suppose one brought forward the argument, that "we ought to have some feeling for those who are intoxicated, because they err ignorantly"; this objection [may be started], that "Pittacus is not therefore entitled to praise, otherwise he would not in his enactments have imposed higher fines, in case the party committed the error while intoxicated."

But as all reasonings [of the orator] are derived from four sources, and these four are probability, example, proof positive (*τεκμήριον*), and signs; and as the reasonings drawn from what is usual, or appears to be so, are drawn from probabilities, while those drawn by inference from similarity of circumstances, whether in one or more instances (when the speaker embracing what is general then infers particulars), exist by virtue of example; while those again which are inferred from what is necessary and fact are founded on proof positive; and lastly, as those drawn from what does or does not hold good, whether universally or particularly, result from signs, [it being remembered] that probability is not what always, but what usually occurs; it is plain that it is, in every case, possible to get rid of reasonings such as these by starting an objection. The solution is, however, [sometimes] apparent, and not always real; for the objector does not do it away on the ground of its not being probable, but on that of its not being necessary. Wherefore it always happens that the defendant has the advantage of the accuser, by means of this piece of sophistry. For as the accuser constructs his proof by means of probabilities (the task of getting rid of the positive certainty being by no means the same [in point of difficulty], as that of getting rid of the probability of the charge); and as that which is merely probable is invariably open to an objection (for it otherwise would not be a probability, but invariable and necessary); and if this method of solution have been adopted, the judge supposes either that it does not amount to a probability, or at least that he ought not to decide, having been imposed upon in the way mentioned above; because [in fact] he is not bound to pronounce on positive proofs alone, but also on probabilities, which is the spirit of the oath, "that he will decide to the best of his judgment"; wherefore that will not be a satisfactory objection which rests merely on the absence of proof positive, but it is further incumbent on the objector to get rid of the probability; this, however, will be the case, if the objection be probable in a higher degree (and it may be so in two ways, either on the score of time, or of the nature of the case; and pre-eminently so, if in both these particulars); for if in the majority of instances it be as you state, then it is a greater probability.

Signs also, and the reasonings deduced from them, may be got rid of, even if they be facts, as was stated in the first book; for it is clear to us from the "Analytics" that every sign is illogical.

The same method of solution applies to reasonings grounded on example as to those on probabilities; for if we have a single instance in contravention, it has been answered [sufficiently to show] that it is not necessary; or that in the majority of instances, and those of more frequent occurrence, the case is otherwise. If, however, it be the case more frequently, and in the majority of instances, we must contend that the present is not the case in point, or that its application is not in point, or that it has some difference at all events.

But proofs positive (*τεκμήρια*), and the reasonings grounded on them, we shall not be able to get rid of, at least not on the plea of inconclusiveness; this is clear to us from the "Analytics": it remains for us to show that what is asserted is not the case; if, however, it be clear both that it is true as a matter of fact, and that it is a proof positive of the point, from that moment it becomes irrefragable; for henceforth it is plain from demonstration.

OF AMPLIFICATION AND EXTENUATION

Amplification and extenuation are not elements of enthymemes (by topic and element I mean the same thing), since the element and the topic is that under which many enthymemes fall; whereas amplification and extenuation are [themselves] enthymemes for showing that a thing is great or little, like those for showing that it is good or bad, just or unjust, or falls under either of the other denominations. And these are all the questions about which syllogisms and enthymemes are conversant; so that unless each of these be a topic of an enthymeme, amplification and extenuation are not.

Neither, again, are the topics which are available to solution of enthymemes, at all different in species from those employed in their construction: for it is evident that he effects solution who either proves [something contrary], or states an objection, and they establish a counter proof of the contrary; thus, "If one has argued that a fact has taken place, the other argues that it has not"; or "if one argues that it has not, the other insists that it has." So that this will not amount to a difference; for both employ the same vehicles of proof, inasmuch as they each allege enthymemes to show that it is, or is not the case.

But the objection is not an enthymeme, but is, as was stated in the "Topics," the stating some opinion from which it will appear that no legitimate inference has been arrived at, or that [the opponent] has assumed some false proposition.

Thus much, then, on the subject of examples, and maxims, and enthymemes, and, in a word, all the means of persuasion which address themselves to the understanding, both the sources whence we may furnish ourselves plentifully with them, and the means by which we may effect their solution. It remains for us to go over the subject of style and arrangement.

ON EXCELLENCE OF STYLE

Let excellence of style be defined to consist in its being clear (a sign of this is this, that the diction, unless it make the sentiment clear, will not effect its purpose); and neither low, nor above the dignity of the subject, but in good taste; for the style of poetry, indeed, is not low, yet it is not becoming in prose.

Of nouns and verbs those which are in general use produce the effect of clearness: to prevent its being low, and to give it ornament, there are other nouns which have been mentioned in the "Poetics," for a departure [from ordinary acceptations] causes it to appear more dignified; for men are affected in respect of style in the very same way as they are towards foreigners and citizens. On which account you should give your phrase a foreign air; for men are admirers of things out of the way, and what is an object of admiration is pleasant. Now in the case of metrical compositions, there are many things which produce this effect, and there are very becoming, because both the subject and the person stand more apart [from ordinary life]; in prose, however, these helps are much fewer, for the subject is less exalted: since even in that art were a slave, or a mere youth, or [any one, in fact, in speaking] of mere trifles to express himself in terms of studied ornament, it would be rather unbecoming; but here too [as in poetry] the rule of good taste is that your style be lowered or raised according to the subject. On which account we must escape observation in doing this, and not appear to speak in a studied manner, but

naturally, for the one is of a tendency to persuade, the other is the very reverse; because people put themselves on their guard, as though against one who has a design upon them, just as they would against adulterated wine. [Let your style then be such] as was the case with the voice of Theodorus as compared with that of the other actors; for it appeared to be that of the character which was speaking, theirs, however, were foreign from the character. And the deceit is neatly passed off if one frame his nomenclature upon a selection from ordinary conversation; the thing which Euripides does, and first gave the hint of.

As, however, nouns and verbs are [the materials] of which the speech is made up, and as nouns admit so many species as have been examined in the "Poetics," out of the number of these we must employ but sparingly, and in very few places, exotic and compound words, and those newly coined; where they may be employed I will state hereafter: the reason [of the restriction] has been mentioned, *viz.*, because they remove your style [from that of common life] more than is consistent with good taste. Words, however, of ordinary use, and in their original acceptations, and metaphors, are alone available in the style of prose: a proof [that this is the fact is] that these are the only words which all persons employ; for everybody carries on conversation by means of metaphors, and words in their primary sense, and those of ordinary use. Thus it is plain that if one should have constructed his style well, it will be both of a foreign character, and that [the art of the orator] may still elude observation, and [the style itself] will have the advantage of clearness; this, however, was laid down to be the perfection of rhetorical language. But of all nouns, those which are equivocal suit the purposes of the sophist, for by their help he effects his fallacies, while synonyms are of use to the poet; I mean these which are both synonyms and of common usage, as *πορεύεσθαι* and *βαδίζειν*, for these two are both of common usage and synonymous to each other.

The nature then of each of these varieties, and how many species of metaphor there are, and also that this ornament is of the greatest effect, as well in poetry as prose, has been explained (as I have observed above), in the "Poetics." In prose, however, we should bestow the greater attention on them, in proportion as an oration has to be made up of fewer adjuncts than a metrical composition. Moreover, the metaphor possesses in an especial manner [the beauties of] clearness and sweetness, with an air of being foreign; and it is not possible to derive it from any other person.

You must, however, apply, in the case both of epithets and metaphors, such as are appropriate; and this will depend on their being constructed on principles of analogy, otherwise they will be sure to appear in bad taste; because contraries show themselves to be such, particularly when set by each other. But you must consider, as a purple garment becomes a youth, what is equally so to an old man; since the same garment does not become [both].

And if you wish to embellish your subject, see you deduce your metaphor from such things coming under the same class as are better; and if to cry it down, from such as are worse: I mean, as the cases are opposed and come under the same genus, that the saying, for example, of a beggar, that "he prays," and of one who is praying, that "he begs" (both being species of asking), is to do the thing which has been mentioned; just as Iphicrates called Callias "a mere collector to the goddess, and not a bearer of the torch." He, however, replied, "that he must needs be uninitiated himself, or he would not call him a collector, but a bearer of the torch." For these are both services connected with the goddess; the one, however, is respectable, while the other is held in no repute. And some one [speaks of the courtiers of Dionysius as] Dionysian parasites; they, however, call themselves artificers. And these expressions are both metaphors; the one of persons who would

depreciate, the other the contrary. Even robbers, nowadays, call themselves purveyors. On which principle we may say of a man who "has acted unjustly," that he "is in error"; and of one who "is in error," that he "has acted unjustly." Again, of one who has stolen, both that has taken, [in way of diminution,] and that has ravaged [in exaggeration.] But the saying, as the Telephus of Euripides does, "that he lords it o'er the oars, and landing in Mysia," etc., is out of taste; for the expression, "lording it o'er," is above the dignity of the subject; [the rhetorical artifice] then, is not palmed off. There will also be a fault in the syllables, unless they are significant of a grateful sound; for instance, Dionysius, surnamed Chalcous, in his elegies, calls poetry, "the clangor of Calliope," because both are vocal sounds; the metaphor, however, is a paltry one, and couched in uncouth expressions.

Again, our metaphors should not be farfetched; but we should make the transfer, on the principle of assigning names out of the number of kindred objects, and such as are the same in species, to objects which are unnamed, of which, however, it is clear, simultaneously with their being uttered, that they are akin, as in that approved enigma,—

A man I once beheld, [and wondering view'd,]
Who, on another, brass with fire had glued.*

—Twining.

for the operation is undesignated by any name, and both are species of attaching; wherefore the writer called the application of the cupping instrument, a gluing. And, generally speaking, it is possible out of neatly constructed enigmas to extract excellent metaphors: because it is on the principles of metaphor that men construct enigmas; so that it is evident that [if the enigma be a good one] the metaphor has been properly borrowed.

The transfer also should be made from objects which are beautiful; beauty, however, of words consists, as Licymnius observes, in the sound or in the idea conveyed; as does also their inelegance. And there is, moreover, a third, which does away the sophistical doctrine; since it is not the fact, as Bryso argues, "that no one speaks inelegantly, if, indeed, the using one expression instead of another carries with it the same meaning": for this is a fallacy; because some words are nearer in their ordinary acceptations, more assimilated, and have more peculiar force of setting the object before the eyes than others. And what is more, one word represents the object under different circumstances from another; so that we may even on this principle lay it down that one word has more or less of beauty and inelegance than another; for although both words, [at the same time,] express [properties which are] beautiful, as well as such as are inelegant; yet they either express them not *qua* they are beautiful, or not *qua* they are inelegant; or granting they do, yet they express them, the one in a greater, the other in a less degree. But we are to deduce our metaphors from these sources;—from such as are beautiful either in sound, in meaning, or [in the image they present] to the sight, or any other sense. And there is a difference, in the saying, for instance, "the rosy-fingered Aurora," rather than "the purple-fingered," or, what is still worse, "the crimson-fingered."

Also, in the case of epithets, it is very possible to derive one's epithets from a degrading or disgraceful view of the case; for instance, "the murderer of his mother": and we may derive them from a view on the better side; as, "the avenger of his father." And Simonides, when the victor in a race by mules offered him a

* A reference to the operation of "cupping."

trifling present, was not disposed to write, as though feeling hurt at writing on demiasses; when, however, he offered a sufficient present, he composed the poem —

Hail! Daughters of the generous Horse,
That skim, like wind, along the course, etc.

— *Harris.*

and yet they were daughters of asses as well. Again, it is possible to express the selfsame thing diminutively. And it is the employment of diminutives which renders both good and evil less; just as Aristophanes jests in "The Babylonians"; using, instead of gold, "a tiny piece of gold"; instead of "a garment," "a little garment"; instead of "reproach," "puny reproach"; and instead of "sickness," "slight indisposition." We ought, however, to be careful, and always keep to the mean in both cases. . . .

Style will possess the quality of being in good taste, if it be expressive at once of feeling and character, and in proportion to the subject-matter. This proportion, however, is preserved, provided the style be neither careless on questions of dignity, nor dignified on such as are mean: neither to a mean word let ornament be superadded; otherwise it appears mere burlesque. . . .

But [the style] expressive of feeling, supposing the case be one of assault, is the style of a man in a passion; if, however, it be one of loathsomeness and impiety, the expressing yourself with disgust and painful caution; if, however, the case demand praise, with exultation; if pity, with submission; and so'on in the other cases. And a style which is appropriate, moreover, invests the subject with persuasive efficacy. For the mind is cheated into a persuasion, that the orator is speaking with sincerity, because under such circumstances men stand affected in that manner. So that people suppose things to be even as the speaker states them, what though, in reality, they are not: and the hearer has a kindred feeling with the orator, who expresses himself feelingly, even should he say nothing to the purpose; availing themselves of which, may bear down their hearers in the storm of passion.

THE PARTS AND ARRANGEMENT OF A SPEECH

THE parts of a speech are two; for it is necessary to state the case about which it is, and to prove it. Wherefore for one, after stating, not to prove it, or to proceed to prove it without a previous statement, is out of the question: for whoever proves, proves something; and he who makes a previous statement makes such statement with a view to proving it subsequently. And of these parts, the one is the statement, the other the proof; just as though one were to make a division into problem and demonstration. But the divisions which they now usually make are ridiculous; for narration is a kind of peculiarity to judicial speeches alone; for how can there, in demonstrative and deliberative speeches, be any narration such as they speak of, or any reply, confutation of an adversary, or any peroration of points selected for display of character?

But exordium, contrast of argument, and recapitulation, do then only occur in deliberative speeches when an altercation happens; for, considered as accusation and defense, they frequently [admit these branches], but not in their character of a piece of advice. But the peroration, moreover, is not an essential of every judicial; for instance, if the speech be a short one, or the case easy to be remembered. For it is usual to detract only from what is prolix. The necessary divisions, then, are the statement and the proof.

The essential divisions then are these; but the greatest number are, exordium, statement, proof, peroration. The confutation of an adversary belongs to the proof; and the contrast of arguments is an amplification of one's own, so as to be a kind of branch of the proof; for one who does this proves something: but not so either exordium or peroration; but [the latter] refreshes the recollection.

But should one draw distinctions with regard to these, that will be the case which the followers of Theodorus used to do, there will be a narration distinct from post-narration, and pre-narration, together with refutation, and post-refutation. But the writer should affix a title only after marking out a distinct species and difference, otherwise it becomes mere emptiness and trifling; just like Licymnius, who in his treatise gives the titles, irruption—digression—ramifications, etc.

OF THE EXORDIUM

Now the exordium is the commencement of the speech; which in poetry is the prologue, and in the performances on the pipe, the prelude: for these are all commencements, and, as it were, an opening of the way for what is to succeed.

The prelude, then, corresponds to the exordium of demonstrative speeches; for the performers on the pipe, using as a prelude any piece whatever which they are able to execute with skill, connect the whole by an inserted passage: and so in demonstrative speeches ought we to write; for the speaker ought, after stating whatever he lists, straightway to employ the insertion, and link it [to the body of the speech]. Which, indeed, all do, having as their model the exordium of the Helen of Isocrates: for there exists no very near connection between Helen and the artifices of sophists. At the same time, if the exordium be out of the way of the subject, there is this advantage, that the whole speech is not of one uniform character. But the exordia of demonstrative speeches are derived from praise, or from blame (like Gorgias in the Olympic oration,—“Men worthy, O Greeks, of admiration among many”); for he is eulogizing those who instituted the general assemblies: Isocrates, however, blames them, “because they distinguish by prizes the excellencies of person, while for those who are wise they propose no reward”); and thirdly from suggesting advice; for instance, “—because it is fitting to honor the good,” on that account [the orator] himself also speaks the praises of Aristides, or such characters as neither enjoy reputation, nor are worthless, but as many as, though they be excellent persons, are obscure; just as was Paris, the son of Priam: for thus the orator conveys advice. Again [we may borrow demonstrative exordia] from those proper to judicial rhetoric, *i. e.*, from appeals to the auditor, in case the speech be respecting any thing revolting to opinion, or difficult, or already noised abroad among many, so as to obtain his pardon: as Choerilus begins, “Now after everything has become public.”

The exordia, then, of demonstrative rhetoric arise from these sources,—from praise, blame, exhortation, dissuasion, and appeals to the hearers. The inserted connective clauses may be either foreign or appropriate to the subject.

With regard to the exordia of judicial rhetoric, we must assume that they are equivalent to the opening scenes of dramas, and the exordia of epic poems; for the commencement of dithyrambic poetry resembles demonstrative exordia,—“on account of thee, thy gifts, thy spoils.” But in the drama, and in epic poetry, the commencement is an intimation of the subject, that the hearer may foresee what the story is about, and that his mind may not be in suspense; for whatever is indeterminate

bewilders us. He then who puts, as it were, into the hand the beginning of the clew, causes him who holds it to follow on the story. On this account we have,—

“Sing, muse, the wrath,” etc.

“The man, O muse, resound,” etc.

“This too declare; from Asia’s coasts afar,
How upon Europe burst the mighty war.”

And the tragedians give some insight into the plot of the drama, if not forthwith, as Euripides does, yet they give it somewhere at least in the opening scene; just as also does Sophocles:—“Polybus was my father!” And comedy in the same way. The most necessary business of the exordium, and this is peculiar to it, is to throw some light on the end for the sake of which the speech is made. For which very reason, if this be evident, and the case a brief one, we need not employ an exordium. The other species which speakers employ are correctives, and general: these are, however, deduced from 1. The speaker himself; 2. his hearer; 3. the subject; 4. and from the adversary. Everything whatsoever which refers to the doing away or the casting an aspersion of character has a relation to oneself or the adversary. But these things are not done exactly in the same way: for by one speaking on a defense, whatever tends to aspersion of character should be put first; but by one who is laying an accusation, in his peroration. And the reason why is not indistinct; for it is necessary that one who is making a defense, when he is about to introduce himself, should sweep away every stumbling-block; so that the prepossession against you must first be removed: by him, however, who raises the unfavorable impression, let it be raised in winding up, in order that the judges may the rather recollect it.

The correctives, however, which refer to the hearer, are drawn out of conciliating his good-will, and inflaming him with anger, and occasionally from attracting his attention, or the reverse; for it is not at all times convenient to render him attentive, for which reason many endeavor to induce them to laughter. But all these will conduce to tractability [on the judge’s part], if one wishes it, as does also the showing oneself a person of character; for to such do people the rather give heed. But men are attentive to objects of importance, of a peculiar description, or deserving admiration, or pleasing. Hence we ought to throw in a hint that the speech is concerning subjects of this nature. But if you would have them not attentive, hint that the matter is trifling, concerns them not, or is disgusting. But it ought not to escape our observation, that the whole of this is foreign to the subject; for they are addressed to a hearer of sorry taste, and one who lends an ear to points foreign to the subject; for if the hearer be not of this character, there is no need of exordium, except so far as to state the matter summarily, that, like a body, it may have a head.

Again, the business of exciting attention is common to all the divisions of a speech, wherever it may be necessary; for the audience relax their attention anywhere rather than at the beginning. For which reason it is ridiculous to range this head at the beginning, when more particularly every one is at the summit of attention. So that, whenever it is convenient, we may use the formulary, “Lend me your whole attention, for the question does not affect me any more than yourselves”; and this one,—“for I will relate to you a thing so strange, so wonderful, as you never yet heard.” But this is just what Prodicus says he used to do,—“when ever the audience happen to nod, to insert, by the bye, a display of his pentecontadrachmial demonstration.” But that these things are referred to the hearer not in

his proper capacity as such, is evident; for all create unfavorable impressions or do them away in their exordia: as, "O king, I confess, indeed, that not with haste," etc.; and again, "Why such long preludes?"

They, too, employ exordia who have, or appear to have, the worse case; for it is better to pause anywhere than on the case itself. On which account servants tell not what is asked them, but all the circumstances, and make long preambles.

But the means out of which we must conciliate have been stated, and each other point of that nature: and, as it is well remarked by the poet, "Grant that I may reach the Phœacians a friend and object of their compassion"; we ought, therefore, to aim at these two objects. And in demonstrative orations, you should cause the hearer to suppose that he is praised simultaneously with the subject, either in his own person or his family, or in his maxims of conduct, or at least somehow or other. For true it is, as Socrates remarks, that "To praise Athenians before an Athenian audience is no difficult thing, however it may be in the presence of Lacedæmonians."

But the exordia of deliberative rhetoric are derived from those of judicial: but this species has them naturally least of all the three; for indeed the audience are aware of the subject; and the case needs no exordium except 1. on account of the speaker himself; 2. or his opponent; or 3. if the audience conceive of the importance of the matter otherwise than he could wish, thinking it either too serious or too trifling; with a view to which objects respectively there is a necessity for either exciting or doing away a prejudice, or for amplification or diminution. On account of these things there is need of exordium; 4. or otherwise for the sake of ornament; since without it a speech appears hastily got up. Of this sort was the panegyric of Gorgias on the Eleans; for without anything like the prelude display of gesture and attitude in the Gymnasium, he begins forthwith,—“O Elis, city blest by fortune!”

OF THE NARRATION OR STATEMENT

IN DEMONSTRATIVE speeches the narration is not given in continuity, but in scattered portions; for one must go over the actions out of which the speech arises: for a speech is a kind of compound, having one portion, indeed, independent of art, [since the speaker is not at all the cause of the actions themselves,] and another portion originating in art; and this last is either the showing that it is fact should it be incredible, or such either in character or degree, or in showing all these points at once. Owing to this, there are times when one ought not to narrate every fact successively; because this mode of exposition is difficult to remember. From some, then, establish the character for courage, from others for wisdom, and from others for justice. The one style of narration is too simple; the other has the grace of variety, and is not so void of elegance. But you have only to awaken the recollection of facts well known; on which account, many subjects will stand in no need of narration: supposing, for instance, you would praise Achilles, because all are acquainted with his actions; but you must employ them at once. But in praising Critias, an orator must narrate; for not many are acquainted with his exploits.

But now people tell us, ridiculously enough, that the narration should be rapid. And yet I would say, as did one to a baker, who inquired "whether he should knead his bread hard or soft,"—"What," said he, "is it then impossible to knead it properly?" And so here [in rhetoric a mean is to be observed]. For one should not narrate at too great length, just as he should not make too long an exordium, nor state his proofs [too fully]. For neither in this case does propriety consist

either in rapidity or conciseness, but in a mean betwixt both: and this is the stating just so much as will make the matter clear, or as will cause one to conceive that it has taken place, or that the party has inflicted hurt, or committed injustice, or that the case is of that importance which the speaker wishes to establish; and to the opposite party the opposite points will avail. And an orator should narrate, by the bye, such incidents as conduce to his own excellence: thus, "I all along used to instruct them in what was just, bidding them not to abandon their children,"—or, to the villainy of the other party;— "—but he replied to me, that wherever he might be, he should have other children." Which, Herodotus says, was the reply of the Egyptians on their revolting. Or whatever is pleasing to the judges.

In the case of a defendant, the matter will be more brief; the points for dispute being, either that it has not taken place, or is not hurtful, or not unjust, or not of such importance. So that on acknowledged points he need not pause, unless they conduce in some degree to the objects suggested; *e. g.*, if the fact be acknowledged, but its injustice disputed. Moreover, you should mention as already done those things which, in the course of being done, failed of producing pity or horror. The story of Alcinous is an instance, which is despatched to Penelope in sixty verses. And as Phäyllus does in the circle, and the opening scene of the "Æneus." The narration should also convey a notion of the character: this will be secured, if we know what gives rise to the moral character. One source is the manifestation of deliberate choice; and of what kind is moral character we ascertain from knowing of what kind this is; and of what kind the deliberate choice is, from being acquainted with its proposed end. Hence the doctrines of mathematics have no display of character, for neither have they deliberate choice; and this for that they have not the influence of motive: but the Socratic discourses [have this display], for they treat concerning subjects of this kind. But those things convey a notion of character, which is consequent upon the several characters; *e. g.*, "Whilst saying this he began to hasten off"; for this manifests a hardihood and rusticity of character. And be cautious not to speak coldly as from the understanding merely, as orators do nowadays, but as though from the deliberate choice. "I, for I wished and deliberately preferred this; and if I profit nothing by it, then it is the more honorable": for the one is characteristic of a prudent, the other of a good man: since [the proposed end] of the prudent consists in pursuing the expedient; of a good man, in pursuing what is honorable. And should any circumstance be incredible, you must subjoin the reason; as Sophocles does. He furnishes an example in the "Antigone," that she mourned more for her brother than for a husband or children; for these, if lost, might again be hers.

"But father now and mother both being lost,
A brother's name can ne'er be hail'd again."

But if you should have no reason to offer, then avow "that you are well aware that you speak what exceeds belief, but that such is your nature": for the world discredits a man's doing anything voluntarily, except what is expedient.

Again, draw your remarks out of those things which are indicative of the passions; narrating both their attendant circumstances, and those which the audience know, and which attach peculiarly either to the speaker himself or his adversary:—"He, having scowled at me, departed." And as Æschines said of Cratylus, "that whistling and snapping his fingers—" for they have a tendency to persuade: therefore these things which they know become indices of that which they do not know. Such instances one may get in abundance out of Homer:—"Thus Penelope

spoke, and the old woman covered her face with her hands": for those who are beginning to shed tears cover their eyes. And forthwith insinuate yourself as a person of a certain character, in order that they may look upon you as one of such a description, and your adversary [as the reverse]; but beware of observation as you do it. And that it is easy to effect this we may observe in those who report anything to us; for respecting the communication (of which as yet we know nothing), we still catch a kind of guess. But the narration must be carried on in different parts, and, in some instances, even at the commencement.

But in deliberative speeches narration occurs least of all, because no one narrates respecting what is yet to be: if, however, there should be any narration, it will be respecting things which have already happened, that the recollection of them having been awakened, the judges may determine better on the future; the orator either reprehending or praising them: but he is not then performing the functions proper to him as an adviser. If, however, the thing narrated be incredible, see you promise to state a reason for it immediately, and to submit it to whom they please: like the Jocasta of Carcinus in his "Edipus," who always keeps promising when he who was seeking out her son inquires of her: and the Hæmon of Sophocles.

OF THE PROOF

PROOF should be demonstrative; and the points of dispute being four, you must demonstrate by producing proof respecting the particular point at issue: thus, if the adversary question the fact, you must at the trial produce proof of this point above the rest; should it be that he did no harm, then of that point; and so should he urge that the action is not of the importance supposed, or that it was done justly: [and it must be done in the latter cases] exactly in the same way as if the inquiry were respecting the matter of fact. And let it not escape us that in this single inquiry it must needs be that one party is guilty; for it is not ignorance which is to blame, as though any were to dispute on a point of justice. So that, in this inquiry, the circumstance should be employed; but not in the other [three].

But, in demonstrative rhetoric, amplification, for the most part, will constitute the proof, because the facts are honorable and useful; for the actions should be taken on credit, since, even on these subjects, a speaker on very rare occasions does adduce proof, if either the action be passing belief, or if another have the credit of it.

But, in deliberative speeches, the orator may either contend that the circumstances will not take place, or that what he directs will indeed take place, but that it is not just, or not beneficial, or not in such a degree. And it will be well for him to observe whether any falsehood appears in the extraneous observations of his adversary; for these appear as so many convincing proofs, that he is false in the case of the other more important statements.

And example is best adapted to deliberative rhetoric, while enthymeme is more peculiar to judicial. For the former is relative to the future; so that out of what has been heretofore, we needs must adduce examples: the latter respects what is or is not matter of fact, to which belong more especially demonstration and necessity; for the circumstances of the past involve a necessity. The speaker ought not, however, to bring forward his enthymemes in a continued series, but to blend them by the way; should he not do this, they prove an injury one to the other, for there is some limit on the score of quantity too:—"O friend, since you have spoken just

so much as a prudent man would"; but the poet does not say, of such a quality. Neither should you seek after enthymemes on every subject; otherwise you will be doing the very thing which some philosophers do, who infer syllogistically conclusions in themselves better known, and more readily commanding belief, than the premises out of which they deduce them. And when you would excite any passion, do not employ an enthymeme; for either it will expel the passion, or the enthymeme will be uttered to no purpose; for the emotions which happen at the same time expel each other, and either cancel or render one or the other feeble. Neither when one aims at speaking with the effect of character ought he at all to aim at the same time at enthymeme, for demonstration possesses neither an air of character nor deliberate choice. But a speaker should employ maxims alike in narration and in proof; for it has an expression of character:—"Yes; I delivered it, even knowing that one ought never to repose implicit confidence." And if one speak with a view to excite passion:—"And injured though I be, yet I do not repent; for the gain, indeed, is on his side, but justice on mine."

And deliberative is more difficult than judicial rhetoric, and probably enough,—because it respects the future; whereas, in the latter, the question is respecting the past, which has already become matter of absolute science, even to diviners as Epimenides the Cretan used to say; for he did not exercise his art of divination respecting things yet to be, but respecting those which had already happened indeed, but which were obscure: again, in judicial questions there is the law as the basis of reasonings; but for one who has something wherewith to begin it is easier to discover means of proof. Neither has [deliberative rhetoric] many opportunities of digression; none, for instance, in reference to an adversary, or respecting oneself, or in order to excite passion; but it possesses these opportunities least of all the three branches, unless it depart from its proper province. If, then you are at a loss, you should do what the rhetoricians at Athens do, and particularly Isocrates; for in the course of deliberative speaking he accuses the Lacedæmonians, for instance, in the panegyric, and Chares in the speech about the alliance. But in demonstrative speaking, you should insert praise in the speech by way of episode, as Isocrates does, for he all along keeps introducing something. And that saying of Gorgias, "That he never failed of something to say," is nothing more or less than this: for if he be speaking of Achilles, he praises Peleus, then Æacus, then his goddess mother, and so, too, valor in the abstract; or he does something or another in this strain.

Now, the language of one who possesses proof should be both fraught with the impress of character and fitted to convey the proof. But if you possess not enthymemes, let it convey an impression of your character; and the show of goodness more befits a virtuous man than accuracy of speech.

But of enthymemes the refutative are more approved than the confirmative, because in the case of as many as produce *reductio ad absurdum*, it is more plain that a conclusion has really been arrived at; for opposites, when set by each other, are more clearly recognized.

Touching reasonings directed against the adversary, they are not in anything different in species; but it belongs to the province of proof to do away his arguments, some by starting an objection, others by contrary inference. And the speaker who begins, ought, both in deliberative and judicial rhetoric, first to state his own proofs; and, subsequently, to meet objections by doing them away, or by treating them with contempt beforehand. But should the points objected to be many, first he must confront the objections, as did Callistratus in the Messeniæ assembly; for previously having swept away what his adversaries would be likely to allege in this way, he then spoke on his own part. But the last speaker

should speak first what makes against the adversary's speech, doing it away, and drawing opposite inferences, and particularly should his arguments have been well received. For just as one's mind does not cordially receive a person on whom a slur has been previously cast, in the same way neither does it favorably listen to a speech, if the opposite speaker appear to have spoken truly. It is necessary, then, to gain a footing in the hearer's mind for the intended speech; and it will be gained if you sweep away objections: wherefore a speaker, having combated either all, or the most important, or the most approved arguments of his adversary, or those which readily admit a contrary inference, is in this way to substantiate his own case:—

“The fame o' th' Goddesses I'll first defend,—

For Juno and ——”

In this she first lays hold of the most silly point.—Thus much, then, of proof.

But as to the effect of character, since the saying some things respecting oneself either is invidious, or involves prolixity, or a liability to contradiction; and respecting another, either slander or rusticity; it behooves one to introduce another as speaking: the thing which Isocrates does in the speech respecting Philip, and in the “*Antidosis*”; and as Archilochus conveys reproof, for he introduces the father saying in an iambic line respecting his daughter, “There is not anything which may not be expected, nothing which may be affirmed impossible on oath”; and Charon, the mechanic, in that iambic whose beginning is, “I regard not the wealth of Gyges”; and as Sophocles introduces Hæmon pleading in behalf of Antigone to his father, as though another character were speaking.

But it is necessary sometimes to alter the form of our enthymemes, and to make them into maxims: for example, “It behooves men of sense to come to reconciliation while yet successful; for thus will they be the greatest gainers.” But, in enthymematic form, it is thus: “If persons ought then to be reconciled when the reconciliation will be most to their advantage and profit, they should be reconciled while yet they are successful.”

OF THE PERORATION

THE peroration is composed of four things: of getting the hearer favorable to oneself, and ill-disposed towards the adversary; and of amplification and extenuation; and of placing the hearer under the influence of the passions; and of awakening his recollection.

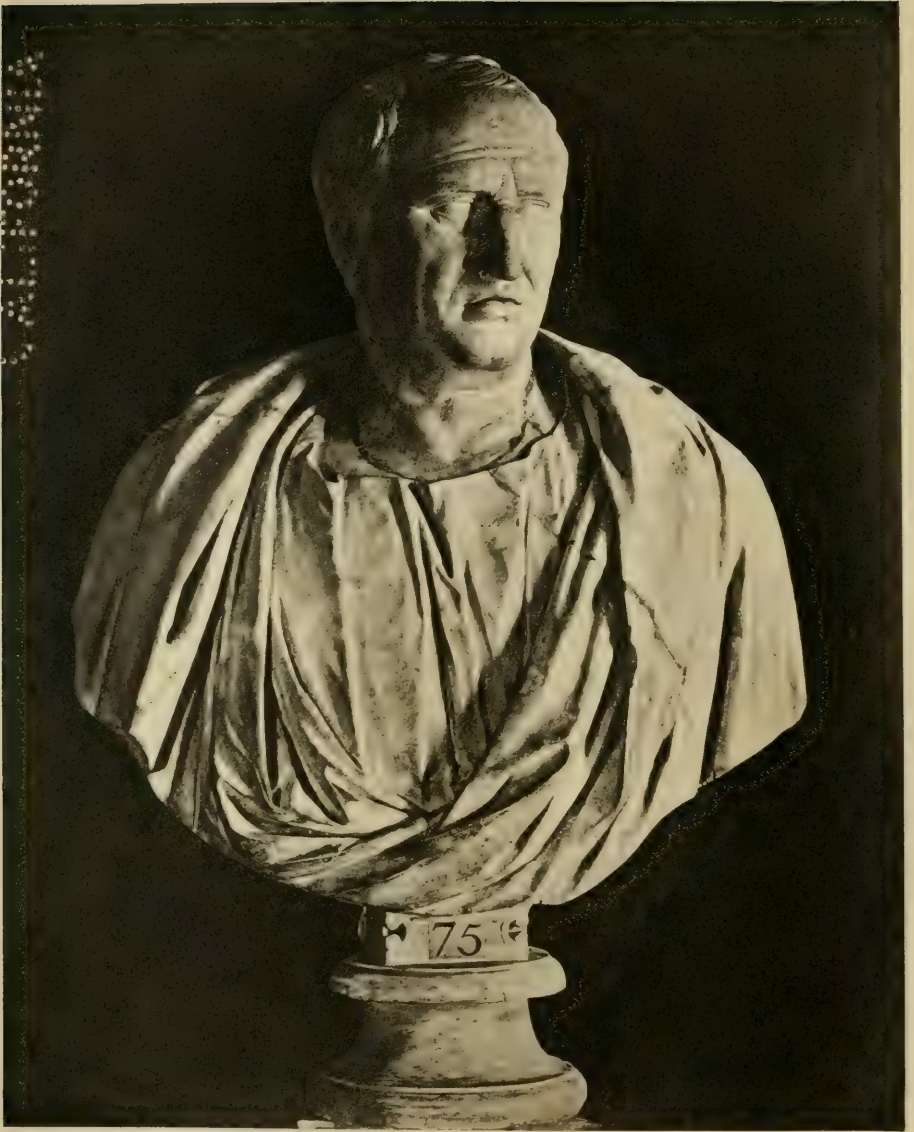
For after showing yourself to be on the right side, and your adversary on the wrong, it naturally follows to praise and blame, and to give the last finish. And one of two things the speaker ought to aim at, either to show that he is good relatively to them [the audience], or is so absolutely; and that the other party is bad, either relatively to them, or absolutely. And the elements, out of which one ought to get up persons as of such characters, have been stated; both whence one should establish them as bad, and whence as good. Next to this, these points having been already shown, it follows naturally to amplify or diminish: for the facts must needs be acknowledged, if one be about to state their quantity; for the increase of bodies is from substances previously existing. But the elements, out of which one must amplify and diminish, are above set forth.

Next to this, the facts being clear, both as to their nature and degree, it follows that we excite the hearer to passion; such as are, pity, terror, anger, hatred, envy, emulation, and contentiousness: the elements of these also have been stated above.

So that it merely remains to awaken a recollection of what has been before stated. And this we are to do here, in the way in which some erroneous teachers say we should in the exordium: for in order that the facts may be readily perceived, they bid us state them frequently. Now there [in the exordium], indeed, we ought to state the case at full, in order that it may not be unknown to the hearer upon what the trial turns; here, however [in the peroration], merely the means by which it has been proved, and that summarily.

The commencement of the peroration will be that one has made good what he undertook; so that it will be to be stated, as well what one has adduced, as for what reasons. And it is expressed either by means of a juxtaposition with the adversary's statements; and draw the comparison either between every point whatsoever, which both have stated relative to the same thing; or else not by a direct opposition. "He, indeed, on this subject said so and so; but I so and so, and for such reasons." Or, by a kind of bantering: thus, "He said so and so, and I so and so." And, "What would he do, had he proved this, and not the other point!" Or by interrogation:—"What has not been fully proved on my side?" or, "What has this man established?" Either in this way, then, must the speaker conclude, or he must, in natural order, so state his reasoning as it was originally stated; and, again, if he please, he may state distinctly that of the adversary's speech. And, for the close, the style without connectives is becoming, in order that it may be a peroration, not an oration: "I have spoken,—you have heard,—the case is in your hands,—pronounce your decision."

All the foregoing are from the translation of
Buckley in the Bohn Library.



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

(106-43 B. C.)



CICERO'S "De Oratore" ranks with the similar works of Aristotle and Quintilian as the highest authority on everything which concerns oratory as one of the fine arts. His "Brutus" deals also with oratory, but chiefly in connection with the works of classical authors whose speeches are now lost. The treatise "De Oratore" is written in the form of a dialogue, and Cicero imitates the style and methods of the Platonic dialogues, often with the happiest effect.

His claim to rank as the greatest orator since Demosthenes cannot be disputed. If we take into consideration his philosophical essays, as well as his orations, his claim to superiority over Demosthenes must be conceded, for they constitute him the greatest essayist as well as the greatest orator of Rome. His style as a prose writer still influences the best prose style of all Caucasian countries—not only French, Spanish, and Italian, the so-called "Latin races," but of German, English, and other "Teutonic" and "Gothic" peoples as well. Taine's "History of English Literature" is no doubt, the best modern example of it.

Cicero was born at Arpinum, 106 B. C. He began his career in Rome at a time when Republican institutions were already a failure because of the demoralization brought on the masses of the people by their conquests of other countries. Cicero's whole career as a statesman and orator was a protest against this demoralization and an attempt to save the republic from its already inevitable overthrow. His failure was followed by his assassination in 43 B. C.

THE PARTS OF AN ORATION

WHEN Hannibal in his exile from Carthage had taken refuge with Antiochus at Ephesus, he was invited by his hosts, in consequence of the widespread glory of his name, to attend a lecture given by that philosopher. Having accepted the invitation, he heard him fluently harangue for some hours on the duties of a commander and the whole art of war. When the audience, in their unbounded admiration of the speaker, appealed to Hannibal for his opinion, the Carthaginian is said to have answered with great candor, though not in the very best Greek, that he had in his time seen many mad old men, but never any one so raving mad as Phormio. And richly did he merit the rebuke; for what can be conceived more arrogant or more impertinently loquacious than that a mere Greek theorist who had never faced an enemy, never even seen a camp, nor filled any public office what-

ever, should presume to dictate the principles of war to the man who had for so many years contested the palm of victory with the Roman people—the subjugators of the world? Of a similar folly, in my opinion, are all those guilty who lay down rules for the art of speaking: they would teach others that of which they themselves have no practical knowledge; their presumption, however, is perhaps more excusable, since they do not profess to teach you as Phormio did the Carthaginian, but only boys or youths bordering upon manhood.

You are mistaken, Catulus, said Antonius, for I myself have met with many Phormios. What Greek, indeed, ever gives us credit for knowing anything? To me, however, they are not particularly troublesome; I easily endure and tolerate them all, for either they give me some not unpleasing information, or leave me only the more satisfied with my own ignorance. I dismiss them, however, less contumeliously than Hannibal did this philosopher, and for that reason, perhaps, I am more subject to their importunity; but really their system, as far as I can judge, is extremely ridiculous. They divide the whole art of rhetoric into two parts—*viz.*, the controversy about the cause and about the question. The cause they designate any definite dispute or discussion; the question, anything in unlimited investigation. Certain rules are laid down by them for the cause, but on the other division they maintain a marvelous silence. Lastly, they divide the subject into five several members or ramifications—to accumulate the material for any discourse, to arrange it, to clothe it in language, then to commit it to memory, and, finally, to deliver it, with a fitting accompaniment of action and expression—certainly no very recondite process; for who does not see, by his own unaided sagacity, that no one can make a speech without knowing what he has to say—in what words, and—in what order—and without having it well fixed in his memory. Nor do I find fault with this arrangement; I only think it too obvious to require elucidation—a remark which applies also to the four, five, six, or even seven parts (for they are differently divided by different professors) into which it is customary to distribute the whole oration. The object of the Exordium, we are told, should be to conciliate the judge—to make him open to persuasion, and disposed to listen; then follows the Narration, which, we are instructed, should be plausible, clear, and brief; then the Division and Proposition; next, the enforcement of our own cause with arguments and reasons, and the refutation of those of our opponent. Here some place the Conclusion and Peroration; but by others we are instructed to make a previous digression, for the purpose of embellishment or amplification, and then to conclude. Neither have I any quarrel with this distribution; it is neat and precise, but, as could scarcely fail to be the case with men devoid of all practical knowledge, not very scientific; for those rules which they would confine to the exordium ought to extend over the whole discourse. I can more easily conciliate the favor of the judge in the course of the address than before the merits of the case have been heard by him; I can make him amenable to persuasion, not by promising to demonstrate and prove, but by actual proof and demonstration; and most assuredly his attention can be more strongly attracted by keeping his interest alive during the progress of the whole speech than by the bare announcement of the question at issue. In demanding that the Narration should be plausible, clear, and brief, they are perfectly right; but it is a grave mistake to suppose that those qualities belong more to the Narration than to the entire discourse. Their whole error consists in regarding this as a kind of art similar to what Crassus said yesterday might be molded out of the civil law—first, by an exposition of the general heads of the subject, which is defective if any head be omitted; then, by the subdivisions of these general heads, which are faulty if more or less than the exact number; and, lastly, by a definition of the terms employed, in which there should be nothing wanting, nothing superfluous.

But if the more learned can attain to this exactness in civil law, or the more limited arts, I do not think it possible in an art so vast and comprehensive as ours. Those, however, who think otherwise, must be referred for information to the professors of these things. They will find rules clearly set forth, and in the most attractive form; for there are an infinitude of treatises on the subject, easy of access and not difficult to comprehend. But let them clearly understand what object they propose to themselves. Are they arming for actual conflict, or merely for amusement? For war and the actual shock of battle require one thing, the mimic warfare of the parade another. The merely preparatory practice of arms cannot be without its value to the soldier and gladiator; but it is the bold, the ready, the quick and versatile spirit that makes indomitable men, and not the less so when conjoined with art. I will therefore place before your eyes, as far as I am able, my idea of what the orator should be, in order to ascertain beforehand how far the pupil may be qualified to realize it. I would have him, then, well imbued with letters, not unacquainted with men and books, and thoroughly conversant with those principles of his art which I have unfolded. I will then try what becomes him best; I will test his powers of voice, of nerve, of lungs, and language. If I see that he is likely to rank with the great masters of the art, I will not merely advise, but, if he appears to me a good man, I will even adjure him to persevere; so great an ornament to the whole community do I consider him who combines the virtues of the man with the graces of the orator. If, however, it should appear that, with every aid and effort, he could not aspire beyond mediocrity, I would leave him to follow his own inclination; I should not be very urgent with him; but if utterly disqualified and calculated to excite only ridicule, I would advise him to desist, or turn his attention to some other pursuit. While the pupil destined to excel should be incessantly stimulated to exertion, the less gifted pupil must not be discouraged; for though the ability of the one is such as would seem to appertain to more than mortal genius, yet to refrain from attempting that perfection to which it cannot attain, or to aspire only to attainable mediocrity, is not beyond the compass of merely human ability, but to roar and bellow, in defiance of nature and propriety, is the part of a man who (as you, Catulus, once said of a certain declaimer) has in himself a domestic herald, to collect as many witnesses as he can of his own absurdity. To him, therefore, who ought to be encouraged and assisted, I will impart the result of my own experience, in order that, by my guidance, he may attain to that which, without any instruction, I have myself attained to. More than this I cannot attempt

ORDER AND ARRANGEMENT OF AN ORATION

MY PRINCIPAL care in all my pleadings, again and again I reiterate the assertion, has been to do all the good that I could to my cause, and, failing in that, the least possible injury. To return, therefore, Catulus, to the consideration of that for the management of which you gave me so much credit, *viz.*, the order and arrangement of the facts and topics—for which there are two methods—the one suggested by the nature of the cause, the other by the judgment and skill of the orator. To introduce the subject with a few brief remarks—to explain its nature—to state our own arguments and to refute those of our opponent—and then to conclude with a peroration, is the order suggested by nature. To decide upon the most effective arrangement of the material employed for proof, illustration, or persuasion, belongs in an especial manner to the practical skill of the orator. Among the crowd of plausible arguments which occur for the support of any

question, some are too insignificant for notice; others, though much more valuable, have their defective points without sufficient stamina at the same time to compensate for the danger of such connection. But when the valuable and really powerful arguments are very numerous, as is often the case, the least effective, or those closely resembling the more effective class, should be selected and carefully weeded out of the oration. Indeed, in my choice of arguments I am generally determined rather by weight than by number.

Although, as I have repeatedly asserted, there are three means of making converts to our opinions, *viz.*, Information, Conciliation, and Persuasion, yet only one of these must be prominently put forward, as if our sole object was to inform our hearers; the other two should be diffused through the whole address, as the blood pervades and fosters every part of the body; for not the exordium only, but every part of the discourse, on which I shall say a few words hereafter, ought to be completely saturated with persuasive power, so as to maintain a continuous action on the minds of our audience. But although the exordium and peroration are the proper places for those agents, which rely, not on reasoning, but on their powers of persuasion and excitement, yet it is often of service to turn aside from the argument and address ourselves to the feelings of our hearers. Accordingly an opportunity of doing this often occurs just after the statement of the case, or after the confirmation of our own arguments, or the refutation of our opponent's—in any or in all of these places, if the subject be of sufficient importance, and abound in material for that purpose; and most replete with matter for both amplification and embellishment are those causes which afford the most numerous openings for digression to those topics, by which the impassioned feelings of our audience are excited or repressed. And in this I cannot commend the system of placing the weakest arguments first, or, what I must think the equal error of those who, after retaining a number of advocates (a practice never approved of by me), assign the introductory pleadings to the least effective speakers. For it is imperative on us to meet the expectation of our audience as soon as possible, which, if not speedily gratified, a double load of responsibility is imposed on the rest of the speech; it augurs ill for a cause when its merits are slow in developing themselves. Let the best speakers and the most powerful arguments, therefore, occupy the first place, care being taken at the same time that some portion of what is most effective in both be reserved for the close; while the weaker arguments (for the utterly worthless should be rejected) are to be massed together and thrown into the crush and throng of the reasoning. Having given due attention to these things, I consider, last of all, that which occupies the first place, *viz.*, what exordium I should make use of; for if ever I have attempted to compose this first, nothing has occurred to me but what was meagre or trifling, or vulgar and commonplace.

The exordium ought always to be accurate and judicious, replete with matter, appropriate in expression, and strictly adapted to the cause. For the commencement, constituting the introduction and recommendation of the subject, should tend immediately to mollify the hearer and conciliate his favor; and I cannot help expressing my surprise, not at those, indeed, who have paid no attention to the art, but that a man so remarkably eloquent and erudite as Philippus should be in the habit of rising to speak as if at a loss what to say first, alleging as a reason that his arm must be well warmed into action before he can fight in good earnest, forgetting that those from whom he borrows his simile always poise their javelins deliberately at the outset, as if solely intent on displaying the grace of the evolution, while they reserve their strength for the heat of the conflict. There is no doubt but that the exordium should rarely be vehement and pugnacious; and if, in the deadly conflicts of the arena, the combatants indulge, before the encounter, in much preparatory

flourish merely for the purpose of harmless display, how much more will this be looked for in oratory, which has the gratification of the hearer as well as effect for its object. There is nothing in the whole range of Nature which starts at once into perfect maturity, and passes as suddenly away, and the most tremendous developments of her power have nothing of effort or violence in their commencement. Nor should the exordium be gathered extrinsically, and from foreign sources, but from the inmost core of the subject. The entire cause, therefore, being fully investigated and thoroughly understood, all the arguments prepared and skillfully arranged, it will be for us to consider what kind of exordium will be most suitable for the occasion, and this will readily suggest itself, for it will naturally flow, either from those topics which are most fertile in argument, or from those appeals to the passions, of which we ought often to avail ourselves. Drawn thus from the inmost resources of our defense, they will give weight to the reasoning as manifestly not common-places, and equally applicable to any cause, but a natural offshoot and efflorescence from the root of the question.

Every exordium ought either to have reference to the entire subject under consideration, or to form an introduction and support, or a graceful and ornamental approach to it, bearing, however, the same architectural proportion to the speech as the vestibule and avenue to the edifice and temple to which they lead. In trifling and unimportant causes, therefore, it is often better to commence with a simple statement without any preamble. But when a regular introduction cannot be dispensed with (which is generally the case), the material may be drawn either from the client or his opponent, from the point at issue or the presiding judges. From the character of the client (for so I designate him whose interests are at stake), by dwelling on those circumstances, which prove him to be a good and liberal man, a man whose misfortunes challenge commiseration, and who is the victim of a false accusation—from the character of his opponent, by painting him in directly opposite colors—from the point at issue, by representing the circumstances of the case as peculiarly cruel, beyond expression and imagination infamous, replete with suffering and ingratitude, unmerited, without precedent, beyond restitution or remedy—finally, from the presiding judges, by such representations as are calculated to conciliate their favor for our client, and raise him in their estimation, which will be more easily brought about by a clear statement of facts than by any direct appeal. This great object must never be lost sight of in any part of the address, and least of all at the close, though many exordia are supplied from the same source. We are told by the Greek rhetoricians that our aim at the outset should be to fix the attention of the judges, and to make them open to conviction, which, though valuable advice, is not more applicable to the commencement than to the rest of the discourse, but more attainable certainly at that time, when the expectation of all that is to come begets attention, and when the judges are more easily impressed, because the arguments, either for or against, stand out in a much stronger light there than in the body of the speech. But the greatest abundance and variety of matter for exordia, either in conciliating or exciting the feelings of the judges, will be supplied by those topics which are calculated to create emotion; these, however, must not be exhausted at the commencement, but only partially employed, to give that gentle impulse to the judges, which may be accelerated by the pressure of the subsequent oration.

Let the exordium also be so connected with the succeeding parts of the discourse that it may not appear artificially attached, like the prelude of the musician, but a coherent member of the same body. It is the practice of some speakers, after having put forth a most elaborately finished exordium, to make such a transition to what follows, that they seem solely intent upon drawing attention to themselves.

The introduction should not resemble the practice of the Samnite gladiators, who brandish one weapon in advancing, and use another in the fight, but rather of those who employ the same weapon for the prelude and the encounter. As to the rule which exacts brevity from the narration, if brevity be understood to mean no superfluous word, then the orations of L. Crassus are brief; but if by brevity be meant such stringency of language as allows not one word more than is absolutely necessary to convey the bare meaning;—this, though occasionally useful, would often be extremely hurtful, especially to the narration, not only by causing obscurity, but by doing away with that gentle persuasiveness and insinuation which constitute its chief excellence. In the lines, for instance, commencing thus:—

“For he, as soon as he became of age,”

how purposely protracted is the narrative. The behavior of the youth—the inquiries of the slave—the death of Chrysis—his wound—the look—the figure—the lamentation of the sister, and all the other circumstances, are detailed with great variety and sweetness of expression. If, indeed, the poet had aimed at brevity such as this—

“She’s carried forth—we go—we reach the place
Of sepulture; she’s laid upon the pile,”

he might have compressed the whole into almost ten short lines; but even here the brevity is made subservient to the beauty of the language; for had there been nothing more than “she’s laid upon the pile,” the whole proceeding would have been sufficiently clear. But a narrative, diversified by characters, and interspersed with dialogue, has much more of life and reality, because not only is the transaction itself described, but the manner also; and the various circumstances thus deliberately dwelt upon are much more clearly understood than when hurried over with such precipitancy. The same perspicuity ought to distinguish the narration as the rest of the speech, and is all the more imperatively demanded there, because less easily attained than in the exordium, confirmation, refutation, or peroration; and also because this part of the discourse is much more imperiled by the slightest obscurity than any other, elsewhere this defect does not extend beyond itself, but a misty and confused narration casts its dark shadow over the whole discourse; and if anything be not very clearly expressed in any other portion of the address, it can be restated in plainer terms elsewhere; but the narration is confined to one place, and cannot be repeated. The great end of perspicuity will be attained, if the narration be given in ordinary language, and the occurrences related in regular and uninterrupted succession.

But when the narration should be introduced, and when omitted, is for our consideration. In matters of notoriety, and where there is no doubt of the occurrence having taken place, the narration may be dispensed with, and equally so if anticipated by our opponent, unless we mean to refute his statement; and especial care must be taken not to press those points too strongly which suggest a suspicion of criminality, and tell against ourselves; such circumstances, on the contrary, should be extenuated as much as possible, lest we inflict that unintentional injury on our cause which, in the opinion of Crassus, can never occur but by deliberate treachery. A considerate or an inconsiderate statement of the case exercises a most powerful influence on the whole cause,—for from the fountain head of the narration flows the whole current of the discourse. Next comes the statement of the case, which must clearly point out the question at issue. Then must be conjointly built up the great bulwarks of your cause, by fortifying your own position, and weakening that of

your opponent; for there is only one effectual method of vindicating your own cause, and that includes both the confirmation and refutation. You cannot refute the opposite statements without establishing your own; nor can you, on the other hand, establish your own statements without refuting the opposite; their union is demanded by their nature, their object, and their mode of treatment. The whole speech is, in most cases, brought to a conclusion by some amplification of the different points, or by exciting or mollifying the judges; and every aid must be gathered from the preceding, but more especially from the concluding, parts of the address, to act as powerfully as possible upon their minds, and make them zealous converts to your cause. Nor do I see any reasonable ground for making a distinct head for the treatment of persuasion or panegyric, the same precepts being applicable to them as to every other kind of oratory; yet to speak for or against any important matter appears to me the especial privilege of an authoritative mind; for it is the province only of a wise man to give advice on the most momentous emergencies, as it belongs to integrity and high eloquence alone to provide by forethought, to enforce by authority, and to convince by the power of argument.

WIT AND HUMOR IN ORATORY

WIT and humor, at all times pleasing, are often extremely useful to the speaker; and whatever other portion of oratory may be taught by rule, these at least are purely the gifts of nature and quite independent of art. In this department you, Cæsar, in my opinion, stand without a rival, and you, therefore, are exactly the person to bear me out in the assertion that they are not at all amenable to rule, or if otherwise, to teach us in what degree they are so. In my opinion, observed Cæsar, it is easier for a man, not devoid of literary accomplishment, to speak on any subject than on the nature of wit and humor. Chancing, accordingly, to meet with some books in Greek entitled "On the Facetious," I began to indulge a hope that something might be learned from them; nor was I disappointed in my expectation of meeting with many exquisitely humorous and sparkling sayings of the Grecian wits, for this lighter element of genius, possessed in various degrees by the Sicilians, Rhodians, and Byzantines, is pre-eminently characteristic of the Athenian mind; but those who have attempted to reduce it to system have failed so egregiously, that of all the ridiculous things contained in their books, nothing is more ridiculous than their own absurdity. I do not, therefore, see how this talent can by any means be reduced to a system. There are two forms of the facetious—the one equally diffused through every part of a discourse, the other brief and pungent; the former was by our forefathers called Humor, the latter Wit; neither bearing a very dignified designation, for of neither is the aim very dignified—*viz.*, to raise a laugh. Nevertheless, as you say, Antonius, I have often seen great effects produced in pleading by the aid of wit and humor. In that form of the facetious which permeates the whole oration with its festive humor, no art is required; for nature fashions the skillful mimic and quaint narrator, and supplies him with corresponding voice, and look, and language; and what room for art is there in the other species, when the electric flash must strike before there would seem to be time for thought? When my brother was tauntingly asked by Philippus why he barked so, what art could have suggested the ready reply, Because he saw a thief; or what art could have supplied those successive sallies which ran through the entire address of Crassus, when pleading against Scævola before the triumviri, or against the accusing party, Brutus, in defending the cause of Cneius Planeus?

For what you are pleased to compliment me with, Antonius, is by the general voice conceded to Crassus—scarcely any other can be found of equal excellence in both—in sustained humor, no less than in the rapid retort and sparkling phrase. His defense of Curio against the charge of Scævola overflowed from beginning to end with hilarious mirth and humor; the sharp retort was wanting; for he respected the dignity of his opponent, and, in so doing, preserved his own; for nothing is more difficult for a witty and facetious person than to have due regard to time and character, and to restrain those reckless sallies for the indulgence of which so many tempting opportunities occur. Accordingly, there are men of a humorous turn, who give a witty interpretation to the saying of Eunius, "It is easier for a wise man to hold a fire in his mouth than to repress his good—that is, his witty sayings"; for such is the word in common use for wit. . . .

The several kinds of wit I will dismiss briefly; but the most startling species arises, as you know, from something totally different from what was expected, and by which we ourselves are made to laugh at our own disappointment. But if an ambiguous phrase be added, the wit becomes still more pungent. There is an instance of this in Nævius, where one person meeting another arrested for debt inquires, with affected compassion, "How much is he arrested for?" "A thousand sestertii." Had he merely said, "You may take him away," it would have come under that class of the humorous, where the answer disappoints expectation; but when he threw in the words, "I add no more; you may take him away," another species of wit being imported by the additional ambiguity, the pungency appears to me to be brought to the finest possible point. There is no more felicitous form of retort than when a word employed by one party in any discussion is suddenly snatched out of his hand, and turned into a weapon of attack against himself, as was adroitly done by Catulus against Philippus. But as there are many other kinds of the ambiguous, and of a much more subtle nature, it behooves us to be on the watch for words; and thus, avoiding at the same time all affected phrases, and particularly such as would appear farfetched, we shall have much sparkling and pointed expression at our command. Another species consists in changing a single letter or syllable of a word, which the Greeks term "*paranomasia*," as when Cato said "the nobility were the mobility"; or the following from the same: "Do let us take a walk together." But what, said he, is the use of do? As for that, was the reply, what is the use of you? Or this, again, from the same: "If you are both averse and adverse, you are an impudent fellow." We can give point even to the interpretation of a name, by assigning a ridiculous origin to it; as when I observed lately of Nummius, the notorious dispenser of bribes, that he had taken his name from the Campus Martius, as Neoptolemus his designation from Troy. . . .

There is also a graceful species of irony, when something is said at variance with what is meant; not in direct contradiction to it, as in the instance of Crassus to Lamia, but when a strain of serious banter pervades the whole address, the language and feeling apparently running almost counter to each other; for instance, when Septumuleius of Anagnia, to whom a sum of money had been paid for the head of Caius Gracchus, was petitioning our friend Scævola to be taken as his prefect into Asia, "What would you have, you foolish man?" said he; "such is the number of seditious citizens, that if you stay at home, depend upon it in a few years you will realize a splendid fortune." It was in this style of serious banter that Fannius in his annals describes Africanus Æmilianus as excelling, designating him by the Greek term, *εἰρωνία*, or the master of irony; but in the opinion of others better qualified to judge, it was Socrates who stood unrivaled for the exquisite point and polish of his ironical sallies,—a peculiarly elegant cast of banter, covering the most cutting sarcasm with a veil of gravity, equally applicable to the stately

style of the orator as to the language of polished conversation; and, indeed, all the different kinds of humor I have enumerated, from the seasoning not only of the forensic harangue, but of every kind of language. For the remark of Cato, from whose recorded apothegms I have selected many of my examples, strikes me as peculiarly happy, that Caius Publicius was in the habit of saying of P. Mummius, "that he was a man for all occasions"; assuredly wit and graceful accomplishments have a pervading charm equally adapted to every stage of life. But to pursue the subject,—very near akin to irony is that species of wit which gives an honorable designation to a disgraceful action. When Africanus, the censor, expelled from his tribe the centurion who had skulked from the battle in which Paulus commanded, the subject of this disgrace, complaining of such unmerited treatment, and alleging that he had remained behind for the purpose of guarding the camp: "I am not fond," replied Africanus, "of your over-vigilant people." There is point, too, in the wit which extracts from the language of the speaker an inference least expected by him. On the loss of Tarentum, Livius Salinator still held out in the citadel, and made many brilliant sallies from it; the town being retaken by Maximus some years after Livius reminded him that the recovery of the place was owing to his retention of the citadel. "How can I do otherwise than remember?" said he; "for I should certainly never have retaken the town had you not lost it." . . .

There is humor also in conceding to your adversary what he denies to you. A person of disreputable family, telling Caius Lælius that he was unworthy of his ancestry—"By Hercules!" he replied, "but you are worthy of yours." A retort also often acquires additional force from the gravity with which it is given. On the day that Marcus Cincius proposed his law for the regulation of gifts and presents, Caius Cento, standing forth, addressed him with a very supercilious air—"Well, little Cincius, what are you proposing?" "That you, Caius," said he, "may be obliged to pay for what you wish to have." There is humor again in an affected craving for impossibilities, as when Lepidus, lolling in the grass, while his companions were exercising in the field, ejaculated: "I wish this were labor"; and not less amusing is the calm and imperturbable, though not very gratifying, answer of one pestered with importunate questioning. When Lepidus, the censor, had deprived Antistius of Pergi of his horse, and his friends were clamorously demanding what reason could Antistius assign to his father for this privation, when he was the best, most industrious, most modest, and frugal member of the colony,—"that I do not believe one word of it," was the cool reply. Some other heads are enumerated by the Greeks, such as execrations, expressions of admiration, and threats; but I seem already to have let this subject branch out into too many subdivisions; for those classes of the ludicrous which lie in the meaning and point of the phrase are fixed and easily defined, and calculated for the most part rather to excite admiration than laughter; while those which turn upon the subject and thought, though almost infinite in their variety, may be comprised under very few heads; for it is by disappointing expectation, by satirizing the eccentricities of others, or by a humorous exhibition of our own—by a comparison of deformity with something still more deformed—by dissembling—by the utterance of seeming absurdities—by affected ignorance and stupidity, or by the exposure of folly, that laughter is excited. He, therefore, who would aspire to the character of a wit must be gifted with a genius suited to the display of its several aspects, and with such a perfect adaptation of the whole person that his every feature can accommodate itself to all the varieties of the ludicrous, and the more serious and solemn the look with which any witticism is uttered, as in the case with you, Crassus, the more ridiculous its effect.

RHYTHM AND THE HARMONIES OF LANGUAGE

THE Ancients were of opinion that there should be a species of verse even in our prose—in other words, that certain musical numbers ought to be applied to it, and that, in order to allow regular intervals for breathing, so as not to distress the voice, the sentences should be divided into short clauses, determined, not by punctuation, but by the measure and modulation of the words; and this, as we learn from the writings of his pupil Naucrates, was first suggested by Isocrates, in order to reduce to harmony the rude and disjointed composition of our forefathers. For these two things, poetry and song, were invented by the musicians, who were originally identified with the poets, for the mere luxury of sound, that the cadence of the words and the melody of the voice might satisfy without satiating the ear. With this view, therefore, they maintained that the modulation of the voice and the harmonious structure of the language should be transferred, as far as the austerer nature of prose composition would permit, from poetry to eloquence. But in making this transfer, it is of the utmost importance that the words should not be so viciously arranged as to glide into verse, and yet that, like verse, they should fall melodiously and with a perfectly rounded cadence on the ear; nor among his many excellencies is there any one which more immediately distinguishes the orator from the ignorant and unskillful speaker than this—that the latter pours out all that he can at once, and without discrimination, and measures his sentences not by rule, but by mere strength of lungs; while the orator, on the contrary, so interweaves his words and sentences that they move in a measure at once fettered and free; for, though shackled by the cadence and conformation of the words, they are relaxed and liberated by the interchange of order; so that the language is not strictly bound, like poetry, nor yet so loose as to wander free from all restraint.

By pursuing what method, then, may we reasonably hope to attain an object so important as this mastery over the harmonies of speech? The attainment is rather necessary than difficult; for there is nothing so pliant, so flexible, so readily accommodating itself to every movement of the mind, as language. From this poetry and all the different poetical numbers are formed; from this likewise all the various kinds and cadences of prose. For we have not one set of words for conversation and another for debate—one for daily use, another for scenic pomp and display; but taking them indiscriminately from the common fund which lies before us, we mold and fashion them, like the softest wax, into whatever shape we please. Grandiloquent at one time, refined and delicate at another, and now holding an intermediate course, the style takes the mold of every sentiment we wish to express, and is plastic and convertible to every purpose, either to captivate the ear or to stimulate the passions. But in oratory, as in everything else, most marvelous are the operations of nature, invariably associating the most useful with the loftiest, and often even with the most beautiful. For the safety and preservation of all its parts, such we see to be the state of universal nature: the heaven suspending over us its rounded arch, the earth self-balanced and holding by inherent power its station in the centre, the sun in its career encircling the whole, approaching nearer in the brumal season, and thence ascending gradually in the opposite direction—the waning or the crescent moon, illumined by its rays, and the five stars traversing, though with unequal speed, the same vast space; and all with such nice and subtle art combined, that the slightest change would loosen their cohesion, and with such transcendent beauty that imagination cannot picture anything more gorgeous. Turn your attention now to man, or to the form and structure even of other animals; you will find no part of the

body which is not essential to the other, and the whole not casually thrown together, but a most perfect work of art.

Again, in the vegetable world: the trunk, the branches, the very leaves of the tree—is not their chief purpose the renewal and preservation of the plant? Yet every part is full of beauty. Passing from nature to art: in navigation, what so necessary to a ship as the bulwarks, the keel, the prow, the stern, the yards, the sails, the mast? And yet combining so much beauty with their respective configuration, that they seem invented less for the purposes of utility than to charm the eye with their grace and symmetry. In architecture, the columns give support to porticoes and temples, and yet are not more useful than ornamental. It was not taste, but necessity, that suggested the cupola of the capitol, or the slanting roof of other buildings; for when the problem was how the rain could be made to fall from both sides of the edifice, the beauty of the slanting roof was the consequence of its utility; so that if the capitol had been built above the clouds, where rain could never fall, no other conformation would have been equally pleasing to the eye. And thus it happens that in every department of oratory the useful and the almost indispensable bring grace and beauty in their train; for the necessary respiration and the limited action of the lungs have originated the different clauses and breaks in the sentence. This has been found so agreeable to the ear, that if the speaker could be endowed with inexhaustible power of lungs we should object to this continuous flow; for that has always proved the most harmonious which is not only practicable, but most easy to the utterance. . . .

You are mistaken, Crassus, if you suppose, said Catulus, that either I, or any of our party, expect from you a repetition of the hackneyed rules in daily use. You have told us not only what we wished to hear, but also in the very form in which we wished to hear it, and this I say without any hesitation, not only for myself, but for all present. For my part, observed Antonius, I must admit that I have at length found what I stated in my pamphlet never to have met with—a really eloquent man; but I have hitherto refrained from interrupting you by saying even so much, for fear of curtailing by a single word of mine the very limited time allowed you for this discussion. On this principle, then, said Crassus, with practice and the use of the pen, at all times, but here especially, the great refiner and embellisher of language, must be constructed the edifice of your composition. Nor is this a work of so much labor as it appears, neither are we to be fettered by any stringent rules of musical rhythm, only we must be careful to prevent our composition from being too loose or rambling, neither compressed too much, nor too widely expanded—well defined in its various members, and complete in its cadence; nor is the full and rounded period to be invariably used, but often broken up into minuter clauses, yet with a cadence of their own. . . .

But it is the conclusion of the sentence which demands especial elaboration, because it is there only that its absolute completeness can be judged; in verse, the beginning, middle, and end of the line require equal attention, a flaw in any one part extending to the whole line, but in a prose sentence, while few notice the commencing words, the closing cadences arrest the attention of almost every hearer; and these, at once so conspicuous and so well understood, ought to be varied in such a manner as neither to offend the judgment nor pall upon the ear. The two or three concluding feet ought to be distinctly marked and noted, care being taken at the same time that the preceding members be not abruptly short; and these last should consist of trochees or pæons, or each alternately, or else of the concluding pæon, recommended by Aristotle, or its equivalent—the cretic. These interchanges will prevent the sentence from palling by its monotony, and will obviate at the same time all appearance of elaborate artifice. Antipater the Sidonian, so well remembered

by you, Catulus, was in the habit of extemporizing hexameter and other verse, and was enabled by his ready invention and practiced memory to throw his language without effort into whatever mold of metre he wished to employ. How much more easily will habitual practice enable the orator to attain this facility! And we shall cease to be surprised at the critical judgment of an unlettered audience, if we only reflect on the wonderfully discriminating power of nature in everything, but especially in oratory. Almost all mankind can distinguish right from wrong in reasoning and art, by an intuitive perception, and if this be the case in painting, and statuary, and other arts, where they have less aid from nature, how much more acutely will they judge of language, metre, and modulation, which address themselves to those senses that are common to all, and which Nature has altogether withheld from scarcely any of her children. Accordingly, all are affected, not only by the artistic arrangement of language, but even by rhythm and tone.

EMBELLISHING THE ORATION

THE great embellisher of every oration is its own character and complexion,—the bloom and coloring supplied by its own natural juices; for the qualities of impressiveness, sweetness, intelligence, refinement, sublimity, elegance, passion, and pathos, as severally required, are not attributes of the separate members of a discourse, but pervading the whole body; the flowers of language and sentiment, on the contrary, ought not to be profusely spread over the entire speech, but disposed with tasteful economy, sparkling here and there like so many brilliant ornaments. That style of oratory, then, should be selected which is most attractive, and which not only delights, but delights without satiety (for I do not suppose you expect me to caution you against poverty, harshness, vulgarity, or obsolescence of diction,—your ability and riper years demand something better from me). It is difficult to say why those objects which are most attractive to the senses, and affect them in the first instance with the most exquisite delight, are the very first to engender fastidiousness and satiety. How much more florid bloom and variety of color have most new paintings than the old, and yet, though so captivating at first sight, they soon cease to please; while the subdued and sombre coloring of the ancient masters has a permanent attraction. How much softer and more delicate in singing are the quaver and falsetto than the firm and simple notes of the natural voice, and yet if they occur too often, not only the more fastidious judges, but the whole audience cry out in reprobation. The same principle may be seen to pervade the other senses. We are sooner cloyed with the more luscious perfumes than with those of an austerer odor; the flavor of wax is preferable to that of saffron; and even in objects which affect the touch also there must be a limit to softness and equability of surface. Of all the senses, that of the taste is most voluptuous, and delights most in sweet savors, and yet how it rejects and turns with loathing from any excessive sweetness. Who could subsist long on saccharine food or sweetened drinks? In both the most tasteless and insipid please the longest. The extremes of gratification and disgust are separated by the finest line of demarcation. We need not be surprised then, that, as may be seen in our poets and orators, the pretty, the sparkling, the ornamental, or the gay, carried on without interruption, moderation, or variety, however brilliant the coloring, fail to please long. Prettinesses and faults of bad taste disgust the more readily in the poet and orator, because by sensual excess the senses only are cloyed, whereas in oratory and composition faults of this kind are offensive, not only to the ear, but still more so to the judgment.

Wherefore, though I would often have an audience exclaim, "good!" and "excellent!" "beautiful!" and "brilliant!" should be of less frequent occurrence, and though I do not object to the reiterated cry of "Nothing can be better," yet those flashes of surpassing splendor which evoke such exclamations should have a corresponding depth of shade to throw them into bolder and more striking prominence. Roscius never gives all the effect that he could to the passage,—

"The wise man seeks for honor, not for spoil,
As the reward of virtue,"

but subdues it altogether, that he may come with a more startling expression of surprise, astonishment, and consternation on the words,—

"What do I see? girt with an arm'd band,
He seizes on the sacred fanes!"

How does the other great artist utter?—

"Whither shall I flee for shelter?"

How plaintive and subdued! how free from all violent emotion! for immediately follows that passionate burst of agony,—

"O father! O country! O prostrate house of Priam!"

which could not be given with the same force if the expression had been exhausted by a previous effort. Nor were the actors earlier in the discovery of this principle than the poets, and even the musicians, who well know the effect of judicious elevation, depression, contraction and expansion, variety and contrast. Let the orator then be graceful and harmonious (nor, indeed, can he be otherwise), but let his periods have a sharp and solid, not a soft and sodden sweetness; for the rules laid down for the distribution of embellishment are so easy that even the most indifferent speaker can explain them. In the first place, therefore, all the material of the discourse must be accumulated, of which department Antonius has already treated; it must then be wrought into the texture of the speaker's peculiar style, made clear by luminous expression, and interesting by the variety of sentiment. But the highest triumph of the art is the power of amplification, which consists, not only in expanding and elevating any subject, but also in depressing and degrading it.

A FUNDAMENTAL RULE

TO BRING our ideal orator into the actual business of life, and particularly into that arena where his talents will be most in demand, *viz.*, trials and litigations (some will smile at the advice I am going to give, which is, indeed, less knowing than necessary, and rather the dictate of common sense than of profound science); but my very first injunction will be—a diligent investigation and thorough knowledge of whatever cause he is about to undertake. This is not to be found among our rudimentary precepts—for the causes given to boys are not very difficult, for example, "the law forbids a stranger to ascend the wall—he ascends it—he beats back the enemy—he is arraigned." There is no great difficulty in fathoming questions of this kind, and accordingly no rules are laid down for them—the

school exercises being mere formulas. But in the forum—wills, evidence, contracts, covenants, stipulations, relationship by blood, by affinity, decrees, legal opinions, even the entire history of the conflicting parties must be thoroughly known. To the neglect of these particulars may be ascribed the loss of most causes, especially of private ones, which are often the most intricate. Thus many advocates in order to impress the public with an opinion of the engrossing nature of their business, which hurries them from suit to suit into every part of the forum, take causes in hand of which they actually know nothing, whereby they incur the grave offense either of negligence in voluntarily undertaking the cause, or of treachery when engaged to defend it, and this is a more serious offense than it is commonly supposed to be, because no one can speak on a subject of which he is totally ignorant without the most disgraceful exposure both of himself and cause; thus, while disregarding the charge of ignorance, which is the heavier one, they incur, what they are most anxious to avoid, the imputation of inability. Indeed, I often make a point of getting my client to plead for himself, and that he may speak with more freedom in the absence of all witnesses, advocating myself the opposite side, that he may defend his own cause, and state everything he can advance in support of it; so that, after his departure, I calmly take upon myself the personation of three different characters—my own, my opponent's, and that of the judge. Whatever is likely rather to serve than to damage my cause I retain; what, on the contrary, promises to do more harm than good I altogether repudiate and reject; I thus obtain the advantage of preparing my case at one time, and of pleading it at another, which very many, in full reliance on their own ability, combine; but most assuredly they would serve their client more effectually by taking one time for the preparation, another for the pleading of his cause. The subject being thoroughly mastered, the question immediately presents itself—What is the point at issue? For no subject of discussion can arise, whether of a criminal nature, as some delinquency—or controversial, as the succession to an estate—or deliberative, as of war—or personal, as a eulogium—or philosophical, as the regulation of life, but it must fall under one of the following heads—what has been done, or is being done, or should be done, or what is its nature and designation. . . .

But to return to my own method. When, therefore, after having thoroughly investigated and understood the merits of the cause in hand, I begin to consider how it ought to be treated, I settle nothing until I have ascertained to what point the whole speech bearing on the case in question must be directed. I then diligently ponder two things—how to gain the good-will of my audience for myself and client, and by what means to make them plastic to any impression I wish to leave upon their minds. Thus the whole art of persuasion depends upon three things—to prove the truth of our statements, to conciliate our audience, and to give them that bias which is demanded by our cause. For the purpose of proof, a twofold material is placed at the disposal of the orator; the one consisting of those things which, not being elaborated from his own mind, but appertaining to the cause itself, require only to be employed judiciously—such as deeds, wills, compacts, examinations, laws, senatorial acts, precedents, decrees, legal opinions, and other things not discovered by the advocate, but brought under his notice by the cause, and by his clients. The other consists entirely of the reasoning and arguments of the orator himself. In the former, his judgment only is engaged in arranging his materials, but in the latter his invention also must be exerted in discovering them. Those who profess to teach these things distribute all causes into sections, assigning to each section its own class of arguments—a system well enough adapted for mere boys, to supply them with commonplaces from which to draw a fund of ready argument for any urgent question; but it is the property of a sluggish

and groveling mind to creep along the rivulets, and not mount at once to the spring-head; and especially is it incumbent on age and experience like ours, to derive our supplies from the main fountains, and to penetrate to the primal sources from which all things flow. That first-mentioned class of external proofs, placed at the disposal of the advocate, ought to be the subjects of his incessant meditation, for the purpose of general application to similar cases; for we are constantly called upon to speak for or against deeds, witnesses, examinations by torture, and other things of the same kind, either generally and in the abstract, or in connection with specified persons, times, and causes; and these commonplaces (to you, Cotta and Sulpicius, I more particularly address this) ought by constant thought and meditation to be fully prepared and ready to your hands. It would be tedious to enumerate all the methods by which evidence, documents, and examinations may be confirmed or invalidated. All these things require very moderate ability, but immense practice; nor do they stand in need of any further aid from artificial precepts than what is necessary to invest them with the requisite amount of embellishment. Those proofs, also, which belong to the other class, and are originated altogether by the advocate himself, impose no great labor of thought, but demand much greater polish and splendor of illustration. In all causes, then, there are two subjects of inquiry—first, What is to be said; and then, How we ought to say it. To discover what ought to be said, though apparently a subject thoroughly imbued with art, and certainly not altogether independent of it, asks for no extraordinary sagacity. It is in the treatment of the other that all the superhuman power and grandeur of the oratorical art are conspicuous, where the utmost skill of the speaker must be exerted to clothe his ideas in all the gorgeous, rich, and variegated coloring of language.

THE ART OF VERDICT-GETTING

IT TENDS much to secure a favorable verdict when the morals, principles, character, and life of the pleader, and of those for whom he pleads, are irreproachable, while those of his opponents lie open to attack; and when the minds of those before whom the cause is litigated are strongly disposed to favor the advocate as well as the party whose interests he is advocating. Now, the great conciliators of the mind are the high personal character of any individual, his achievements, the moral estimation in which he is held—particulars much more easily emblazoned where they are known to exist, than called into existence and attributed to the man who has them not. Greatly aiding also to the orator are suavity of voice and manner; his seeming diffidence, and the absence of all harsh and offensive language; and when such is imperatively demanded by the occasion, the apparent reluctance and almost compulsion with which it is employed. The evidences of affability, liberality, meekness, and piety—of a mind grateful, not envious or grasping—are advantageous to the speaker; and all those properties which characterize the truly honorable and unassuming man—of a man not irritable, pertinacious, litigious, or bitter—strongly attract us to their possessors, as we are repelled from those who have them not. The opposite vices, therefore, are at the same time to be imputed to our adversary. This conciliatory style, however, will show to most advantage in those causes which are wanting in the exciting elements by which the minds of the judges may be kindled into exasperation. Nor is a powerful appeal always demanded, but often a placid, subdued, and gentle address, such as will best recommend the *res*, or defendants,—a term not confined to those criminally arraigned, but embracing the defendants in any litigation, for such was the original accepta-

tion of the term *reus*. To represent them as men of high moral character—just, irreproachable, religious, meek, and patient of injuries—has a wonderful effect; and, either in the exordium, narration, or peroration, is of such power, if unobtrusively and discreetly employed, as often to weigh more with the judges than even the merits of the cause. So much, indeed, is effected by the feeling and judgment with which the pleading is conducted, that the speech is made to appear a reflex image of the speaker's character. By the very cast of the sentiments and language, with the accompaniments of a gentle and insinuating action and expression, an impression is conveyed to the audience that we are honorable, well-conducted, and virtuous men.

Contrasted with this is that very opposite style of address, which acts upon the minds of the judges by a totally different agency; which impels them to hate or to love, to be adverse or favorable; which inspires fear, hope, desire, disgust, joy, grief, commiseration, or severity, or leads the mind to those passions which touch upon and are akin to these and similar mental perturbations. And it is very desirable for the pleader that the judges should approach the question with a decided prepossession in favor of the interests he is advocating. For, according to the adage, it is easier to add wings to speed than speed to tardiness. But if the judges be perfectly free from prejudice, or of doubtful bias, I would follow the practice of the careful physician, who, before prescribing for the particular case of the patient, takes every pains to ascertain his general habit and the nature of his constitution when in health. Thus, when a doubtful cause is put into my hands, and one calculated to act powerfully on the feelings of the judges, I exert every energy of my mind, and all my sagacity, to penetrate into their sentiments, thoughts, expectations, and wishes, and to discover in what direction they may most easily be moved. If they yield themselves, and, as I said before, lean towards the point to which I would impel them, I take what is given, and unfurl my sails in the direction from which the lightest breeze may blow. But if the judges be passionless and impartial, the work will be more difficult; for then all those feelings are to be called forth by the sheer force of eloquence, without any aid from nature. But such is the power of that art, which has been rightly styled by an excellent poet "the molders of the mind and sovereign queen of all the affections," that it can not only make rigid the flexible, and flexible the rigid, but, like a good and able general, can coerce and make captive the most pugnacious and determined foe.

These are those powers which Crassus lately, in his playful banter, affected such desire to hear me speak upon, describing them as wielded by me with such superhuman effect in what he flatteringly styled the nobly-acted causes of Manlius Aquilius, Caius Norbanus, and others, but which, when wielded by himself, send, I protest, a thrill of emotion through every fibre of my frame; such is his overwhelming rush of thought, such pathos speaks in his eye, his every look and gesture, even in the slightest movement of his very finger—such a torrent of the choicest and most nervous language, such perfect sentiments, so true, so new, so free from puerile gloss and pigment, that he seems to me not only to wrap the judges in a flame, but to be himself on fire. Nor is it possible for the hearer to grieve, or hate, or fear, or to be moved to commiseration and tears, unless the emotions which the speaker wishes to communicate are deeply impressed upon himself, and stamped on his own bosom in characters of fire. If this were merely a fictitious sorrow, assumed for the occasion—if, in appeals of this kind, everything were false and mimetic, some decidedly artificial process would perhaps be required. I cannot tell, indeed, what may be the case with you, Crassus, or with others, but, for my own part (and I see no reason why I should conceal the truth from men of your superior sense, and such especial friends of my own), never, I assure you, have I endeavored to excite in the

judges the emotions of grief, commiseration, envy, or hatred, without becoming sensibly touched myself with the passions I wished to communicate to them. It is not easy to excite the indignation of the judge against the man, to whom you yourself show no displeasure, or to inflame him with hatred, unless he sees you burning with the same passion, nor can he be moved to commiseration unless you yourself give evidence of the same by your language, feelings, voice, and countenance, and even by sympathetic tears; for as no material is so combustible as to ignite without the application of fire, so no mind is so susceptible as to burst into flame before the speaker has applied to it the brand of his own ardent feeling.

And do not suppose it something extraordinary and wonderful for the speaker to be so often subjected to the violent excitement of grief, and anger, and every other passion of the mind, especially in the interests of strangers; for there is an emotional power in the sentiments and topics themselves which supersedes the necessity of all simulation and falsehood; the very language of the speech employed to move the minds of others has a more powerful effect upon the speaker himself than on his audience. Nor let it be a matter of surprise that this should be the case in the causes we are pleading—in criminal trials, in the perils of our friends, and in the concentrated gaze of the city and the forum, where not only our professional reputation is at stake (which though comparatively a trifle, yet charged as we are with the responsibility of doing what can be done by few, ought not to be neglected), there are other and far more weighty considerations—honor, fidelity, duty to our clients, and diligence in discharging that duty, from regard to which, though advocating the rights of perfect strangers, they must no longer be strangers to us if we would retain the character of honorable men. But, as I have been observing, this ought not to be matter of surprise, for what can be more unreal than poetry, than fable, than the creations of the drama? yet often in this fictitious scene have I marked the eyes of the actor flashing fire through his mask when declaiming these lines:—

“What! did you then dare to spurn him from you?
Or to enter Salamis without him?
Did you not dread the aspect of his father?”

Never did I hear him pronounce the word “aspect” but Telamon started up before me, frantic and raving for the loss of his son. Then subduing his voice to the tone of commiseration he proceeded mournfully, and in seeming tears:—

“Whom, in extremest age and penury,
You cruelly have lacerated, robbed
Of children, and of life, regardless of
Your brother's death, regardless of the child,
The little child committed to your charge.”

If the actor who had to declaim these verses daily could not do so effectually without an emotion of sorrow, can you suppose that Pacuvius himself, when composing them, was in an indifferent and listless state of mind? Impossible! for I have often heard, and the remark is confirmed by Democritus and Plato, that no man can be a poet without extreme excitability of temperament and a certain furor of inspiration.

Do not imagine, therefore, that I, who was not engaged in some merely artistic effort to imitate and shadow forth the calamitous fall or fictitious sorrows of the heroes of antiquity, who was no actor of a foreign and personated part, but the asserter of my own,—do not imagine that what I did in my peroration to rescue

Manlius Aquilius from the threatened banishment was done without a feeling of deep and genuine sorrow. When I saw this man, whom I remembered as consul, whom I remembered as a commander loaded with honors by the senate, and ascending in triumph to the capitol,—when I saw him stricken, afflicted, bowed down with misery, and reduced to the last extremity of danger, no sooner did I attempt to move the pity of others than I felt myself pierced to the heart with the deepest commiseration. I saw how greatly the judges were affected when bringing forward the old man bowed down with grief, and clothed in the squalid garb of misery, I did what is so much commended by you, Crassus,—when, not in compliance with any rule of art (of which I know not what to say), but transported beyond myself by a sudden impulse of great sorrow, I tore open his tunic, and pointed to his scars,—when Caius Marius, there seated by my side, aided my mournful appeal by his own streaming tears, and, when repeatedly calling upon him by name, I commended his colleague to him, and adjured him to stand forth and advocate the common rights of the soldier. All this was not without tears on my part; nor without a feeling of deep anguish was my appeal to commiseration, my adjuration of gods and men, and of all his fellow-citizens and associates; and if every word employed by me had not been the genuine utterance of unacted sorrow, not only would it have failed to excite commiseration, but would have been laughed at as ridiculous. Wherefore, Sulpicius, I, beyond all question an excellent and erudite instructor, give you this lesson,—that in pleading you should learn how to be angry,—how to grieve and weep. . . .

In the first place, then, I make a point of considering what is demanded by the cause; for these fervid appeals are not to be employed either on ordinary occasions, or when the minds of the hearers are in such a state of prejudice and excitement as to defy the utmost efforts of the orator, lest we lay ourselves open either to ridicule or to odium, by assuming tragic airs wholly disproportionate to the occasion, or by a vain attempt to move the immovable. For, as the principal passions to be worked upon in the breasts of the judges, or of any other arbiters, are love, hatred, envy, pity, hope, joy, fear, and sorrow, we must be aware that the favor of an audience will be best secured by our appearing to advocate what serves their interests, or to be exerting ourselves in behalf of good men, or of those at least who may prove good and serviceable to them; for this especially attracts our regard, while the defense of virtue merely secures our approbation, and the prospect of future benefit to be derived from any one is a stronger recommendation than past services. It must be our endeavor to show that the cause we are pleading immediately concerns either their interest or their honor, and to insinuate that the party for whom we are bespeaking their favor has had no view to his own advantage, nor taken a single step to serve himself. For men regard with an invidious eye whatever we do for our own benefit, but are favorably disposed to what is done for the benefit of others. Great care must be taken, at the same time, not to dwell too strongly on the glory and meritorious achievements of those we are recommending; for these are the especial incentives to envy; and from the same sources we learn to heap odium on our opponents, and to divert it from ourselves and our clients. In either exciting or allaying the angry passions of the mind also, the same course must be pursued; we excite the aversion of our audience by exaggerating what brings no advantage to them, or is positively injurious to their interests; but if only affecting the deserving, and those on whom no reflections ought to be cast, or the community at large, the feeling does not amount to actual hatred, though very near akin to it. Fear, too, is awakened by the apprehension of injury to ourselves, or to the community to which we belong; but though our own immediate danger is the deeper feeling, the common danger is to be treated as having a similar tendency.

The same treatment is applicable to hope, joy, and sorrow, but of all the passions I question if envy be not the most powerful, equally difficult to allay as to excite. Men, for the most part, regard with a jealous eye their equals or inferiors, when mortified by seeing themselves neglected and others exalted so much above them; but with a still more jaundiced eye do they regard their superiors, especially if they bear themselves haughtily, and, in the arrogance inspired by superior rank or fortune, presume to trample on the rights of others. If our object, then, be to excite envy, it will be for us to show that these advantages have not been the reward of superior merit, but, on the contrary, the wages of infamy and crime, and even admitting them to have been honorably earned and richly merited, still that they are not such as to warrant the insolence and haughty superciliousness of the possessor. But if our object, on the contrary, be to allay envy, we must endeavor to show that those advantages have been purchased at the price of immense labor and extreme peril, that they have not been applied to the private benefit of the individual, but to the benefit of others; and that, though the glory acquired by him was no more than a just reward for the dangers he had encountered, yet, so far from pluming himself upon it, he was ready to resign and abandon it altogether; and, as envy is a vice common to all,—a vice always in action, and especially excited by exalted rank and flourishing fortune,—we should endeavor to show that this prosperity, so dazzling to the vulgar eye, is mixed up with much alloy of toil and anxious misery. Now, the commiseration of the hearer may be easily excited, if, in listening to the recital of the misfortunes of others, he can be made to recall or apprehend similar sufferings of his own, so that the image he contemplates in another may be reflected upon himself. Thus, while every instance of suffering humanity when described with feeling painfully affects the mind, the description of prostrate and afflicted virtue appeals most strongly to our sympathies; and as that part of a discourse which is meant to recommend the speaker by the indications it gives of a truly benevolent character, ought, as I have observed, to be gentle and subdued in tone, so that portion, on the other hand, which labors to effect a total revolution in the minds of his audience, and by every possible means to bend and mold them to his purpose, must be intensely vehement and impassioned.

HOW TO CULTIVATE THE MEMORY

WHY speak here of the value of memory to the orator?—why enlarge on its importance and power?—to retain everything you have heard from your client in undertaking his cause—everything that you yourself know concerning it—to have all your ideas firmly fixed in your mind—all the verbal apparatus inscribed there—so distinctly to retain what has been said by your client, and by the party to whom you have to reply, that their words seem not merely to have been poured into your ear, but indelibly imprinted on your memory? Accordingly, it is only for men of vigorous memory to know exactly what, to what extent, and in what manner they have to speak—what has been answered—what still remains for them to answer—retaining in memory also the precedents which have occurred in the cases carried on by themselves, as well as those which they have heard in the pleadings of others. I must acknowledge, however, that nature is the originator of this, as of every other qualification of which I have been speaking; for the whole art of oratory, if art it may be called, and not rather the image and semblance of art, has no creative power to engender in the mind what had not a previous existence there, but only to foster and forward the growth of the embryo, already partially

developed. Scarcely any one, however, is gifted with so tenacious a memory as to retain the exact order of the words and ideas, without having previously arranged and taken note of them; nor, on the other hand, is any one so dull as to derive no benefit from the cultivation of this practice. Simonides, or whoever else was the inventor of this art, had the sagacity to see that those things cling most tenaciously to the memory which are commended and impressed upon it by the senses, and that of all the senses the most active and powerful is that of sight. Those ideas, therefore, which have been either received or originated by the mind, are much more easily retained if further recommended by ocular evidence; so that a vague outline or image will bring so completely within the range of sense ideas dark and impalpable, and not at all amenable to the judgment of the sight, that, though eluding the grasp of the mind, they can be seized upon, and retained by the power of vision. But for these forms or figures, as for everything within the compass of sight, there must be some seat or locality, for a substance without a local habitation is beyond our comprehension. Wherefore, not to make a parade of superfluous learning on a subject so well and so generally known, I will merely observe that the mind must be partitioned into several luminous and distinct compartments, and these must be furnished with striking, well-defined, and significant images, which will occur at once, and act upon it with the greatest rapidity. This power will be acquired by practice, the parent of habit, or by employing the signs of similar words, altered in their cases, or by symbols making the species represent the genus, or by the image of a single word suggesting an entire sentence, much after the systematic method of the consummate artist, distinguishing the several compartments by the variety of the figures.

But a verbal memory, which is not so necessary for us, must be distinguished by a greater variety of symbols: there are many words connecting, like joints, the different members of language which cannot be represented by any corresponding images; for these certain arbitrary symbols must be invented to be always used in their stead. But the memory of things is properly the memory of the orator, and this we may attain by the creation of distinct and aptly arranged images, so that the signs shall suggest the sentences, and the compartments their regular succession. Nor is there any foundation for the objection of the indolent, that the memory is likely to be oppressed with the load of images, and that ideas easily retained by the natural memory are only rendered the more obscure by this artificial process; for I remember having seen two remarkable men with memories of almost superhuman tenacity, *viz.*, Charmadas at Athens, and Sepsius Metrodorus in Asia, the latter of whom is said to be still living, by each of whom I was assured that he could inscribe in the different compartments of his mind whatever he wished to remember as easily as he could trace the letters in wax. Though memory, therefore, cannot be wrought out of the mind unless implanted there by nature, if latent it certainly may be elicited. I have now at length brought to a conclusion the somewhat prolix dissertation of a man I fain would hope not inordinately arrogant, certainly not overburdened with modesty, in presuming to dwell at such length on the subject of oratory, with not only you, Catulus, but Crassus also among his audience; for I am not altogether without excuse in the youth and inexperience of the rest of the company; but I am sure you will pardon me in consideration of the motive which has seduced me into such unwonted loquacity.

ACTION AND DELIVERY

ACTION, or delivery, I maintain to be the dominant element in eloquence; without this the most consummate orator in other respects can lay no claim to that title, and armed with this mediocrity will often wrest the palm from excellence. To this it was that Demosthenes, when asked what was the chief requisite of the orator, awarded the first place, to this the second, and the third to this. But a still nobler tribute to the power of elocution has always appeared to me the remarkable saying of Æschines at the time when, in consequence of the disgrace incurred by his trial, he had withdrawn from Athens, and settled at Rhodes. Having read, at the request of the Rhodians, his celebrated oration against Ctesiphon, the client of Demosthenes, he was asked the following day to read the defense of the same by Demosthenes; and when, to the admiration of the whole audience, he had given this with all the energy and pathos his voice could impart to it, "What," he exclaimed, "would you have said had you heard him deliver it?"—a signal tribute to the transmuting power of that art, which he believed could make the same speech appear a different thing when given by a different person. To what a marvelous extent was this power developed in Gracchus, whom you, Catulus, must remember better than myself, and who was so celebrated in my boyhood for the expression he threw into the words: "Whither shall I turn? to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood; or shall I retire to my house? yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping, and despairing"—which, we are told, was given with such an appealing expression of action, voice, and countenance, that his bitterest enemies could not refrain from tears. I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because the whole of this department has been abandoned by the orators, the legitimate exponents of truth, and seized upon by the actors, who are only its imitators.

In everything, no doubt, reality has greatly the advantage of mere appearance, and if the reality of any feeling could of itself suffice to insure the expression of it, we should not be obliged to call in the aid of art; but as those emotions which most require the demonstrative power of action are often in such a state of perturbation that their external indications are obscured, and almost obliterated, it will be for us to remove those obstructions, retaining only the most prominent and conspicuous indications of the feeling. For every movement of the mind derives from nature its own peculiar look and tone and gesture, and the whole external man, his every feature and all the tones of his voice, vibrate responsive to the impulse of the mind; the tones of the voice, like the chords of some musical instrument, sharp or flat, quick or slow, soft or loud, are attuned to every touch of feeling; each having, at the same time, an intermediate note of its own. And from these also are derived many other varieties of the voice—the smooth and harsh, the contracted and expanded, the continuous, the intermittent, the broken, the attenuated, the flexible, and the full. Nor is there any of these, or of those resembling them, which may not, by judicious management, be brought under the control of art. These serve the actor, like the colors on his palette the painter, to give splendor and variety to his performance.

For anger requires one tone—sharp, hurried, repercussive—

"Wretch that I am! urged by my impious brother,
With my own teeth to rend and tear my children!"

and the lines which you yourself, Antonius, cited some time ago—

“Have you then dared to drive him from your presence?
Does no one see this? bind him instantly!”

and almost the entire tragedy of Atreus teems with similar instances. Grief and commiseration require another tone—flexible, full, intermittent, and plaintive—

“Whither shall I bend my steps, or which way turn?
Home to my father's house? or shall I fly
To Pelias' daughters?”

“O father, O country, O foredoomed house
Of Priam!”

and the following—

“I saw devouring flames encircling all,
And Priam, done to death, a breathless corpse.”

Fear is desponding, hesitating, abject—

“Hemmed round I am with every form of evil,
Want, sickness, exile. Terror from my breast
Expels all thought and judgment. This one threatens
Death with terrific tortures—no man lives
So strong in nerve, of soul so firm and fearless,
But backward to his heart the blood recoils,
And his cheek pales with terror.”

Energy demands another tone—intense, vehement, and overwhelming—

“Again Thyestes comes to seize on Atreus;
Again assails me, and disturbs my quiet;
Some greater evil, some more potent spell,
Must blend their powers, to overwhelm and crush
His cruel heart.”

Pleasure is flowing, smooth, and delicate, cheerful and placid in expression—

“Bearing to me the nuptial crown, to you
She offered it, pretending it was meant
To adorn another; then upon your head,
With playful grace, she delicately dropt it.”

Dejection is downcast, but uncomplaining, languidly drawn out in one continuous monotone—

“’Twas at the time when lawless nuptials joined
Paris to Helen, and when I was pregnant,
My term of heavy labor nigh completed,
Just at that time did Hecuba bring forth
Her last child, Polydore.”

All these various emotions must be accompanied with strictly corresponding gesture—not dramatic gesture, minutely painting the individual word, but emphatically enforcing the general import—that manly, vigorous, and flexible swaying of the body, derived, not from the theatre, but from the martial drill, and even the

palestra; the action of the hand not restlessly redundant, the fingers clinching the word, not indicating it; the arm thrown forward to the full extent, as if brandishing the bolt of eloquence, and the foot brought forcibly to the ground at the beginning or end of any impassioned burst of energy. But the face is the great focus of expression, and there presides and dominates the eye. It is not without reason, therefore, that our oldest and most experienced judges could scarcely tolerate even Roscius himself with his features buried in a mask: for all expression is from the mind, and the image of the mind is the countenance—its indices the eyes. This is the only part of the body which can supply expression for all the complex and subtle evolutions of the mind; motionless and riveted to one object, it can express no variety of feeling. We are told by Theophrastus that a certain Tauriscus used to say of an actor, who was in the habit of declaiming without moving his eyes, that he spoke with his back to the audience. The discipline of the eye, then, is most important; for any violent change of the features is apt to partake of distortion and grimace. It is the eye which, by its diversified expression, intent or languid, now drooping in despondency, now lighted up with animation, reflects an accurate image of every varying shade of thought and feeling to which we are giving utterance; for action is the language of the body, and all the more incumbent, therefore, is it on us to keep it in harmony with the movements of the mind. To man nature has given the eye for the great vehicle of expression, as the mane, the tail, and the ears to the horse and lion. In all human expression, accordingly, the countenance, as an exponent of thought, is secondary only to the voice; and the dominant power of the countenance is the eye. Action has an inherent force derived from nature, and exerting, therefore, a resistless influence over the most illiterate and uncultivated, and even the most barbarous of mankind. Language affects those only who speak the particular dialect in which they are addressed—the most forcible terms do not invariably arrest the attention of the more obtuse; but action which carries with it its own interpretation is the universal language of humanity, by it all are equally affected, by it we at once express our own feelings and recognize the feelings of others.

To all that is most useful and admirable in expression the voice undoubtedly brings the largest contingent. The natural gift of a fine voice is most desirable for the speaker, but no voice, whatever may be its quality, can dispense with cultivation; the precise nature of that cultivation it does not come within our province to treat of now; in my opinion, however, it cannot be too intense and unremitting. But it may not be out of place to repeat here what I mentioned a little while ago, that in most things there is a mysterious connection between the useful and agreeable; nothing, for instance, conduces more to the improvement of the voice than variety of modulation, as nothing, on the other hand, is more injurious to it than prolonged and vehement vociferation; and what more agreeable to the ear or more conducive to harmony than alternation, variety, and change! Accordingly it was the custom of Caius Gracchus (as you may learn from your literary client, and his former amanuensis, Licinius) to have concealed behind him, when speaking, a skillful person with an ivory pitch pipe to sound the correct note the moment his voice became too sharp or too flat in tone. I have heard, indeed, of the practice, said Catulus, and have always admired the industry as well as the knowledge and learning of that man. And I also, added Crassus, and deeply does it grieve me that two such men should have lapsed into that deadly treason against the republic; although such is the strange contexture of society at present, and such the kind of life, both encouraged now, and held out as an example to posterity, that we now glory in the very men who were held in utter detestation by our forefathers. Dis-

miss this subject, I beg of you, said Julius, and let us revert to Gracchus and his pitch pipe, of which I do not yet clearly understand the use.

Every voice, then, continued Crassus, has a certain middle key, peculiar to itself, from which it is both useful and agreeable to ascend in a graduated scale; for not only is there something rude in a vociferous commencement, but the opposite practice is salutary in strengthening the voice. There is also an extremely high key, though not reaching to a discordant scream, and it is the office of the pipe, not only to prevent the voice from breaking into this shrill dissonance of tone, but also from straining too long on the notes approaching to it; and lastly, there is the lowest or bass note, to which we descend by a regular scale of sound. This variety, and this practice of running the voice through all its compass, will tend both to give it strength and to preserve its sweetness. But you may leave the piper at home, and carry with you to the forum the valuable lesson suggested by the practice.

I have now said all that I can on this subject, not so fully, indeed, as I could have wished, but as much as the time to which I am restricted would allow; for it is good policy to lay the blame on the time when you have nothing more to add. Inasmuch as I am able to judge, said Catulus, your survey has been so admirably comprehensive, that, so far from regarding you as a mere pupil of the Greek rhetoricians, I consider you fully qualified to be their master. I am delighted to have had the privilege of being present at this discussion, and only regret that the same advantage has not been enjoyed by my son-in-law and your companion Hortensius, in whom I confidently expect to see realized that picture of the perfect orator which you have portrayed. You expect to see realized! exclaimed Crassus; in my opinion it is so already; such, indeed, was my impression when I heard him plead, in my consulship, the cause of Africa, and which has since been fully confirmed by his splendid oration for the Bithynian king. Your judgment, therefore, Catulus, is perfectly correct; for I see nothing wanting in this young man which either nature or discipline could impart. And, therefore, doubly is it incumbent on you, Cotta, and also on you, Sulpicius, to look well to your laurels, and to exert every energy; for this is no secondary orator feebly struggling up under the shade of your maturer years, but an aspirant of most searching genius, of ardent enthusiasm, consummate learning, and singularly tenacious memory; and, although I am partial to him, and desirous to see him surpass those of his own age, it concerns your honor not to be distanced in the race by one so much your junior. But let us now rise, said he, to partake of some refreshment, and relieve our minds at length from the severe strain which has been imposed upon them by this discussion.

All the foregoing extracts from Cicero's "De Oratore" were translated by F. B. Calvert, M. A.

QUINTILIAN

(MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS)

(c. 35-c. 95 A. D.)



QVINTILIAN, Cicero, and Aristotle are the three great classical authorities on oratory and everything which belongs to the artistic expression of thought through language. Both Cicero and Aristotle were philosophers, while no such dignity of intellect can be claimed for Quintilian, but he was a highly educated man, a keen observer, and a master of the subject of which he treats. If he is less philosophical than Cicero, he is more practical in his treatment of detail. It does not overestimate his importance to say that a knowledge of his views and maxims is indispensable to the student of oratory as an art.

He was born at Calagurris, in Spain, about 35 A. D. After completing his education at Rome, he returned to Spain as a teacher of oratory, but in 68 A. D. he located permanently in Rome, conducting a school of oratory there for more than twenty years. He died about 95 A. D. For a long time his "Institutes of Oratory" survived only in fragments, but in the fifteenth century an almost perfect copy was found "under a heap of long-neglected lumber" in an Italian monastery.

THE SECRET OF THE HIGHEST ELOQUENCE

LET the orator, whom I propose to form, be such a one as is characterized by the definition of Marcus Cato, a good man skilled in speaking.

But the requisite which Cato has placed first in this definition, that an orator should be a good man, is naturally of more estimation and importance than the other. It is of importance that an orator should be good, because, should the power of speaking be a support to evil, nothing would be more pernicious than eloquence alike to public concerns and private, and I myself, who, as far as is in my power, strive to contribute something to the faculty of the orator, should deserve very ill of the world, since I should furnish arms, not for soldiers, but for robbers. May I not draw an argument from the condition of mankind? Nature herself, in bestowing on man that which she seems to have granted him pre-eminently, and by which she appears to have distinguished us from all other animals, would have acted, not as a parent, but as a stepmother, if she had designed the faculty of speech to be the promoter of crime, the oppressor of innocence, and the enemy of truth; for it would have been better for us to have been born dumb, and to have been left destitute of reasoning powers, than to have received endowments from Providence only to turn them to the destruction of one another.

My judgment carries me still further; for I not only say that he who would answer my idea of an orator must be a good man, but that no man, unless he be good, can ever be an orator. To an orator discernment and prudence are necessary; but we can certainly not allow discernment to those, who, when the ways of virtue and vice are set before them, prefer to follow that of vice; nor can we allow them prudence, since they subject themselves, by the unforeseen consequences of their actions, often to the heaviest penalty of the law, and always to that of an evil conscience. But if it be not only truly said by the wise, but always justly believed by the vulgar, that no man is vicious who is not also foolish, a fool, assuredly, will never become an orator.

It is to be further considered that the mind cannot be in a condition for pursuing the most noble of studies, unless it be entirely free from vice; not only because there can be no communion of good and evil in the same breast, and to meditate at once on the best things and the worst is no more in the power of the same mind than it is possible for the same man to be at once virtuous and vicious; but also, because a mind intent on so arduous a study should be exempt from all other cares, even such as are unconnected with vice; for then, and then only, when it is free and master of itself, and when no other object harasses and distracts its attention, will it be able to keep in view the end to which it is devoted. But if an inordinate attention to an estate, a too anxious pursuit of wealth, indulgence in the pleasures of the chase, and the devotion of our days to public spectacles, rob our studies of much of our time (for whatever time is given to one thing is lost to another), what effect must we suppose that ambition, avarice, and envy will produce, whose excitements are so violent as even to disturb our sleep and our dreams? Nothing, indeed, is so preoccupied, so unsettled, so torn and lacerated with such numerous and various passions as a bad mind; for when it intends evil, it is agitated with hope, care, and anxiety, and when it has attained the object of its wickedness, it is tormented with uneasiness, repentance, and the dread of every kind of punishment. Among such disquietudes, what place is there for study, or any rational pursuit? No more certainly than there is for corn in a field overrun with thorns and brambles.

To enable us to sustain the toil of study, is not temperance necessary? What expectations are to be formed, then, from him who is abandoned to licentiousness and luxury? Is not the love of praise one of the greatest incitements to the pursuit of literature? But can we suppose that the love of praise is an object of regard with the unprincipled? Who does not know that a principal part of oratory consists in discoursing on justice and virtue? But will the unjust man and the vicious treat of such subjects with the respect that is due to them?

But though we should even concede a great part of the question, and grant, what can by no means be the case, that there is the same portion of ability, diligence, and attainments, in the worst man as in the best, which of the two, even under that supposition, will prove the better orator? He, doubtless, who is the better man. The same person, therefore, can never be a bad man and a perfect orator, for that cannot be perfect to which something else is superior.

That I may not seem, however, like the writers of Socratic dialogues, to frame answers to suit my own purpose, let us admit that there exists a person so unmoved by the force of truth, as boldly to maintain that a bad man, possessed of the same portion of ability, application, and learning, as a good man, will be an equally good orator, and let us convince even such a person of his folly.

No man, certainly, will doubt that it is the object of all oratory, that what is stated to the judge may appear to him to be true and just; and which of the two, let me ask, will produce such a conviction with the greater ease, the good

man or the bad? A good man, doubtless, will speak of what is true and honest with greater frequency; but even if, from being influenced by some call of duty, he endeavors to support what is fallacious (a case which, as I shall show, may sometimes occur), he must still be heard with greater credit than a bad man. But with bad men, on the other hand, dissimulation sometimes fails, as well through their contempt for the opinion of mankind, as through their ignorance of what is right; hence they assert without modesty, and maintain their assertions without shame; and, in attempting what evidently cannot be accomplished, there appears in them a repulsive obstinacy and useless perseverance; for bad men, as well in their pleadings as in their lives, entertain dishonest expectations; and it often happens, that even when they speak the truth, belief is not accorded them, and the employment of advocates of such a character is regarded as a proof of the badness of a cause.

I must, however, notice those objections to my opinion, which appear to be clamored forth, as it were, by the general consent of the multitude. Was not then Demosthenes, they ask, a great orator? Yet we have heard that he was not a good man. Was not Cicero a great orator? Yet many have thrown censure upon his character. To such questions how shall I answer? Great displeasure is likely to be shown at any reply whatever; and the ears of my audience require first to be propitiated. The character of Demosthenes, let me say, does not appear to me deserving of such severe reprehension that I should believe all the calumnies that are heaped upon him by his enemies, especially when I read his excellent plans for the benefit of his country and the honorable termination of his life. Nor do I see that the feeling of an upright citizen was, in any respect, wanting to Cicero. As proofs of his integrity, may be mentioned his consulship, in which he conducted himself with so much honor; his honorable administration of his province; his refusal to be one of the twenty commissioners; and, during the civil wars, which fell with great severity on his times, his uprightness of mind, which was never swayed, either by hope or by fear, from adhering to the better party, or the supporters of the commonwealth. He is thought by some to have been deficient in courage, but he has given an excellent reply to this charge, when he says that he was timid, not in encountering dangers, but in taking precautions against them; an assertion of which he proved the truth at his death, to which he submitted with the noblest fortitude. But even should the height of virtue have been wanting to these eminent men, I shall reply to those who ask me whether they were orators, as the Stoics reply when they are asked whether Zeno, Cleanthes, and Chrysippus, were wise men; they say that they were great and deserving of veneration, but that they did not attain the highest excellence of which human nature is susceptible.

Pythagoras desired to be called, not wise, like those who preceded him, but a lover of wisdom. I, however, in speaking of Cicero, have often said, according to the common mode of speech, and shall continue to say, that he was a perfect orator, as we term our friends, in ordinary discourse, good and prudent men, though such epithets can be justly given only to the perfectly wise. But when I have to speak precisely, and in conformity with the exactness of truth, I shall express myself as longing to see such an orator as he himself also longed to see; for though I acknowledge that Cicero stood at the head of eloquence, and that I can scarcely find a passage in his speeches to which anything can be added, however many I might find which I may imagine that he would have pruned (for the learned have in general been of opinion that he had numerous excellences and some faults, and he himself says that he had cut off most of his juvenile exuberance), yet, since he did not claim to himself, though he had no mean opinion of his merits, the praise of perfection, and since he might certainly have spoken better if a longer life had

been granted him, and a more tranquil season for composition, I may not unreasonably believe that the summit of excellence was not attained by him, to which, notwithstanding, no man made nearer approaches.

If I had thought otherwise, I might have maintained my opinion with still greater determination and freedom. Did Marcus Antonius declare that he had seen no man truly eloquent, though to be eloquent is much less than to be a perfect orator; does Cicero himself say that he is still seeking for an orator, and merely conceives and imagines one; and shall I fear to say that in that portion of eternity which is yet to come, something may arise still more excellent than what has yet been seen? I take no advantage of the opinion of those who refuse to allow great merit to Cicero and Demosthenes even in eloquence; though Demosthenes, indeed, does not appear sufficiently near perfection even to Cicero himself, who says that he sometimes nods; nor does Cicero appear so to Brutus and Calvus, who certainly find fault with his language even in addressing himself, or to either of the Asinii, who attack the blemishes in his style with virulence in various places.

Let us grant, however, what Nature herself by no means brings to pass, that a bad man has been found endowed with consummate eloquence. I should, nevertheless, refuse to concede to him the name of orator, as I should not allow the merit of fortitude to all who have been active in the field, because fortitude cannot be conceived as unaccompanied with virtue. Has not he who is employed to defend causes need of integrity which covetousness cannot pervert, or partiality corrupt, or terror abash, and shall we honor the traitor, the renegade, the prevaricator, with the sacred name of orator? And if that quality, which is commonly called goodness, is found even in moderate pleaders, why should not that great orator, who has not yet appeared, but who may hereafter appear, be as consummate in goodness as in eloquence? It is not a plodder in the forum, or a mercenary pleader, or, to use no stronger term, a not unprofitable advocate (such as he whom they generally term a *causidicus*), that I desire to form, but a man who, being possessed of the highest natural genius, stores his mind thoroughly with the most valuable kinds of knowledge; a man sent by the gods to do honor to the world, and such as no preceding age has known; a man in every way eminent and excellent, a thinker of the best thoughts and a speaker of the best language. For such a man's ability how small a scope will there be in the defense of innocence or the repression of guilt in the forum, or in supporting truth against falsehood in litigations about money? He will appear great, indeed, even in such inferior employments, but his powers will shine with the highest lustre on greater occasions, when the counsels of the senate are to be directed, and the people to be guided from error into rectitude. Is it not such an orator that Virgil appears to have imagined, representing him as a calmer of the populace in a sedition, when they were hurling firebrands and stones?

*"Tum pietate gravem et meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant,"*

"Then if perchance a sage they see, rever'd
For piety and worth, they hush their noise,
And stand with ears attentive."

We see that he first makes him a good man, and then adds that he is skilled in speaking:—

"Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,"

"With words
He rules their passions and their breasts controls."

Would not the orator whom I am trying to form, too, if he were in the field of battle, and his soldiers required to be encouraged to engage, draw the materials for an exhortation from the most profound precepts of philosophy? for how could all the terrors of toil, pain, and even death, be banished from their breasts, unless vivid feelings of piety, fortitude, and honor be substituted in their place? He, doubtless, will best implant such feelings in the breasts of others who has first implanted them in his own; for simulation, however guarded it be, always betrays itself, nor was there ever such power of eloquence in any man that he would not falter and hesitate whenever his words were at variance with his thoughts. But a bad man must, of necessity, utter words at variance with his thoughts; while to good men, on the contrary, a virtuous sincerity of language will never be wanting, nor (for good men will also be wise) a power of producing the most excellent thoughts, which, though they may be destitute of showy charms, will be sufficiently adorned by their own natural qualities, since whatever is said with honest feeling will also be said with eloquence.

Let youth, therefore, or rather let all of us, of every age (for no time is too late for resolving on what is right), direct our whole faculties, and our whole exertions, to this object; and perhaps to some it may be granted to attain it; for if nature does not interdict a man from being good, or from being eloquent, why should not some one among mankind be able to attain eminence in both goodness and eloquence? And why should not each hope that he himself may be the fortunate aspirant? If our powers of mind are insufficient to reach the summit, yet in proportion to the advances that we make towards it will be our improvement in both eloquence and virtue. At least, let the notion be wholly banished from our thoughts, that perfect eloquence, the noblest of human attainments, can be united with a vicious character of mind. Talent in speaking, if it fall to the lot of the vicious, must be regarded as being itself a vice, since it makes those more mischievous with whom it allies itself.

ON NATURAL ORATORY

I MUST observe that some think there is no natural eloquence but such as is of a character with the language of ordinary conversation, the language in which we address our friends, wives, children, and servants, and which is intended only to express our thoughts, and requires no foreign or elaborate ornament; they say that all that is superadded to such language is mere affectation, and vain ostentation of style, at variance with truth, and invented only with a view to a display of words, to which, they assert, the only office attributed by nature is to be instrumental in expressing our thoughts; comparing an eloquent and brilliant style to the bodies of athletes, which, though they are rendered stouter by exercise, and by regularity of diet, are yet not in a natural condition, or in conformity with that appearance which has been assigned to man. Of what profit is it, they ask, to clothe our thoughts in circumlocution and metaphor, that is, in words unnecessarily numerous, and in unnatural words, when everything has its peculiar term appropriated to it? They contend that the most ancient speakers were most in conformity with nature; and that there subsequently arose others, with a greater resemblance to the poets, who showed (less openly, indeed, than the poets, but after the same fashion) that they regarded departures from truth and nature as merits. In this argument there is certainly some foundation of truth, and accordingly we ought not to depart so far as some speakers do from exact and ordinary language. Yet if

any orator should add something ornamental to that which is merely necessary, and than which less cannot be given, he will not be deserving of censure from those who hold this opinion.

To me, indeed, ordinary discourse, and the language of a truly eloquent man, appear to be of a different nature; for if it were sufficient for an orator to express his thoughts plainly, he would have nothing to study beyond mere suitableness of words; but since he has to please, to move, and to rouse the minds of his audience to various states of feeling, he must have recourse for those purposes, to the means which are afforded us by the same nature that supplies us with ordinary speech; just as we are led by nature to invigorate our muscles with exercise, to increase our general strength, and to acquire a healthy complexion. It is from this cause that in all nations one man is esteemed more eloquent, and more agreeable in his mode of expression than another; for if such were not the case, all would be on an equality in this respect, and the same way of speaking would become every man alike; but, as it is, men speak in different methods and preserve a distinction of character. Thus I conceive that the greater impression a man produces by his words, the more he speaks in conformity with the natural intention of eloquence. I, therefore, have not much to say against those who think that we must accommodate ourselves in some degree to circumstances, and to the ears of audiences that require something more refined and studied than ordinary language. I am so far from thinking, therefore, that an orator should be restricted to the style of those who preceded Cato and the Gracchi, that I do not consider he should be restricted to the style even of these. I see that it was the practice of Cicero, though he did nothing but with a view to the interest of his cause, to study in some measure the gratification of his audience, saying that he thus promoted his object, and contributed in the best possible way to the success of his client. He, in fact, profited in proportion as he pleased. To the attractions of his style I do not know, for my own part, what can be added, unless, indeed, we introduce, to suit modern taste, a few more brilliant thoughts; for this may certainly be done without damage to a cause, and without diminution to the impressiveness of a pleader, provided that the embellishments be not too numerous and close together, so as to destroy the effects of each other. But though I am thus far complaisant, let no man press for any further concession; I allow, in accordance with the fashion of the day, that the toga should not be of rough wool, but not that it should be of silk; that the hair should not be uncut, but not that it should be dressed in stories and ringlets; it being also considered that what is most becoming is also most elegant, provided that elegance be not carried to the extent of ostentation and extravagance. But as to what we call brilliant thoughts, which were not cultivated by the Ancients, and not, above all, by the Greeks (I find some in Cicero), who can deny that they may be of service, provided that they bear upon the cause, are not redundant in number, and tend to secure success? They strike the mind of the hearer, they frequently produce a great effect by one impulse; they impress themselves, from being short, more effectually on the memory; and they persuade while they please.

But there are some, who, though they will allow an orator to utter such dazzling thoughts, consider that they are wholly to be excluded from speeches that are written. This is an opinion, accordingly, which I must not pass unnoticed; as, indeed, many men of great learning have thought that the modes of speaking and writing are essentially different; and that it is from this cause that some who were highly distinguished for speaking have left nothing to posterity, nothing in writing that would be at all lasting, as Pericles and Demades; and that others again, who were excellent in writing, have been unfitted for speaking, as Isocrates. Besides, they say that impetuosity, and thoughts merely intended to please, and perhaps somewhat

too boldly hazarded, have often the very greatest effect in speaking, as the minds of the ignorant part of an audience must frequently be excited and swayed; but that what is committed to writing, and published as something good, ought to be terse and polished, and in conformity with every law and rule of composition, because it is to come into the hands of the learned, and to have artists as judges of the art with which it is executed.

ORATORY MANIFESTLY AN ART

LET us proceed to the question that follows, whether oratory be an art. That it is an art, every one of those who have given rules about eloquence has been so far from doubting, that it is shown by the very titles of their books that they are written on the oratorical art; and Cicero also says that what is called oratory is artificial eloquence. This distinction, it is not only orators that have claimed for themselves (since they may be thought, perhaps, to have given their profession something more than its due), but the philosophers, the Stoics, and most of the Peripatetics, agree with them. For myself, I confess that I was in some doubt whether I should look upon this part of the inquiry as necessary to be considered; for who is so destitute, I will not say of learning, but of the common understanding of mankind, as to imagine that the work of building, or weaving, or molding vessels out of clay, is an art, but that oratory, the greatest and noblest of works, has attained such a height of excellence without being an art? Those, indeed, who have maintained the contrary opinion, I suppose not so much to have believed what they advanced, as to have been desirous of exercising their powers on a subject of difficulty, like Polycrates, when he eulogized Busiris and Clytemnestra, though he is said also to have written the speech that was delivered against Socrates; nor would that, indeed, have been inconsistent with his other compositions.

Some will have oratory to be a natural talent, though they do not deny that it may be assisted by art. Thus Antonius, in Cicero's "De Oratore," says that oratory is an effect of observation, not an art; but this is not advanced that we may receive it as true, but that the character of Antonius, an orator who tried to conceal the art that he used, may be supported. But Lysias seems to have really entertained this opinion; for which the argument is, that the ignorant, and barbarians, and slaves, when they speak for themselves, say something that resembles an exordium; they state facts, prove, refute, and (adopting the form of a peroration) deprecate. The supporters of this notion also avail themselves of certain quibbles upon words, that nothing that proceeds from art was before art, but that mankind have always been able to speak for themselves and against others; that teachers of the art appeared only in later times, and first of all about the age of Tisias and Corax; that oratory was, therefore, before art, and is consequently not an art. As to the period, indeed, in which the teaching of oratory commenced, I am not anxious to inquire; we find Phœnix, however, in Homer, as an instructor, not only in acting but in speaking, as well as several other orators; we see all the varieties of eloquence in the three generals, and contests in eloquence proposed among the young men, and among the figures on the shield of Achilles are represented both lawsuits and pleaders. It would even be sufficient for me to observe that everything which art has brought to perfection had its origin in nature, else from the number of the arts must be excluded medicine, which resulted from the observation of what was beneficial or detrimental to health, and which, as some

think, consists wholly in experiments, for somebody had, doubtless, bound up a wound before the dressing of wounds became an art, and had allayed fever by repose and abstinence, not because he saw the reason of such regimen, but because the malady itself drove him to it. Else, too, architecture must not be considered an art, for the first generation of men built cottages without art; nor music, since singing and dancing, to some sort of tune, are practiced among all nations. So if any kind of speaking whatever is to be called oratory, I will admit that oratory existed before it was an art; but if every one that speaks is not an orator, and if men in early times did not speak as orators, our reasoners must confess that an orator is formed by art, and did not exist before art. This being admitted, another argument which they use is set aside, namely, that that has no concern with art which a man who has not learned it can do, but that men who have not learned oratory can make speeches. To support this argument they observe that Demades, a waterman, and Æschines, an actor, were orators; but they are mistaken; for he who has not learned to be an orator cannot properly be called one, and it may be more justly said that those men learned late in life, than that they never learned at all; though Æschines, indeed, had some introduction to learning in his youth, as his father was a teacher; nor is it certain that Demades did not learn; and he might, by constant practice in speaking, which is the most efficient mode of learning, have made himself master of all the power of language that he ever possessed. But we may safely say, that he would have been a better speaker if he had learned, for he never ventured to write out his speeches for publication, though we know that he produced considerable effect in delivering them.

Aristotle, for the sake of investigation, as is usual with him, has conceived, with his peculiar subtlety, certain arguments at variance with my opinion in his "Gryllus"; but he has also written three books on the "Art of Rhetoric," in the first of which he not only admits that it is an art, but allows it a connection with civil polity, as well as with logic. . . .

In Cicero's second book "De Oratore" are also advanced the following objections. that art has place in things which are known, but that the pleading of an orator depends on opinion, not on knowledge, since he both addresses himself to those who do not know, and sometimes says what he himself does not know. One of these points, whether the judges have a knowledge of what is addressed to them, has nothing to do with the art of the orator; to the other, that art has place in things which are known, I must give some answer. Oratory is the art of speaking well, and the orator knows how to speak well. But it is said, he does not know whether what he says is true; neither do the philosophers, who say that fire, or water, or the four elements, or indivisible atoms, are the principles from which all things had their origin, know that what they say is true; nor do those who calculate the distances of the stars, and the magnitudes of the sun and the earth, yet every one of them calls his system an art: but if their reasoning has such effect that they seem not to imagine, but, from the force of their demonstrations, to know what they assert, similar reasoning may have a similar effect in the case of the orator. But, it is further urged, he does not know whether the cause which he advocates has truth on its side; nor, I answer, does the physician know whether the patient, who says that he has the headache, really has it, yet he will treat him on the assumption that his assertion is true, and medicine will surely be allowed to be an art. . . . Those who are unfavorable to oratory add that pleaders often defend, in certain causes, that which they have assailed in others; but this is the fault, not of the art, but of the person.

These are the principal charges that are brought against oratory. There are others of less moment, but drawn from the same sources.

But that it is an art may be proved in a very few words; for whether, as Cleanthes maintained, an art is a power working its effects by a course, that is by method, no man will doubt that there is a certain course and method in oratory; or whether that definition, approved by almost everybody, that an art consists of perceptions consenting and co-operating to some end useful to life, be adopted also by us, we have already shown that everything to which this definition applies is to be found in oratory. Need I show that it depends on understanding and practice, like other arts? If logic be an art, as is generally admitted, oratory must certainly be an art, as it differs from logic rather in species than in genus. Nor must we omit to observe that in whatever pursuit one man may act according to a method, and another without regard to that method, that pursuit is an art; and that in whatever pursuit he who has learned succeeds better than he who has not learned that pursuit is an art.

But, in the pursuit of oratory, not only will the learned excel the unlearned, but the more learned will excel the less learned; otherwise there would not be so many rules in it, or so many great men to teach it. This ought to be acknowledged by every one, and especially by me, who allow the attainment of oratory only to the man of virtue.

THE ATTIC AND CICERONIAN SCHOOLS

IF WE contemplate the varieties of oratory, we find almost as much diversity in the minds as in the bodies of orators. There were some forms of eloquence of a rude nature, in agreement with the times in which they appeared, but indicating mental power in the speakers; among whom we may number the Lælii Africani, Catos, and Gracchi; and these we may call the Polygnoti and Calones of oratory. Of the middle kind Lucius Crassus and Quintus Hortensius may be thought the chief representatives. There may be contemplated a vast multitude of orators, all flourishing about the same time. Among them we find the energy of Cæsar, the natural talent of Cælius, the subtlety of Calidius, the accuracy of Pollio, the dignity of Messala, the austerity of Calvus, the gravity of Brutus, the acuteness of Sulpicius, and the severity of Cassius. Among those, also, whom we have ourselves seen, we recollect the copiousness of Seneca, the force of Julius Africanus, the mature judgment of Domitius Afer, the agreeableness of Crispus, the sonorous pronunciation of Trachalus, and the elegance of Secundus.

But in Cicero we have not merely a Euphranor, distinguished by excellence in several particular departments of art, but eminent in every quality that is commended in any orator whatever. Yet the men of his own time presumed to censure him as timid, Asiatic, redundant, too fond of repetition, indulging in tasteless jests, loose in the structure of his sentences, tripping in his manner, and (what is surely very far from truth) almost too effeminate in his general style for a man. And after that he was cut off by the proscription of the triumvirs, those who had hated, envied, and rivaled him, and who were anxious to pay their court to the rulers of the day, attacked him from all quarters, when he was no longer able to reply to them. But the very man who is now regarded by some as meagre and dry appeared to his personal enemies, his contemporaries, censurable only for too flowery a style and too much exuberance of matter. Both charges are false, but for the latter there is the fairer ground.

But his severest critics were those who desired to be thought imitators of the Attic orators. This band of calumniators, as if they had leagued themselves in a

solemn confederacy, attacked Cicero as though he had been quite of another country, neither caring for their customs nor bound by their laws; of which school are our present dry, sapless, and frigid orators. These are the men who give their meagreness the name of health, which is the very opposite to it; and who, because they cannot endure the brighter lustre of Cicero's eloquence, any more than they can look at the sun, shelter themselves under the shade of the great name of Attic oratory. But as Cicero himself has fully answered such critics, in many parts of his works, brevity in touching on this point will be the rather excusable in me.

The distinction between Attic and Asiatic orators is, indeed, of great antiquity; the Attics being regarded as compressed and energetic in their style, the Asiatics as inflated and deficient in force; in the Attics it was thought that nothing was redundant, in the Asiatics that judgment and restraint were in a great measure wanting. This difference some, among whom is Santra, suppose to have arisen from the circumstance that, when the Greek tongue spread itself among the people of Asia nearest to Greece, certain persons who had not yet acquired a thorough mastery over the language desired to attain eloquence, and began to express some things which might have been expressed closely, in a periphrastic style, and afterwards continued to do so. To me, however, the difference in the character of the speakers and their audiences seems to have caused the difference in their styles of oratory; for the people of Attica, being polished and of refined taste, could endure nothing useless or redundant; which the Asiatics, a people in other respects vain and ostentatious, were puffed up with fondness for a showy kind of eloquence. Those who made distinctions in these matters soon after added a third kind of eloquence, the Rhodian, which they define to be of a middle character between the other two, and partaking of each; for the orators of this school are not concise like the Attics, nor exuberant like the Asiatics, but appear to derive their styles partly from the country, and partly from their founder; for Æschines, who fixed on Rhodes for his place of exile, carried thither the accomplishments then studied at Athens, which, like certain plants that degenerate when they are removed to a foreign climate and soil, formed a union of the Attic flavor with that of the country to which they were transplanted. The orators of the Rhodian school are accordingly accounted somewhat deficient in vigor and spirit, though, nevertheless, not without force, resembling, not pure springs, nor turbid torrents, but calm floods.

Let no one doubt, then, that of the three styles, that of the Attics is by far the best. But though there is something common to all that have written in this style, namely, a keen and exact judgment, yet there are great varieties in the characters of their genius. Those, therefore, appear to me to be very much mistaken who think that the only Attic orators are such as are simple, clear, expressive, restricting themselves, as it were, to a certain frugality in the use of their eloquence, and always keeping their hand within their cloak. For who shall be named as such an Attic orator? Suppose it be Lysias; for the admirers of that style recognize him as a model of it. But may we not as well, then, be sent to Coccus and Andocides? Yet I should like to ask whether Isocrates spoke after the Attic manner; for no one can be more unlike Lysias. They will say that he did not; yet his school sent forth the most eminent of the Greek orators. Let us look, then, for some one more like Lysias. Was Hyperides Attic? Doubtless. Yet he studied agreeableness of style more than Lysias. I say nothing of many others, as Lycurgus, Aristogeiton, and their predecessors, Isæus and Antiphon, whom, though resembling each other in kind, we should call different in species. What was Æschines, whom I just now mentioned? Was he not broader, and bolder, and loftier in style than they? What, to come to a conclusion, was Demosthenes? Did he not surpass all those dry and

cautious speakers in force, sublimity, animation, polish, and structure of periods? Does he not elevate his style by moral observations? Does he not delight in figures? Does he not give splendor to his language by metaphors? Does he not attribute, by figurative representations, speech to inanimate objects? Does not his oath by the defenders of his country, slain at Marathon and Salamis, plainly show that Plato was his master? And shall we call Plato an Asiatic, a man comparable in so many respects to the bards of old, fired with divine inspiration? What shall we say of Pericles? Shall we pronounce him similar to the unadorned Lysias, him whose energy the comic writers, even while they ridicule him, compare to thunder and lightning from heaven?

What is the reason, then, that they imagine the Attic taste to be apparent in those only who flow, as it were, like a slender stream of water making its way through pebbles? What is the reason that they say the odor of thyme arises only from among them? I suppose that if they find in the neighborhood of those orators any piece of ground more fertile, or any crop more luxuriant than ordinary, they will deny that the soil is Attic, because it reproduced more than it has received, when Menander jestingly says that exact fidelity is the characteristic of Attic ground. So, if any one shall add to the excellences which that great orator Demosthenes had, those which appear, either naturally or by the law of his country, to have been wanting to him, and shall display in himself the power of strongly exciting the feelings, shall I hear some critic say, Demosthenes never did so? Or if any periods shall be produced more harmonious than this, perhaps none can be, but still if any should, will it be said that they are not Attic? Let these censors judge more favorably of this distinction, and be convinced that to speak in the Attic style is to speak in the best style. And yet I would sooner bear with Greeks than Latins persisting in this opinion.

The Latin eloquence, though it appears to me on a level with the Greek in invention, arrangement, judgment, and other qualities of that kind, and seems to be, indeed, in all respects its pupil, yet in regard to elocution, it scarcely has the power even of imitation; for, first of all, it has more of harshness in the sound of its words; as we are quite destitute of two of the most euphonious letters of the Greeks, one a vowel, the other a consonant, than which, indeed, none even of theirs sound more sweetly, and which we are in the habit of borrowing whenever we adopt any of their words.

ON THE ELOQUENCE OF HOMER, VIRGIL, AND OTHER POETS

TO go through authors one by one would be an endless task. For when Cicero, in his "Brutus," employs so many thousands of lines in speaking of the Roman orators only, and yet observes silence concerning all of his own age, among whom he lived, except Cæsar and Marcellus, what limit would there be to my task, if I should undertake to review not only all those, but those who succeeded them, and all the Greek philosophers and poets? That brevity, therefore, would be safest for me to observe, which is adopted by Livy in a letter addressed to his son, that Demosthenes and Cicero should first be read, and afterwards every writer according as he most resembles Demosthenes and Cicero. Yet the conclusions to which my judgment has led me must not be withheld. I think that among all the authors who have stood the test of time, few, or, indeed, scarcely a single one, can be found, who would not contribute some profit to such as read them with judgment; for Cicero himself acknowledges that he was greatly benefited by even

the most ancient writers, who had plenty of ability, though they were destitute of art. Nor do I entertain a very different opinion with regard to the Moderns; for how few can be found so utterly devoid of sense, as not to hope, from some small confidence, in at least some part of their work, to secure a hold on the memory of posterity? If there be any such writer, he will be detected in his very first lines, and will release us too soon for the trial of his work to cost us any great waste of time. But it is not everything in an author that relates to any department of knowledge whatever, that is adapted to produce the copiousness of diction of which we are speaking.

Before I proceed, however, to speak of authors individually, a few general remarks must be premised in regard to the diversity of opinions concerning them. Some think that the Ancients only deserve to be read, and imagine that in no others is to be found natural eloquence and manly force. On the contrary, the floridness and affectation of the Moderns, and all the blandishments intended to charm the ear of the ignorant multitude, delight others. Even of those, again, who would adopt a right sort of style, some think that no language but such as is concise and simple, and departs as little as possible from common conversation, is sound and truly Attic; while more sublime efforts of genius, more animated, more full of lofty conceptions, attract others; and there are also not a few lovers of a quiet, neat, and subdued style. Concerning such differences in taste I shall speak more at large, when I come to consider the species of style most proper for the orator. In the meantime, I shall briefly touch on the advantages which those may derive from reading who wish to increase their facility in speaking, and show by what kind of reading they may be most benefited; for I intend to select for notice a few of the authors who are most distinguished; and it will be easy for the studious to judge who are most similar to them. This I mention, lest any one should complain that writers, whom he himself highly approves, have been omitted; for I admit that more ought to be read than those whom I shall here specify.

But I shall now merely go through the various sorts of reading which I consider peculiarly suitable for those who aim at becoming orators.

As Aratus thinks that we ought to begin with Jupiter, so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for as he says that the might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean, so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excellence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the "Iliad," in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinions delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not, at the commencement of both his works, I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? For he renders his reader well-affected towards him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him attentive by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and desirous of information by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who relates the death of Patroclus or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Curetes and Ætolians? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications, and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in

him that even most of those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not, indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much, indeed, that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible), but with a just conception of them. But he has doubtless left all authors, in every kind of eloquence, far behind him, but the epic poets most remarkably, as, in similar subjects, the comparison is most striking.

As for Hesiod, he rarely rises above the general level, and a great part of his poetry is occupied with mere names, yet his sententious manner is useful in delivering precepts, and the easy flow of his words and style merits approbation; and in that middle kind of writing the palm is allowed to be his. . . .

Of the philosophers, from whom Cicero acknowledges that he derived a large portion of his eloquence, who can doubt that Plato is the chief, as well in acuteness of reasoning as in a certain divine and Homer-like power of language? For he rises far above ordinary prose, and what the Greeks call *oratio pedestris*, so that he appears to me to be animated, not with mere human genius, but with the inspiration, as it were, of the Delphic oracle. Why need I dwell on the sweetness of Xenophon, sweetness which is unaffected, but which no affectation could attain? so that even the Graces themselves are said to have formed his style, and the testimony of the "Old Comedy" concerning Pericles may justly be applied to him, that the goddess of persuasion was seated on his lips. Why need I expatiate on the elegance of the rest of the Socratic school? Why need I speak of the merits of Aristotle, of whom I am in doubt whether I should deem him more admirable for his knowledge of things, for the multitude of his writings, for the agreeableness of his language, the penetration shown in his discoveries, or the variety exhibited in his works? As to Theophrastus, there is such a divine beauty in his language, that he may be said even to have derived his name from it. The old Stoics indulged but little in eloquence, but they recommended what was virtuous, and had great power in reasoning, and in enforcing what they taught. They were rather, however, acute in discussing their subjects than lofty in their style, an excellence at which they certainly did not aim.

As Homer, accordingly, among the Greeks, so Virgil among our own countrymen presents the most auspicious commencement,—an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, approaches, doubtless, nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which, when I was a young man, I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, Virgil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Virgil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence.

All our other poets will follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence; each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame, and the other difficult. Varro Atacinus, in those writings in which he has gained a name as the interpreter of another man's work, is not, indeed, to be despised, but is not rich enough in diction to increase the power of the orator. Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

ORATORY AND LITERATURE

LET us review and reconsider the subject of our reading, and as we consign our food to our stomach only when it is masticated and almost dissolved, in order that it may be easier of digestion, so let what we read be committed to the memory and reserved for imitation, not when it is in a crude state, but after being softened, and, as it were, triturated, by frequent repetition.

For a long time, too, none but the best authors must be read, and such as are least likely to mislead him who trusts them; but they must be read with attention, and, indeed, with almost as much care as if we were transcribing them; and every portion must be examined, not merely partially, but a whole book, when read through, must be taken up afresh, and especially any excellent oration, of which the merits are often designedly concealed; for the speaker frequently prepares his audience for what is to follow, dissembles with them, and places ambuscades; and states in the first part of his pleading what is to have its full effect at the conclusion. Hence what is advanced in its proper place often pleases us less than it ought, since we are not aware why it is advanced; and all such passages, accordingly, ought to be perused again after we have read the whole. But one of the most useful exercises is to learn the history of those causes of which we have taken the pleadings in hand for perusal, and, whenever opportunity shall offer, to read speeches delivered on both sides of the same question; as those of Demosthenes and Æschines in opposition to each other; those of Servius Sulpicius and Messala, of whom one spoke for Aufidia, and the other against her; those of Pollio and Cassius when Asprenas was accused; and many others. Even if the pleaders seem unequally matched, yet some of the speeches may be reasonably consulted in order to ascertain the question for decision, as the orations of Tubero against Ligarius, and of Hortensius on behalf of Verres, in opposition to those of Cicero. It will also be of advantage to know how different orators pleaded the same causes; for Calidius delivered a speech concerning the house of Cicero, and Brutus wrote an oration in defense of Milo, merely as an exercise. Cornelius Celsus, indeed, thinks that Brutus spoke it, but he is mistaken. Pollio and Messala, too, defended the same persons; and, when I was a boy, there were in circulation celebrated speeches of Domitius Afer, Crispus Passienus, and Decimus Lælius, in defense of Volusenus Catulus.

Nor must he who reads feel immediately convinced that everything that great authors have said is necessarily perfect; for they sometimes make a false step, or sink under their burden, or give way to the inclination of their genius; nor do they always equally apply their minds, but sometimes grow weary; as Demosthenes seems to Cicero sometimes to nod, and Homer himself appears to Horace to do so. They are great men, indeed, but men nevertheless; and it often happens to those who think that whatever is found in such authors is a law for eloquence, that they imitate what is inferior in them (for it is easier to copy their faults than their excellences), and fancy that they fully resemble great men when they have adopted great men's defects.

Yet students must pronounce with diffidence and circumspection on the merits of such illustrious characters, lest, as is the case with many, they condemn what they do not understand. If they must err on one side or the other, I should prefer that every part of them should please youthful readers rather than that many parts should displease them.

Theophrastus says that the reading of the poets is of the greatest use to the orator. Many others adopt his opinion, and not without reason, for from them is derived animation in relating facts, sublimity in expression, the greatest power

in exciting the feelings, and gracefulness in personifying character; and, what is of the utmost service, the faculties of the orator, worn out, as it were, by daily pleading in the forum, are best recruited by the charms of the works of such authors. Accordingly, Cicero thinks that relaxation should be sought in that sort of reading. But we must remember that poets are not to be imitated by the orator in every respect: not, for instance, in freedom of language, or unrestrained use of figures; that the style of poets is adapted for display, and, besides, that it aims merely at giving pleasure, and pursues its object by inventing not only what is false, but even sometimes what is incredible; that it enjoys certain privileges, inasmuch as, being confined to the regular requirements of feet, it cannot always use proper terms, but, being driven from the straight road, must necessarily have recourse to certain bypaths of eloquence, and is obliged not only to change words, but to lengthen, shorten, transpose, and divide them; but that we orators stand in arms in a field of battle, contend for concerns of the highest moment, and must struggle only for victory.

Yet I would not wish that the arms of the orator should be squalid from foulness and rust, but that there should be a brightness on them like that of steel, which may dismay opponents, and by which the mind and the eye may at once be dazzled, and not like that of gold or silver, which is unwarlike, and dangerous rather to the wearer than to the enemy.

History also may nourish oratory with a kind of fertilizing and grateful aliment. But it must be read with the conviction that most of its very excellences are to be avoided by the orator; for it borders closely on poetry, and may be said indeed, to be a poem unfettered by the restraints of metre; it is written to relate, not to prove; and its whole nature is suited, not to the pleading of causes, or to instant debate, but to the transmission of events to posterity, and to gain the reputation of ability for its author; and for this reason it relieves the tediousness of narrative by words more remote from common usage, and by a more bold employment of figures. Accordingly, as I observed, neither is the brevity of Salust, than which nothing can be more perfectly pleasing to the unoccupied and learned ear, to be studied by us in addressing a judge, who is engaged with various thoughts, and often destitute of literature; nor will the milky exuberance of Livy satisfactorily instruct a hearer who looks not for beauty of statement, but for proof of fact. Besides, Cicero thinks that not even Thucydides and Xenophon are of any use to the orator, though he allows that the one sounds the trumpet of war, and that the Muses spoke by the mouth of the other. In digressions, however, we may at times adopt the polished elegance of history, provided we remember that in the parts of our speech on which the question depends, there is need, not of the showy muscles of the athlete, but of the nervous arms of the soldier; and that the variegated robe which Demetrius Phalereus is said to have worn is not adapted to the dust of the forum. There is also, indeed, another advantage to be gained from history, and an advantage of the greatest value, though of no concern with the present part of my subject; I mean that which is to be derived from the knowledge of facts and precedents, with which the orator ought to be extremely well acquainted, that he may not have to seek all his arguments from the parties going to law, but may avail himself of many drawn from an accurate knowledge of antiquity; arguments the more weighty, as they alone are exempt from the charges of prejudice and partiality.

That we have to derive much from the study of the philosophers has been occasioned by another fault in orators, who have given up to them the better part of their duty; for the philosophers speak copiously of what is just, and honorable, and useful, of what is of a contrary nature, and of divine subjects, and reason

upon all these topics with the utmost acuteness; and the followers of Socrates excellently qualify the future orator for debates and examinations of witnesses. But in studying these writers, too, we must use similar judgment; and, though we may have to speak on the same subjects with them, we must bear in mind that the same manner is not suited for lawsuits as for philosophical disputations, for the forum as for the lecture room, for exercises on rules as for actual trials.

ON CORRECT STYLE IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

THEY, indeed, are greatly deceived who imagine that a vicious and corrupt style of eloquence, which exults in a licentious kind of diction, wantons in puerile fancies, swells with inordinate tumor, expatiates on empty commonplaces, decks itself with flowers that will fall if they are in the slightest degree shaken, prefers extravagance to sublimity, or raves madly under the pretext of freedom, will be the most gratifying to the people, and most likely to gain applause. That such a style does, however, please many, I do not deny, nor do I wonder; for eloquence of any kind whatsoever is pleasing to the ear, and likely to be favorably heard; all exertion of the human voice naturally draws the mind with a pleasing kind of attraction; it is from no other cause that there are such groups of listeners in market places and causeways; and it is, therefore, the less surprising that for every pleader a ring of the rabble is ready. But when anything more happily expressed than ordinary falls upon the ears of the illiterate, of whatever kind it be, provided that they themselves cannot hope to speak equally well, it gains their admiration, and not without reason, for even to speak just beyond the capacity of the uneducated is not easy. Such moderate excellence, however, fades and dies away when it is compared with anything better; as wool dyed red pleases, says Ovid, in the absence of purple, but if it be contrasted even with the purple of a common riding cloak, it will be thrown into the shade by the presence of something brighter than itself. If, again, we apply the light of a keen judgment to such tasteless eloquence as that of sulphur to inferior dye, it will immediately lose the false lustre, with which it had deceived the eye, and grow pale with an indescribable deformity. Such eloquence will accordingly shine only in the absence of the sun, as certain small animals appear to be little fires in the darkness. In short, many admire what is bad, but none condemn what is good.

But the orator must do all that I have mentioned not only in the best manner, but also with the greatest ease; for the utmost power of eloquence will deserve no admiration if unhappy anxiety perpetually attend it, and harass and wear out the orator, while he is laboriously altering his words, and wasting his life in weighing and putting them together. The true orator, elegant, sublime, and rich, commands copious materials of eloquence pouring in upon him from all sides. He that has reached the summit ceases to struggle up the steep. Difficulty is for him who is making his way and is not far from the bottom; but the more he advances, the easier will be the ascent and the more verdant the soil; and if, with persevering efforts, he pass also these gentler slopes, fruits will spontaneously present themselves, and all kinds of flowers will spring up before him, which, however, unless they are daily plucked, will be sure to wither. Yet even copiousness should be under the control of judgment, without which nothing will be either praiseworthy or beneficial; elegance should have a certain manly air, and good taste should attend on invention. Thus what the orator produces will be great, without extravagance; sublime, without audacity; energetic, without rashness; severe, without repulsive-

ness; grave, without dullness; plenteous, without exuberance; pleasing, without mere-triciousness; grand, without tumidity. Such judgment will be shown with regard to other qualities; and the path in the middle is generally the safest, because error lies on either side.

THE FIVE DIVISIONS OF ORATORICAL ART

THE whole art of oratory, as the most and greatest writers have taught, consists of five parts, invention, arrangement, expression, memory, and delivery or action; for the last is designated by either of these terms. But every speech, by which any purpose is expressed, must of necessity consist of both matter and words; and if it is short, and included in one sentence, it may perhaps call for no further consideration; but a speech of greater length requires attention to a greater number of particulars, for it is not only of consequence what we say, and how we say it, but also where we say it; there is need, therefore, also for arrangement. But we cannot say everything that our subject demands, nor everything in its proper place, without the assistance of memory, which will accordingly constitute a fourth part. And a delivery which is unbecoming, either as to voice or gesture, vitiates, and almost renders ineffectual, all those other requisites of eloquence; and to delivery, therefore, must necessarily be assigned the fifth place.

Nor are some writers, among whom is Albutius, to be regarded, who admit only the first three parts, because memory, they say, and delivery, come from nature, not from art. Thracymachus, however, was of the same opinion as far as concerns delivery. To these some have added a sixth part, by subjoining judgment to invention, as it is our first business to invent and then to judge. For my part, I do not consider that he who has not judged has invented; for a person is not said to have invented contradictory or foolish arguments, or such as are of equal value to himself and his adversary, but not to have avoided them. Cicero, indeed, in his "*Rhetorica*," has included judgment under invention; but, to me, judgment appears to be so mingled with the first three parts (for there can neither be arrangement nor expression without it) that I think even delivery greatly indebted to it. This I would the more boldly affirm, as Cicero, in his "*Partitiones Oratoriæ*," arrives at the same five divisions of which I have just spoken; for, after first dividing oratory into two parts, invention and expression, he has put matter and arrangement under invention, and words and delivery under expression, and has then made memory a fifth part, having a common influence on all the rest, and being, as it were, the guardian of them. He also says, in his books "*De Oratore*," that eloquence consists of five divisions; and the opinions expressed in these books, as they were written at a later period, may be regarded as more settled.

Those authors appear to me to have been not less desirous to introduce something new, who have added order after having previously specified arrangement, as if arrangement were anything else than the disposition of things in the best possible order. Dion has specified only invention and arrangement, but has made each of them of two kinds, relating to matter and to words; so that expression may be included under invention, and delivery under arrangement; to which parts a fifth, memory, must be added. The followers of Theodorus, for the most part, distinguish invention into two sorts, referring to matter and expression; and then add the three other parts. Hermagoras puts judgment, division, order, and whatever relates to expression, under economy, which, being a Greek term, taken from the care of domestic affairs, and used in reference to this subject metaphorically, has no Latin equivalent.

There is also a question about the following point, namely, that, in settling the order of the parts, some have put memory after invention, some after arrangement. To me the fourth place seems most suitable for it; for we must not only retain in mind what we have imagined in order to arrange it, and what we have arranged in order to express it, but we must also commit to memory what we have comprised in words, since it is in the memory that everything that enters into the composition of a speech is deposited.

There have been also many writers inclined to think that these divisions should not be called parts of the art of oratory, but duties of the orator, as it is the business of the orator to invent, arrange, express, etc. But if we coincide in this opinion, we shall leave nothing to art; for to speak well is the duty of the orator, yet skill in speaking well constitutes the art of oratory; or, as others express their notions, it is the duty of the orator to persuade, yet the power of persuading lies in his art. Thus to invent arguments and arrange them are the duties of the orator; yet invention and arrangement may be thought peculiar parts of the art of oratory.

It is a point, too, about which many have disputed, whether these are parts of the art of oratory or works of it, or (as Athenæus thinks) elements of it. But no one can properly call them elements; for in that case they will be merely first principles, as water, or fire, or matter, or indivisible atoms are called the elements of the world; nor can they justly be named works, as they are not performed by others, but perform something themselves. They are, therefore, parts; for as oratory consists of them, and as a whole consists of parts, it is impossible that those things of which the whole is composed can be anything else but parts of that whole. Those who have called them works appear to me to have been moved by this consideration, that they did not like, in making the other division of oratory, to adopt the same term; for the parts of oratory, they said, were the panegyric, the deliberative, and the judicial. But if these are parts, they are parts of the matter rather than the art; for in each of them is included the whole of oratory, since no one of them can dispense with invention, arrangement, expression, memory, and delivery. Some, therefore, have thought it better to say that there are three kinds of oratory; but those whom Cicero has followed have given the most reasonable opinion, namely, that there are three kinds of subjects for oratory.

THE THREE KINDS OF ORATORY

IT is a question whether there are three or more. Certainly almost all writers, at least those of the highest authority among the Ancients, have acquiesced in this tripartite distinction, following the opinion of Aristotle, who merely calls the deliberative by another name, *concionalis*, "suitable for addresses to public assemblies." But a feeble attempt was made at that time by some of the Greek writers, an attempt which has since been noticed by Cicero in his books "De Oratore," and is now almost forced upon us by the greatest author of our own day, to make it appear that there are not only more kinds, but kinds almost innumerable. Indeed, if we distinguish praising and blaming in the third part of oratory, in what kind of oratory shall we be said to employ ourselves when we complain, console, appease, excite, alarm, encourage, direct, explain obscure expressions, narrate, entreat, offer thanks, congratulate, reproach, attack, describe, command, retract, express wishes or opinions, and speak in a thousand other ways? So that if I adhere to the opinion of the Ancients, I must, as it were, ask pardon for doing so, and must

inquire by what considerations they were induced to confine a subject of such extent and variety within such narrow limits. Those who say that the Ancients were in error suppose that they were led into it by the circumstance that they saw in their time orators exerting themselves for the most part in these three kinds only; for laudatory and vituperative speeches were then written; it was customary to pronounce funeral orations; and a vast deal of labor was bestowed on deliberative and judicial eloquence; so that the writers of books on the art included in them the kinds of eloquence most in use as the only kinds. But those who defend the Ancients make three sorts of hearers; one, who assemble only to be gratified; a second, to listen to counsel; and a third, to form a judgment on the points in debate. For myself, while I am searching for all sorts of arguments in support of these various opinions, it occurs to me that we might make only two kinds of oratory, on this consideration, that all the business of an orator lies in causes either judicial or extrajudicial. Of matters in which decision is sought from the opinion of a judge, the nature is self-evident; those which are not referred to a judge have respect either to the past or to the future; the past we either praise or blame; and about the future we deliberate. We may also add that all subjects on which an orator has to speak are either certain or doubtful; the certain he praises or blames, according to the opinion which he forms of them; of the doubtful, some are left free for ourselves to choose how to decide on them, and concerning these there must be deliberation; some are left to the judgment of others, and concerning these there must be litigation. . . .

To me it has appeared safest to follow the majority of writers; and so reason seems to direct. There is, then, as I said, one kind of oratory in which praise and blame are included, but which is called, from the better part of its office, the panegyrical. . . .

The second kind is the deliberative, and the third the judicial. Other species will fall under these genera, nor will there be found any one species in which we shall not have either to praise or to blame, to persuade or to dissuade, to enforce a charge or to repel one; while to conciliate, to state facts, to inform, to exaggerate, to extenuate, and to influence the judgment of the audience by exciting or allaying the passions, are common to every sort of oratory.

I could not agree even with those, who, adopting, as I think, a division rather easy and specious than true, consider that the matter of panegyrical eloquence concerns what is honorable, that of deliberative what is expedient, and that of judicial what is just; for all are supported, to a certain extent, by aid one from another, since in panegyric justice and expediency are considered, and in deliberations honor, and you will rarely find a judicial pleading into some part of which something of what I have just mentioned does not enter.

ON DECLAMATION

WHEN the pupil has been well instructed, and sufficiently exercised, in these preliminary studies, which are not in themselves inconsiderable, but members and portions, as it were, of higher branches of learning, the time will have nearly arrived for entering on deliberative and judicial subjects. But before I proceed to speak of those matters, I must say a few words on the art of declamation, which, though the most recently invented of all exercises, is, indeed, by far the most useful; for it comprehends within itself all those exercises of which I have been treating, and presents us with a very close resemblance to reality; and it has been so much adopted, accordingly, that it is thought by many sufficient of itself to

form oratory, since no excellence in continued speaking can be specified which is not found in this prelude to speaking. The practice, however, has so degenerated through the fault of the teachers, that the license and ignorance of declaimers have been among the chief causes that have corrupted eloquence. But of that which is good by nature we may surely make a good use. Let, therefore, the subjects themselves, which shall be imagined, be as like as possible to truth; and let declamations to the utmost extent that is practicable imitate those pleadings for which they were introduced as a preparation. For as to magicians, and the pestilence, and oracles, and stepmothers more cruel than those of tragedy, and other subjects more imaginary than these, we shall in vain seek them among sponsions and interdicts.* What, then, it may be said, shall we never suffer students to handle such topics as are above belief, and (to say the truth) poetical, so that they may expatiate and exult in their subject, and swell forth, as it were, into full body? It would, indeed, be best not to suffer them; but at least let not the subjects, if grand and turgid, appear also, to him who regards them with severe judgment, foolish and ridiculous; so that, if we must grant the use of such topics, let the declaimer swell himself occasionally to the full, provided he understands that, as four-footed animals, when they have been blown with green fodder, are cured by losing blood, and thus return to food suited to maintain their strength, so must his turgidity be diminished, and whatever corrupt humors he has contracted be discharged, if he wishes to be healthy and strong; for otherwise his empty swelling will be hampered at the first attempt at any real pleading.

Those, assuredly, who think that the whole exercise of declaiming is altogether different from forensic pleading, do not see even the reason for which that exercise was instituted. For, if it is no preparation for the forum, it is merely like theatrical ostentation, or insane raving. To what purpose is it to instruct a judge, who has no existence? To state a case that all know to be fictitious? To bring proofs of a point on which no man will pronounce sentence? This, indeed, is nothing more than trifling; but how ridiculous is it to excite our feelings, and to work upon an audience with anger and sorrow, unless we are preparing ourselves by imitations of battle for serious contests and a regular field? Will there, then, be no difference, it may be asked, between the mode of speaking at the bar, and mere exercise in declamation? I answer that if we speak for the sake of improvement, there will be no difference. I wish, too, that it were made a part of the exercise to use names; that causes more complicated, and requiring longer pleadings, were invented; that we were less afraid of words in daily use; and that we were in the habit of mingling jests with our declamation; all which points, however we may have been practiced in the schools in other respects, find us novices at the bar.

But even if a declamation be composed merely for display, we ought surely to exert our voice in some degree to please the audience. For even in those oratorical compositions, which are doubtless based in some degree upon truth, but are adapted to please the multitude (such as are the panegyrics which we read, and all that epideictic kind of eloquence), it is allowable to use great elegance, and not only to acknowledge the efforts of art (which ought generally to be concealed in forensic pleadings), but to display it to those who are called together for the purpose of witnessing it. Declamation therefore, as it is an imitation of real pleadings and deliberations, ought closely to resemble reality, but, as it carries with it something of ostentation, to clothe itself in a certain elegance. Such is the practice of actors

*Law terms: sponsio was when a litigant engaged to pay a certain sum of money if he lost the cause; an interdict was when the pretor ordered or forbade anything to be done, chiefly in regard to property.—*Turnebus*.

who do not pronounce exactly as we speak in common conversation, for such pronunciation would be devoid of art; nor do they depart far from nature, as by such a fault imitation would be destroyed; but they exalt the simplicity of familiar discourse with a certain scenic grace.

HOW TO CULTIVATE GOOD DELIVERY

DELIVERY is by most writers called action; but it appears to derive the one name from the voice and the other from the gesture, for Cicero calls action sometimes the language, as it were, and sometimes the eloquence of the body. Yet he makes two constituent parts of action, which are the same as those of delivery, voice, and motion. We, therefore, make use of either term indiscriminately.

As for the thing itself, it has a wonderful power and efficacy in oratory; for it is not of so much importance what sort of thoughts we conceive within ourselves, as it is in what manner we express them; since those whom we address are moved only as they hear. Accordingly there is no proof that proceeds in any way from a pleader, of such strength that it may not lose its effect, unless it be supported by a tone of affirmation in the speaker. All attempts at exciting the feelings must prove ineffectual, unless they be enlivened by the voice of the speaker, by his look, and by the action of almost his whole body. For when we have displayed energy in all these respects, we may think ourselves happy, if the judge catches a single spark of our fire; and we surely cannot hope to move him if we are languid and supine, or expect that he will not slumber if we yawn. Even actors on the stage give proof of the power of delivery, since they add so much grace even to the best of our poets, that the same passages delight us infinitely more when they are heard than when they are read; and they gain a favorable hearing for the most contemptible performances, insomuch that pieces which have no place in our libraries are welcomed time after time at the theatre. If, then, in matters which we know to be fictitious and unreal, delivery is of such effect as to excite in us anger, tears, and concern, how much additional weight must it have when we also believe the subjects on which it is bestowed? For my own part, I should be inclined to say that language of but moderate merit, recommended by a forcible delivery, will make more impression than the very best, if it be unattended with that advantage. Accordingly Demosthenes, when he was asked what was the chief excellence in the whole art of oratory, gave the palm to delivery, and assigned to it also the second and third place, until he ceased to be questioned; so that he may be thought to have esteemed it not merely the principal, but the only excellence. It was for this reason that he himself studied it under Andronicus the actor, and with such success that Æschines, when the Rhodians expressed admiration of his speech, appears to have exclaimed with great justice, What if you had heard him himself deliver it? Cicero also thinks that delivery has supreme power in oratory. He says that Cneius Lentulus obtained more reputation by his delivery than by any real power of eloquence; that it was by delivery that Caius Gracchus, in deploring his brother's death, excited the tears of the whole Roman people; and that Antonius and Crassus produced great impression by it, but Hortensius more than either of them. A proof of this remark regarding Hortensius is, that his writings are so much below that character for which he was long accounted the chief of our orators, then the rival of Cicero, and at last, as long as he lived, second to him; whence it appears that

there was some charm in his delivery which we do not find in reading him. Indeed, as words have much power of themselves, as the voice adds a particular force to thought, and as gesture and motion are not without meaning, some great excellence must necessarily be the result when all these sources of power are combined.

Yet there are some who think that an unstudied mode of delivery, such as the impulse of the individual speaker's mind produces, is more forcible, and indeed the only mode of delivery worthy of men. But those who hold this opinion are mostly such as make it their practice to decry all care, and art, and polish in speaking in general, and to condemn whatever is acquired by study as affected and unnatural; or such as pretend to imitate antiquity by an assumed rudeness of style and pronunciation, as Cicero says that Lucius Cotta used to do. Let those, however, who think it enough for men to be born to become orators, enjoy their own opinion, but let them be indulgent, at the same time, to the trouble which I take, who believe that there can be no consummate excellence except when nature is assisted by art. But I allow, without the least reluctance, that the chief power rests with nature; for he, assuredly, will be unable to deliver himself properly, to whom either memory is wanting for retaining what he has written, or ready facility in uttering what he has to speak extempore; or if any incurable defects of utterance disable him. There may even be such extraordinary deformity of body in a person that it cannot be remedied by any effort of art. Nor can a weak voice attain any degree of excellence in delivery; for we may manage a sound and strong voice as we please, but a bad or weak voice prevents us from doing many things that are necessary, as giving emphasis and elevation of tone, and forces us to do many other things that we ought to avoid, as breaking our sentences, adopting an unnatural pitch, and recruiting a hoarse throat and exhausted lungs with an offensive resemblance to singing. But let me now speak of him who is so qualified by nature that rules will not fail to be of use to him.

Since delivery in general, as I said, depends upon two things, voice and gesture, of which the one affects the eyes and the other the ears, the two senses through which all impressions find their way into the mind, it is natural to speak first of the voice, to which, also, the gesture is to be adapted.

In regard to it, then, the first thing to be considered is what sort of voice we have, and the next, how we use it. The natural power of the voice is estimated by its quantity and its quality. Of these, the quantity is the more simple consideration, for it may be said in general that it is either much or little; but between the extremes of these quantities there are many diversities, and many gradations from the lowest tone to the highest, and from the highest to the lowest. Quality is more varied; for the voice is either clear or husky, full or weak, smooth or rough, of smaller or larger compass, hard or flexible, sharp or flat. The breath may also be longer or shorter. As to the causes whence each of these peculiarities arises, it is not necessary to the design of my work to consider whether the difference lies in those parts of the body in which the breath is generated, or in those through which, as through tubes, it passes; whether it results from the nature of the voice itself, or from the impulse which it receives; or whether strength of lungs, or of the chest, or even of the head, affords it most assistance; for there is need of concurrent aid from all these parts, as well as of a clear formation, not only of the mouth, but also of the nostrils, through which the remainder of the breath is expelled. The general tone of the voice, however, ought to be sweet, not grating.

In the management of the voice there are many particulars to be observed; for besides the three main distinctions of acute, grave, and intermediate, there is need of many other kinds of intonation, as the forcible and the gentle, the higher and the

lower; and of slower or quicker time. But between these varieties there are other intermediate varieties; and as the face, though it consists of very few features, is infinitely diversified, so the voice, though it has very few variations that can be named, has yet a peculiar tone in each individual; and the voice of a person is as easily distinguished by the ear as the face by the eye.

But the good qualities of the voice, like those of all our other faculties, are improved by attention and deteriorated by neglect. The attention to be paid to the voice by orators, however, is not the same as that which is required from singing masters; though there are many things equally necessary to both: as strength of body, for instance, that the voice may not dwindle down to the weak tone of eunuchs, women, and sick persons; strength, which walking, anointing with oil, continence, and easy digestion of food, which is the result of moderation in eating, contribute to maintain. It is necessary, also, that the throat be in good condition, that is, soft and flexible, for by any defect in it the voice may be rendered broken, husky, rough, or squeaking; for as flutes, receiving the same breath, give one sound, when the holes are stopped, another when they are open, another when the instruments are not thoroughly clean, and another when they are cracked, so the throat, when swollen, strangles the voice; when not clear, stifles it; when dry, roughens it; and when affected with spasms, gives forth a sound like that of broken pipes. The breath, too, is sometimes broken by some obstruction, as a small stream of water by a pebble, the current of which, though it unites soon after the obstruction, yet leaves something of a void behind it. Too much moisture also impedes the voice, and too little weakens it. As to fatigue, it affects the voice as it affects the whole body, not for the present merely, but for some time afterwards.

But though exercise is necessary alike for singing masters and orators, in order that all their faculties may be in full vigor, yet the same kind of attention to the body is not to be expected from both; for certain times for walking cannot be fixed for himself by a man who is occupied in so many duties of civil life, nor can he tune his voice at leisure from the lowest to the highest notes; or give it rest when he pleases from the labors of the forum, since he has often to speak on many trials in succession. Nor need he observe the same care in regard to diet; for he has occasion, not so much for a soft and sweet voice, as for one that is strong and durable, and though singers may soften all sounds, even the highest, by a certain modulation of the voice, we, on the contrary, must often speak with roughness and vehemence. We must frequently, also, watch whole nights; we must imbibe the smoke of the lamp by which we study; and remain long, during the daytime, in garments moistened with perspiration. Let us not, therefore, weaken our voice by delicate treatment of ourselves, or bring it to a condition which will not be enduring; but let the exercise which we give it be similar to the exertion for which it is destined; let it not be relaxed by want of use, but strengthened by practice, by which all difficulties are smoothed.

To learn passages of authors by heart, in order to exercise the voice, will be an excellent method; for as to those who speak extempore, the feeling which is excited by their matter prevents them from giving due attention to the voice; and it will be well to learn passages of as much variety of subject as possible, such as may exercise us in exclamation, in discussion, in the familiar style, and in the softer kind of eloquence, that we may be prepared for every mode of speaking. This will be sufficient exercise; but the delicate voice, which is too much nursed, will be unequal to any extraordinary exertion; just as athletes accustomed to the oil and the gymnasium, though they may appear, in their own games, handsome and strong, yet if we were to order them on a military expedition, and require them to carry burdens and pass whole nights on guard, would soon faint with

fatigue, and long to be anointed and to perspire at freedom in an undress. Who, indeed, in a work like this, would endure to find it directed that sunshine and wind, cloudy and very dry days, should be objects of dislike to an orator? If, then, we be called upon to speak in the sun, or on a windy, moist, or hot day, shall we desert our clients? As to the admonitions that some give, that an orator should not speak when he is suffering from indigestion, or heavy after a full meal, or intoxicated, I suppose that no man who retains possession of his senses would be guilty of such folly.

THE ORATORY OF THE BAR

THERE has prevailed among most declaimers, in regard to deliberative speeches, an error that has not been without its consequences; for they have imagined that the deliberative style of speaking is different from the judicial, and, indeed, altogether opposed to it; and they have accordingly affected abrupt commencements, a kind of oratory always vehement, and a liberal embellishment, as they call it, in their expressions, and have studied to make shorter notes, forsooth, for deliberative than for judicial subjects. For my part, though I do not see that there is any need for a regular exordium in deliberative speeches for the reasons which I have previously stated, I still do not understand why we should commence with furious exclamation; for he who is asked his opinion on a question proposed does not, if he is a man of sense, begin immediately to cry out, but endeavors to gain the confidence of those who consult him by a modest and rational entrance on the subject. Or why should the style of the speaker be like a torrent, and uniformly vehement, when counsel requires in the most eminent degree moderation and calm reasoning? I admit that, in judicial pleadings, the tone of the speaker is often lowered in the exordium, the statement of facts, and the argumentative portions, and that, if you take away these three parts, there will remain something like the substance of which deliberative orations consist, but that substance ought to be more calm, not more violent and furious.

As to grandeur of diction, it is not to be affected by those who declaim deliberative speeches more than by others; but it comes more naturally to them; for to those who imagine their own subjects, great personages are generally most attractive, such as those of kings, princes, people, senates, with important topics for discussion; and thus, when the style is suited to the matter, it assumes a degree of magnificence from it. With regard to real causes the case is different, and therefore Theophrastus has pronounced that the language in all deliberative oratory should be free from every kind of affectation; following in this respect the authority of his master, though he does not hesitate frequently to differ from him; for Aristotle was of opinion that the panegyric department of oratory was the best adapted for improvement in composition, and next to it the judicial; since the first is devoted wholly to display, and the latter requires art so as even to deceive the hearers if expediency demands; but counsel needs nothing but truth and prudence. With these critics in respect to panegyric I agree, for all other writers have expressed themselves of a similar opinion; but in judicial and deliberative subjects I think that the manner of speaking is to be adapted to the matter, according to the nature of the question that may be under consideration. I see that the "Philippics" of Demosthenes are distinguished by the same merits as the speeches which he pronounced in judicial causes; and the opinions of Cicero delivered in the senate, and his speeches to the people, exhibit a splendor of eloquence not less luminous

than that which appears in his accusations and defenses. Yet he speaks of the deliberative kind of oratory in this way: "The language ought to be uniformly simple and grave, and more distinguished for studied thoughts than for studied phraseology." That there is no kind of oratory to which the application of examples is more suitable, all writers are justly agreed, as the future seems for the most part to correspond to the past, and experience is regarded as some attestation to reason.

As to shortness or length in such speeches, it depends, not on the nature of the subject, but on the compass of it; for as in deliberations the question is generally more simple, so in judicial affairs it is often of less extent.

All these remarks he will find to be true, who shall prefer, instead of growing gray over the treatises of the rhetoricians, to read, not speeches only, but also histories; for in history the orations pronounced to the people, and the opinions delivered in councils of state, generally afford examples of persuasion and dissuasion. He will find, too, that in deliberative speeches the commencements are not abrupt; that the diction in judicial pleadings is often more animated; that style is suited to the matter in one class as well as in the other; and that the speeches in courts of justice are sometimes shorter than those in public councils. Nor will he find in them the faults into which some of our declaimers fall, who indulge in coarse invectives against those that dissent in opinion from them, and speak, on the whole, as if they were the natural adversaries of those who ask their advice; and thus exhibit themselves in the character rather of railers than of counselors.

THE FIVE DIVISIONS OF AN ORATION

I AM now to speak of the judicial kind of oratory, which is extremely varied, but lies in the two duties of attack and defense. The divisions of it, as most authors are of opinion, are five, the exordium, the statement of facts, the proof of what we advance, the refutation of our adversary, and the peroration. To these some have added partition, proposition, and digression; the first two of which evidently fall under proof; for you must necessarily propose what you are going to prove, as well as conclude after you have proved; and if proposition is a division of a cause, why is not also conclusion? As for partition, it is only one of the duties of arrangement, which is a portion of oratory in general, equally pervading all its parts and the whole body of each, like invention and delivery. We are, therefore, not to consider partition as one division of a speech, taken as a whole, but as belonging to every single question in it; for what question is there in which the orator may not state what he is going to say in the first place, what in the second, and what in the third; and this is the business of partition. How ridiculous is it, then, that each question should be a species of proof, and that partition, which is but a species of question, should be called a part of the speech as a whole? But as for digression, or, what has become a more common term, *excessus*, "excursion," if it be without the cause, it cannot be a part of the cause; and if it be within the cause, it is an aid or ornament to the parts from which it proceeds; for if whatever is in the cause is to be called a part of the cause, why is not every argument, comparison, commonplace, address to the feelings, and example, called a part of the cause?

I do not, however, agree with those who, like Aristotle, omit refutation as comprehended under proof; for proof establishes, refutation overthrows. Aristotle also makes an innovation to a certain degree by placing next to the exordium, not the

statement of facts, but the proposition; but this he does because he thinks the proposition the genus, and the statement of facts the species; and supposes that there is not always a necessity for the first, but for the second always and in all cases.

But with regard to the divisions which I have made, it is not to be understood that that which is to be delivered first is necessarily to be contemplated first; for we ought to consider, before everything else, of what nature the cause is; what is the question in it; what may profit or injure it; next, what is to be maintained or refuted; and then, how the statement of facts should be made. For the statement is preparatory to proof, and cannot be made to advantage, unless it be first settled what it ought to promise as to proof. Last of all, it is to be considered how the judge is to be conciliated; for, until all the bearings of the cause be ascertained, we cannot know what sort of feeling it is proper to excite in the judge, whether inclined to severity or gentleness, to violence or laxity, to inflexibility or mercy.

Yet, I do not, on these accounts, agree with those who think that the exordium is to be written last; for though it is proper that our materials should be collected, and that we should settle what effect is to be produced by each particular, before we begin to speak or write, yet we ought certainly to begin with that which is naturally first. No man begins to paint a portrait, or mold a statue, with the feet; nor does any art find its completion where the commencement ought to be. Else what will be the case if we have no time to write our speech? Will not so preposterous a practice disappoint us? The orator's materials are, therefore, to be first contemplated in the order in which we direct, and then to be written in the order in which he is to deliver them.

THE EXORDIUM—HOW TO BEGIN A SPEECH

THAT which is called the beginning, or exordium in Latin, the Greeks seem with greater reason to have termed the "proemium"; for by our writers is signified only a commencement, but the Greek rhetoricians plainly show that this is the part preliminary to the entrance on the subject on which the orator is to speak. . . . In giving an exordium at all there is no other object but to prepare the hearer to listen to us more readily in the subsequent parts of our pleading. This object, as is agreed among most authors, is principally effected by these means, by securing his good-will and attention, and by rendering him desirous of further information; not that these ends are not to be kept in view throughout the whole pleading, but because they are pre-eminently necessary at the commencement, when we gain admission as it were into the mind of the judge in order to penetrate still further into it.

As to good-will, we either gain it from persons connected with the cause, or have it from the cause itself. But in respect to persons, regard is not to be had to three only (as most rhetoricians have supposed), the prosecutor, the defendant, and the judge; for the exordium sometimes takes its complexion from the character of the pleader; and though he speaks sparingly and modestly concerning himself, yet, if he be deemed a good man, much influence, in reference to the whole cause, may depend on that consideration; for he will then be thought to bring to the support of his party not merely the zeal of an advocate, but almost the testimony of a witness. Let him be regarded as coming to plead, therefore, from being induced by obligations of kindred or friendship, or above all, if it be possible, by respect for his country, or for some strong considerations of precedent. This, without doubt,

is still more to be observed by the parties themselves, so that they may seem to go to law from some important and honorable motive, or even from necessity.

But as the authority of the speaker becomes thus of the highest efficacy, if, in his undertaking the business, all suspicion of meanness, or hatred, or ambition, be far removed from him, so it is a sort of tacit commendation to him, if he represents himself as weak, and inferior in ability to those acting against him, a practice which is adopted in most of the exordia of Messala. For there is a natural feeling in behalf of those oppressed; and a conscientious judge most willingly listens to an advocate whom he does not suspect of any design to draw him from justice. Hence arose that dissembling of the speakers of antiquity to conceal their eloquence, so extremely different from the ostentation of our times.

We must also take care not to appear insolent, malignant, overbearing, or reproachful towards any man or body of men, especially such as cannot be wounded without exciting an unfavorable feeling in the judge. That nothing should be said against the judge himself, not only openly, but nothing even that can be understood as averse to him, it would be foolish in me to advise, if such things did not sometimes take place.

The character of the advocate for the opposite party may sometimes afford us matter for an exordium; if we speak of him sometimes with honor, making it appear that we fear his eloquence and influence, so as to render them objects of suspicion to the judge; or sometimes, though very rarely, with contempt, as Asinius Pollio, in pleading for the heirs of Urbinia, enumerates the choice of Labienus as advocate for the opposite party among the proofs of the badness of their cause. Cornelius Celsus denies that such remarks constitute exordia, as having no relation to the cause; I, however, am led to form a contrary opinion, not only by the authority of the greatest authors, but because I consider, for my own part, that whatever relates to the pleader of the cause relates to the cause itself; since it is but natural that judges should be more inclined to believe those whom they are more inclined to hear.

As to the character of the prosecutor, it may be treated in various ways; sometimes his worth may be asserted, sometimes his weakness commended to notice. Sometimes a statement of his merits may be proper, when a pleader may speak with less reserve in praise of another's worth than he would in that of his own. Sex, age, condition, are of great influence, as in the case of women, old men, or wards, when they plead in the character of wives, parents, or children. Commiseration alone, indeed, has effect even upon a right-minded judge. But such matters are to be lightly touched, and not exhausted, in an exordium.

The character of the adversary is commonly attacked with references to topics of a similar nature, but directed against him; for on the powerful envy must be shown to attend, on the mean and abject, contempt; on the base and criminal, hatred; three qualities that have great power in alienating the favor of the judges. Nor is it enough merely to state such particulars (for this is in the power even of the ignorant), but most of them must be magnified or extenuated, as may be expedient; for to give effect to them is the business of the orator; the mere expression of them may be inherent in the cause itself.

The favor of the judge we shall conciliate, not merely by offering him praise (which ought, indeed, to be given with moderation, though it is to be remembered at the same time that the privilege of offering it is common to both parties), but by turning his praises to the advantage of our cause, appealing, in behalf of the noble to his dignified station, in behalf of the humble to his justice, in behalf of the unfortunate to his pity, in behalf of the injured to his severity; and using similar appeals in other cases. I should wish also, if possible, to know the character

of the judge, for, according as it may be violent, gentle, obliging, grave, austere, or easy, it will be proper to make his feelings subservient to our cause where they fall in with it, and to soften them where they are repugnant to it.

But it sometimes happens, also, that he who sits as judge is either our enemy or the friend of our opponent, a circumstance which ought to claim the attention of both sides, but more particularly, perhaps, of that to which the judge seems to incline. For there is sometimes, in unprincipled judges, a foolish propensity to give sentence against their friends, or in favor of parties with whom they are at enmity, and to act unjustly that they may not seem to be unjust.

Some have been judges, too, in their own causes. I find, for instance, in the books of observations published by Septimius, that Cicero was engaged in a cause of that nature; and I myself pleaded the cause of Queen Berenice before that queen herself. In this case the mode of procedure is similar to that in those which I have just mentioned; for he who pleads in opposition to the judge exaggerates the confidence of his client, and he who pleads in his favor expresses apprehension of feelings of delicacy on his part. Opinions, moreover, such as the judge may appear to have brought with him in favor of either party are to be overthrown or established. Fear is sometimes to be removed from the mind of the judge; as Cicero, in his speech for Milo, strove to convince the judges that they were not to think the arms of Pompey arrayed against them; and sometimes to be held out to them, as Cicero acted in his pleadings against Verres. . . .

If the nature of the cause itself afford us topics for conciliating the judge, it will be proper, above all, that such of them be selected for introduction into the exordium as may appear most favorable to our object. On this head Virginius is in error, for he says Theodorus is of opinion that from every question in the cause some thought may be selected for the exordium. Theodorus does not say this, but merely that the judge is to be prepared for the most important points; a precept in which there would be nothing objectionable, if it did not enjoin that as a general rule which every pleading does not admit, and which every cause does not require. For when we rise to open the case on behalf of the prosecutor, while it is still unknown to the judge, how shall we bring forward thoughts from every question in it? Surely the subject must previously be stated. Let us admit that some questions may then be brought forward (for so the form of our pleading sometimes requires), but must we, therefore, bring forward all the most important ones, that is, the whole cause? If so, the statement of facts will be dispatched in the exordium. Or if, as frequently happens, the cause is somewhat difficult, should we not try to gain the good-will of the judge in other parts of the pleadings, and not present the bare roughness of every point to his mind before we have attempted to incline it in our favor? If such matters were always rightly managed at the opening of a speech, there would be no need of any formal exordium. At times, accordingly, some particulars, which may be of great effect in conciliating the favor of the judge, may be previously introduced, and not without advantage, in the commencement.

What points, again, are likely to gain us favor in causes, it is not necessary for me to enumerate; for they will be manifest to the pleader, when he understands the nature of a cause; and all particulars, in so great a variety of suits, cannot possibly be specified. But as it is for the service of a cause to discover and amplify its favorable points, so it is expedient to refute, or at least to extenuate, whatever is prejudicial to it. Compassion may also spring from the nature of our cause, if we have suffered, or are likely to suffer, any severe misfortune.

Nor am I inclined, as some are, to think that an exordium differs from a peroration only in this respect, that in a peroration is narrated what has gone before, and in an exordium is set forth what is to come. The difference rather lies in this,

that in the introduction the kind feelings of the judge should be touched, but cautiously and modestly; while in the peroration we may give full scope to the pathetic, we may attribute fictitious speeches to our characters, and evoke the dead and produce their children; attempts which are not made in exordia.

But as to those feelings of pity, which I mentioned above, it is necessary not only to excite them in our favor in the exordium, but to turn away the effect of them from our opponent; and as it is for our advantage that our lot should be thought likely to be deplorable if we should be defeated, so is it that the pride of our adversary should be apprehended as likely to be overbearing if he should conquer.

But exordia are often taken from matters which are not properly concerns of our clients or their causes, but which yet in some way relate to both of them. With the persons of our clients are connected not only their wives and children, to whom I have previously alluded, but their relatives and friends, and sometimes countries and cities, and whatever else may be injured by the failure of those whom we are defending. To the cause, among external circumstances, may be referred the occasion, from which is derived the exordium in behalf of Cœlius: the place, from which is taken that in behalf of Deiotarus; the appearance of things, whence that in behalf of Milo; public opinion, whence that against Verres; and in short, that I may not specify everything, the report respecting the trial, the expectation of the people; for, though none of these things form part of the cause, they yet have a connection with the cause. Theophrastus adds that an exordium may be derived from the form of the pleading, as that of Demosthenes for Ctesiphon appears to be, when he entreats to be allowed to speak as he himself may think most proper, rather than according to the mode which the prosecutor has laid down in his charge.

SECOND PART OF A SPEECH—THE STATEMENT OF FACTS

IT is most natural, and ought to be most usual, that when the judge has been prepared by the methods which have been noticed above, the matter on which he is to give judgment should be stated to him. This is the narrative, or statement of the case; but, in touching upon it, I shall purposely pass over the too subtle distinctions of those who make several kinds of statements. . . .

A statement of a case is an account of a thing done, or supposed to have been done; which account is adapted to persuade; or, as Apollodorus defines it, "a narrative to inform the auditor what the matter in question is." Most writers, and especially those who are of the school of Isocrates, direct that it should be lucid, brief, and probable. It is of no consequence if, instead of lucid, we say perspicuous, or, instead of probable, credible, or apparently deserving of belief. Of this specification I approve; though Aristotle differs from Isocrates in one particular, as he ridicules the direction about brevity, as if it were absolutely necessary that a statement should be long or short, and as if there were no possibility of fixing on a just medium. As to the followers of Theodorus, they recognize only the last quality, saying that it is not always proper to state briefly or lucidly. On this account I must the more carefully distinguish the various peculiarities of statements, in order to show on what occasions each quality is most desirable.

A statement, then, is either wholly in our own favor, wholly in that of our opponent, or a mixture of both. If it be wholly in our own favor, we may be content with the three qualities of which the effect is that the judge more readily

understands, remembers, and believes. Nor let any one think me to blame for remarking that the statement which is wholly in our favor ought to be made probable, though it be true; for there are many narratives true which are not probable, and many probable which are not true. We must therefore take no less pains that the judge may believe what we say truly than what we invent. The qualities, indeed, which I have just enumerated are meritorious in other parts of our speech; for through our whole pleading we should avoid obscurity; a certain succinctness in what we say should be everywhere observed; and all that is advanced ought to be credible. But these qualities are most of all to be studied in that part which gives the first information to the judge; for if, in that part, he happens not to understand, not to remember, or not to believe, we shall exert ourselves to no purpose in the sequel.

The statement, however, will be clear and perspicuous, if it be expressed, first of all, in proper and significant words, not mean, nor far sought, nor at variance with common use, and if it give a lucid account, also, as to circumstances, persons, occasions, places, and motives, and be delivered, at the same time, in such a way that the judge may without difficulty comprehend what is said. This excellence is wholly disregarded by most speakers, who, prepared for the shouts of a multitude, whether suborned for the purpose or collected by chance, cannot endure the silence of an attentive auditory, and do not think themselves eloquent unless they shake the whole court with noise and vociferation; they consider that to state a matter calmly belongs only to every-day conversation, and is in the power of even the most illiterate, while, in truth, it is uncertain whether they will not or cannot perform that of which they express such easy contempt. For if they try every department of eloquence, they will find nothing more difficult than to say what every one, when he has heard it, thinks that he himself would have said; and for this reason, that he does not contemplate it as said with ability, but with truth; but it is when an orator is thought to speak truth that he speaks best. But now, as if they had found a wide field for themselves in their statement, they assume an extravagant tone of voice in this part of their speech, throw back their heads, strike their elbows against their sides, and revel in every sort of combination of thoughts and words; while (what is monstrous!) their delivery pleases, and their cause is not understood. But let me put an end to these animadversions, lest I should gain less favor by prescribing what is right than ill-will by censuring what is wrong.

Our statement will be sufficiently concise, if, in the first place, we commence the exposition of the case at the point where it begins to concern the judge; next, if we say nothing foreign to the cause; and, lastly, if we retrench everything of which the absence will deduct nothing from the knowledge of the judge or the advantage of our client. For there is often a brevity in parts, which, nevertheless, leaves the whole very long; as, "I came to the harbor; I beheld a vessel; I asked for how much it would take me; I agreed about the price; I went on board; the anchor was weighed; we loosed our cable, and set sail." Here none of the phrases can be expressed with greater brevity; yet it would be sufficient to say, "I set sail from the harbor"; and whenever the event sufficiently indicates what has preceded it, we ought to be content with expressing that from which the rest is understood. As I can easily say, therefore, "I have a grown-up son," it is quite superfluous for me to indulge in circumlocution and say, "Being desirous of having children, I married a wife, I had a son born to me, I reared him, and have brought him up to full age." Some of the Greek writers, accordingly, have distinguished a concise exposition, *σύντομον*, from a brief one, the first being free from everything superfluous, while the other may possibly want something that is necessary. For myself,

I make brevity consist, not in saying less, but in not saying more, than is necessary; for as to repetitions, which some writers on rhetoric desire to be avoided in a statement of facts, I say nothing about them, since such faults are to be shunned for other reasons than that of observing brevity.

DIGRESSIONS IN SPEAKING

IN THE order of things the confirmation follows the statement; for we must prove what we stated only that it might be proved. But before I proceed to treat of this part, I must make a few observations on the opinions of certain rhetoricians.

It is the custom of most speakers, when the order of facts is set forth, to make a digression to some pleasing and attractive moral topic, so as to secure as much favorable attention as possible from the audience. This practice had its rise in the declamatory ostentation of the schools, and passed from thence into the forum, after causes began to be pleaded not to benefit the parties going to law, but to enable the advocates to make a display; from apprehension, I suppose, that if the stubbornness of argument should immediately follow the dry conciseness of narrative (such as is often necessary), and the gratification of eloquent diction should be too long withheld, their whole oration would appear cold and repulsive. To this custom there is this objection, that the speakers indulge in it without making due distinction of causes, and what particular causes require, but as if such displays of eloquence were always expedient or even necessary; and in consequence they force into their digression matters taken from other parts to which they properly belong; so that many things must either be said over again, or, as they have been said in a place to which they had no right, cannot be said in their own. I admit, however, that this sort of excursion may be advantageously introduced, not only after the statement of the case, but after the different questions in it, altogether or sometimes severally, when the subject requires or at least permits it; and I think that a speech is by such means greatly set off and embellished; provided that the dissertation aptly follows and adheres to what precedes, and is not forced in like a wedge, separating what was naturally united. For no part of a speech ought to be more closely attached to any other part than the proof is to the statement; unless, indeed, the digression be intended either as the end of the statement or as the beginning of the proof. There will, therefore, sometimes be room for it; for instance, if our statement, towards the conclusion, contains something very heinous, we may enlarge upon it, as if our indignation, like our breath, must necessarily have vent. This, however, ought to be done only when the matter does not admit of doubt; else it is of more importance to make your charge true than atrocious; because the enormity of an accusation is in favor of the accused as long as it remains unproved, for belief in the commission of a heinous crime is extremely difficult. A digression may also be made with advantage, if, for example, when you have spoken of services rendered to the opposite party, you proceed to inveigh against ingratitude; or if, when you have set forth a variety of charges in your statement, you show how much danger in consequence threatens yourself. But all these must be signified briefly; for the judge, when he has learned the order of the facts, is impatient for the proof of them, and desires as soon as possible to settle his opinion. You must be cautious, also, that your exposition of the case be not forgotten, through the attention of the judge being turned to something else, or fatigued with useless delay.

PROPOSITION, PARTITION, AND ARGUMENT

THERE are some writers who place the proposition after the statement of facts, as a division of a speech on any matter for judgment. To this notion I have already replied. In my opinion the commencement of any proof is a proposition, which may be advanced not only in stating the principal question, but sometimes even to introduce particular arguments. . . .

Propositions are single, double, or complex; a distinction which results from more than one cause; for several charges may be combined, as when Socrates was accused of corrupting the youth and introducing new superstitions; or one charge may be established by several proofs, as when it was alleged against Æschines that he had acted dishonestly in his embassy, because he had spoken falsely; because he had done nothing in conformity with the directions given him; because he had tarried; because he had accepted presents. The defense may also contain several propositions; as, in an action to recover a debt it may be said, You have no right to demand it, for it was not in your power to become an agent; nor had he, in whose name you act, a right to have an agent; nor are you the heir of him from whom I am said to have borrowed; nor was I indebted to him. Such examples may be multiplied at pleasure; but it is sufficient to have pointed out that such is the case. If these allegations are stated singly, with proofs subjoined, they are so many distinct propositions; if they are combined, they come under the head of partition.

A proposition is sometimes, also, entirely bare, as is generally the case in conjectural causes: I accuse of murder; I charge with theft; sometimes it is accompanied with a reason,—as, Caius Cornelius has been guilty of treason against the dignity of the tribunate, for he himself, when tribune of the people, read his own law before the public assembly. The proposition which we bring forward, too, is sometimes our own,—as, I accuse this man of adultery; sometimes that of our adversary,—as, The charge against me is that of adultery; sometimes affecting both parties,—as, The question between my opponent and me is, which of the two is the nearer of kin to a person who has died intestate. Sometimes, moreover, we may couple opposite propositions,—as, I say thus, my adversary thus. . . .

Partition is the enumeration, according to their order, of our own propositions, or those of our adversary, or both; an enumeration which some think that we should always make, because, by its aid, the cause is rendered clearer, and the judge more observant and attentive, if he knows exactly on what point we are speaking, and on what points we intend to speak afterwards. Some, on the other hand, think it dangerous to a speaker, for two reasons: that some things, on which we promise to speak, may escape our memory, and others, which we may have omitted in our specification, may occur to us; but nothing of this kind can happen except to one who is utterly deficient in ability, or one who brings to his pleading nothing settled or premeditated. Otherwise, what method is so plain and clear as that of a proper division of our matter? for it follows nature as a guide, so as to be the greatest aid to the memory, to prevent us from straying from our proposed course in speaking. I cannot, therefore, agree with those who think that our partition should not exceed three propositions. Doubtless, if it be too multifarious, it will escape the recollection of the judge, and perplex his attention; but it is not to be confined, as by a law, to this or that number, when a cause may possibly require more.

There are other reasons why we should not always adopt a partition; first, because most observations please better when they appear to be conceived on the

moment, and not to be brought from home, but to spring from the subject itself as we are discussing it; and hence the common expressions, I had almost forgotten, It had escaped me, You aptly remind me, are by no means ill received. If you lay down your course of proof beforehand, all pleasure of novelty is cut off from the sequel of your speech. Sometimes, too, the judge must be misled, and wrought upon by various artifices, that he may suppose something else to be intended than what is really our object. A proposition is sometimes startling, and a judge, if he sees it prematurely, dreads it as a patient dreads the surgeon's instrument before an operation is performed; but if, without any proposition being advanced beforehand, our observations come upon him when off his guard, and penetrate his mind, without any warning, when wrapt up, as it were, in itself, they will make him believe that which he would have distrusted if we had advanced it at first. Occasionally, too, we should avoid not only the distinction of questions, but the mention of them altogether; the judge should have his feelings strongly moved, and his attention diverted; for to instruct is not the only duty of an orator; the power of eloquence is best shown in producing excitement. But to such an effect that minute carefulness in division, scrupulously separated into parts, at a time when we should endeavor to deprive the judge of the power of deciding against us, is directly opposed. Are not arguments, also, that are light and weak when detached, often of great force in a body? Such arguments, accordingly, should rather be collected in a mass, and we should make a sally with them, as it were, upon the judge; an expedient which should rarely, however, be adopted, and only in case of necessity, when reasoning forces us to that which seems contrary to reasoning. In addition, it is to be considered that there is, in every division of a case, some one point of more importance than the rest, and when the judge has become acquainted with it, he is apt to disdain other points as requiring no notice. Consequently, if more charges than one are to be established or overthrown, a partition is both advantageous and agreeable, in order that what we have to say on each head may distinctly be shown; but if we have to combat one charge by various arguments it is needless. . . .

The proposition of a cause, whether divided or single, ought, whenever it can be introduced with advantage, to be, above all, plain and clear (for what can be more disgraceful than to make that obscure which is adopted for no other purpose than that other parts may not be obscure?) and it should also be brief, and not loaded even with a single useless word; for we must remember that we have not to show what we are saying, but what we are going to say. We must be cautious, too, that nothing may be deficient in it, and nothing redundant. The most frequent cause of redundancy is, when we divide into species what it would be sufficient to divide into genera; or when, after mentioning the genus, we add species to it, as if we should speak of virtue, justice, temperance, when justice and temperance are but species of virtue.

The first step in partition is to distinguish what is admitted and what is disputed. Next, in regard to what is admitted, to distinguish what our adversary admits, and what we admit; and, in respect to what is disputed, to specify what our propositions are, and what those of our opponent. But what is most culpable is not to treat of your several points in the order in which you have arranged them.

As an argument is a process of reasoning affording a proof, by which one thing is gathered from another, and which establishes what is doubtful by reference to what is certain, there must assuredly be something in a cause that does not require proof; for unless there be something which is true, or which appears true, and from which support may be gained for what is doubtful, there will be no ground on which we

can prove anything. As certainties, accordingly, we have, in the first place, what is perceived by the senses, as what we see, what we hear, as signs or indications; next, what is admitted by the general consent of mankind, as that there are gods, and that respect is to be paid to parents; also, what is established by the laws, or what is passed into general usage, with the concurrence, if not of the whole world, at least of that community or people among whom we have to plead, as indeed, in what is called legal right, most points are settled, not by positive laws, but by common custom; and, lastly, whatever is agreed between the two parties, whatever is proved, or whatever our adversary does not dispute.

Let us now examine the places of arguments; although, indeed, the topics of which I have previously spoken are regarded as places of argument by some rhetoricians. By places, let me observe, I mean, not common places, in the sense in which the word is generally understood, in reference to luxury, adultery, or such subjects; but the seats of arguments, in which they lie concealed, and from which they must be drawn forth. For as all kinds of fruits are not produced in all countries, and as you will be unable to find a bird or a beast, if you are ignorant where it is usually produced or makes its abode, and as, among the several kinds of fishes, some delight in a smooth and others in a rocky bottom of the water, while particular sorts are confined to particular regions or coasts, and you could not attract the ellops or the scarus to our shores, so every kind of argument is not to be got from every place, and is consequently not everywhere to be sought; otherwise there would be much wandering about, and, after enduring the utmost labor, we should not be able to find, unless by chance, that for which we should seek without method. But if we ascertain where particular arguments offer themselves, we shall, when we come to the place where they lie, easily discern what is in it.

HOW TO CLOSE A SPEECH—THE PERORATION

THE repetition and summing up of heads, which is called by the Greeks *'ανακεφαλαίωσις*, and by some of the Latins "enumeration," is intended both to refresh the memory of the judge, to set the whole cause at once before his view, and to enforce such arguments in a body as had produced an insufficient effect in detail. In this part of our speech, what we repeat ought to be repeated as briefly as possible, and we must, as is intimated by the Greek term, run over only the principal heads; for, if we dwell upon them, the result will be, not a recapitulation, but a sort of second speech. What we may think necessary to recapitulate, must be put forward with some emphasis, enlivened by suitable remarks, and varied with different figures, for nothing is more offensive than mere straightforward repetition, as if the speaker distrusted the judge's memory. The figures which we may employ are innumerable; and Cicero affords us an excellent example in his pleading against Verres. . . .

A feeling of the judge in our favor is sought but modestly at the commencement, when it is sufficient that it be just admitted, and when the whole speech is before us; but in the peroration we have to mark with what sort of feeling the judge will proceed to consider his sentence, as we have then nothing more to say, and no place is left us for which we can reserve further arguments. It is therefore common to each party to endeavor to attract the favor of the judge towards himself, to withdraw it from his adversary, to excite the feelings and to compose them; and this very brief admonition may be given to both parties, that a pleader should bring the whole force of his cause before his view, and, when he has noticed what,

among its various points, is likely, or may be made likely, to excite disapprobation or favor, dislike or pity, should dwell on those particulars by which he himself, if he were judge, would be most impressed. But it is safer for me to consider the parts of each separately.

What recommends the prosecutor to the judge, I have already noticed in the precepts which I have given for the exordium. Some particulars, however, which it is sufficient to intimate in the commencement, must be stated more fully in the conclusion, especially if the cause be undertaken against a violent, odious, or dangerous character, or if the condemnation of the accused will be an honor to the judges, and his acquittal a disgrace to them. Thus Calvus makes an admirable remark in his speech against Vatinius: "You know, judges, that bribery has been committed, and all men know that you know it." Cicero, too, in pleading against Verres, observes that "the disrepute which had fallen on the courts might be effaced by the condemnation of Verres"; and this is one of the conciliatory modes of address to which I have before alluded. . . .

Our supplications for pity should not be long; as it is observed, not without reason, that nothing dries sooner than tears. For, since time lessens even natural sorrows, the representation of sorrow, which we produce in a speech, must lose its effect still sooner; and if we are prolix in it, the hearer, wearied with tears, will recover his tranquillity, and return from the emotion which had surprised him, to the exercise of his reason. Let us not allow the impressions that we make, therefore, to cool, but, when we have raised the feelings of our audience to the utmost, let us quit the subject, and not expect that any person will long bewail the misfortunes of another. Not only in other parts of our speech, accordingly, but most of all in this part, our eloquence ought gradually to rise; for whatever does not add to that which has been said, seems even to take away from it, and the feeling which begins to subside soon passes away.

We may excite tears, however, not only by words, but by acts; and hence it becomes a practice to exhibit persons on their trial in a squalid and pitiful garb, accompanied with their children and parents; hence, too, we see blood-stained swords produced by accusers, with fractured bones extracted from wounds, and garments spotted with blood; we behold wounds unbound, and scourged backs exposed to view. The effect of such exhibitions is generally very strong, so that they fix the attention of the spectators on the act as if it were committed before their eyes. The blood-stained toga of Julius Cæsar, when exhibited in the forum, excited the populace of Rome almost to madness. It was known that he was killed; his body was even stretched on the bier; yet his robe, drenched in blood, excited such a vivid idea of the crime, that Cæsar seemed not to have been assassinated, but to be subjected to assassination at that very moment. But I would not for that reason approve of a device of which I have read, and which I have myself seen adopted, a representation, displayed in a painting or on a curtain, of the act at the atrocity of which the judge was to be shocked. For how conscious must a pleader be of his inefficiency, who thinks that a dumb picture will speak better for him than his own words! But an humble garb, and wretched appearance, on the part as well of the accused as of his relatives, has, I know, been of much effect; and I am aware that entreaties have contributed greatly to save accused persons from death. To implore mercy of the judges, therefore, by the defendant's dearest objects of affection (that is to say, if he has children, wife, or parents), will be of great advantage, as well as to invoke the gods, since such invocation seems to proceed from a clear conscience. To fall prostrate, also, and embrace the knees of the judge, may be allowable at times, unless the character of the accused, and his past life and station, dissuade him from such humiliation; for there are some deeds that ought to be defended with the same

boldness with which they were committed. But regard is to be had to the defendant's dignity, with such caution that an offensive confidence may not appear in him. . . .

There are also perorations of a milder sort, in which we seek to pacify an adversary, if his character, for instance, be such that respect is due to him, or in which we give him some friendly admonition, and exhort him to concord; a kind of peroration that was admirably managed by Passienus, when he pleaded the cause of his wife Domitia, to recover a sum of money, against her brother Ænobarbus, for, after he had enlarged on their relationship, he added some remarks on their fortune, of which both had abundance, saying: "There is nothing of which you have less need than that about which you are contending."

But all these addresses to the feelings, though they are thought by some to have a place only in the exordium and the peroration, in which, indeed, they are most frequently introduced, are admissible also in other parts, but more sparingly, as it is from them that the decision of the cause must be chiefly evolved; but in the peroration, if anywhere, we may call forth all the resources of eloquence; for if we have treated the other parts successfully, we are secure of the attention of the judges at the conclusion; where, having passed the rocks and shallows on our voyage, we may expand our sails in safety; and, as amplification forms the greatest part of a peroration, we may use language and thoughts of the greatest magnificence and elegance. It is then that we may shake the theatre, when we come to that with which the old tragedies and comedies were concluded, *Plaudite*, "Give us your applause."

THE ART OF REMEMBERING IN ORATORY

SOME have thought memory to be a mere gift of nature; and to nature, doubtless, it is chiefly owing; but it is strengthened, like all our other faculties, by exercise; and all the study of the orator, of which we have hitherto been speaking, is ineffectual, unless the other departments of it be held together by memory as by an animating principle. All knowledge depends on memory; and we shall be taught to no purpose if whatever we hear escapes from us. It is the power of memory that brings before us those multitudes of precedents, laws, judgments, sayings, and facts, of which an orator should always have an abundance, and which he should always be ready to produce. The memory is accordingly not without reason called the treasury of eloquence.

But it is necessary for those who are to plead, not only to retain multitudes of particulars firmly in the memory, but also to have a quick conception of them; not only to remember what they have written after repeated perusals, but to observe the order of thoughts and words even in what they have merely meditated; and to recollect the statements of the adverse party, not necessarily with a view to refute them in the order in which they have been advanced, but to notice each of them in the most suitable place. The ability of speaking extempore seems to me to depend on no other faculty of the mind than this; for, while we are uttering one thought, we have to consider what we are to say next; and thus, while the mind is constantly looking forward beyond its immediate object, whatever it finds in the meantime it deposits in the keeping, as it were, of the memory, which, receiving it from the conception, transmits it, as an instrument of intercommunication, to the delivery. . . .

If a long speech is to be retained in the memory, it will be of advantage to learn it in parts; for the memory sinks under a vast burden laid on it at once. At

the same time, the portions should not be extremely short, for they will then distract and harass the memory. I cannot, however, prescribe any certain length, since this must be suited, as much as possible, to the different divisions of the subject, unless a division, perchance, be of such magnitude that it requires to be subdivided. But certain limits must assuredly be fixed, that frequent meditation may connect the series of words in each, which is attended with great difficulty, and that a repetition of the parts in their order may unite them into a whole. As to those which are least easily remembered, it will be of advantage to associate with them certain marks, the recollection of which may refresh and excite the memory. Scarcely any man has so unhappy a memory as not to remember what symbol he designed for any particular part; but, if he be so unfortunately dull, it will be a reason for him to adopt the remedy of marks, that they may stimulate him. For it is of no small service in this method to affix signs to those thoughts which are likely, we think, to escape us; an anchor, if we have to speak of a ship; a spear, if we have to think of a battle; since signs are of great efficacy, and one idea arises from another,—as when a ring shifted from one finger to another, or tied with a thread, reminds us why we shifted or tied it.

Those contrivances have the greatest effect in fixing things in the memory, which lead it from some similar object to that which we have to remember; as, in regard to names, if Fabius, for instance, is to be kept in our memory, we may think of the famous Cunctator, who will surely not escape us, or of some one of our friends, who is named Fabius. This is still more easy in respect to such names as *Aper*, *Ursus*, *Naso*, or *Crispus*, since we can fix in our minds the things to which they allude. A reference to the origin of derivative names is sometimes even a still better means of remembering them, as in those of *Cicero*, *Verrius*, *Aurelius*.

What will be of service, however, to every one, is to learn by heart from the same tablets on which he has written; for he will pursue the remembrance of what he has composed by certain traces, and will look, as it were, with the eye of his mind, not only on the pages, but on almost every individual line, resembling, while he speaks, a person reading. If, moreover, any erasure, or addition, or alteration has been made, they will be as so many marks, and while we attend to them we shall not go astray.

To learn by heart in silence (for it is a question whether we should do so or not) would be best, if other thoughts did not intrude on the mind at a time when it is, so to speak, at rest, for which reason it requires to be stimulated by the voice, that the memory may be excited by the double duty of speaking and hearing. But the tone of voice ought to be low, and rather a kind of murmur. As to him that learns from another person who reads to him, he is in some degree retarded, as the sense of seeing is quicker than that of hearing, but he may, on the other hand, be in some degree benefited, as, after he has heard a passage once or twice, he may immediately begin to try his memory, and attempt to rival the reader; indeed, for other reasons, we should make it our great care to test the memory from time to time, since continuous reading passes with equal celerity over that which takes less and that which takes more hold of the mind; while, in making trial whether we retain what we have heard, not only a greater degree of attention is applied, but no time is unoccupied, or lost in repeating that which we already know, as, in this way, only the parts that have escaped us are gone over again, that they may be fixed in the memory by frequent repetition, though generally, indeed, these very parts are more securely stored in the memory than others, for the very reason that they escaped it at first.

It is common alike to learning by heart and to composition, that good health, excellent digestion, and a mind free from other subjects of care, contribute greatly to success in them.

But for fixing in the memory what we have written, and for retaining in it what we meditate, the most efficacious, and almost the only, means (except exercise, which is the most powerful of all), are division and arrangement. He who makes a judicious division of his subject, will never err in the order of particulars; for, if we but speak as we ought, there will be certain points, as well in the treatment as in the distribution of the different questions in our speech, that will naturally be first, second, and so on; and the whole concatenation of the parts will be so manifestly coherent that nothing can be omitted or inserted in it without being at once perceived.

If any one ask me, however, what is the only and great art of memory, I shall say that it is exercise and labor. To learn much by heart, to meditate much, and, if possible, daily, are the most efficacious of all methods. Nothing is so much strengthened by practice, or weakened by neglect, as memory. Let children, therefore, as I directed, learn as much as possible by heart at the earliest possible age; and let every one, at whatever age, that applies himself to strengthen his memory by cultivation, get resolutely over the tedium of going through what has often been written and read, and of masticating repeatedly, as it were, the same food; a labor which may be rendered easier, if we begin with learning a few things first, and such as do not create disgust in us; and we may then add to our task a verse or two every day, the addition of which will cause no sensible increase to our labor, but will lead, at length, to almost inconceivable results. We may first learn pieces of poetry, then passages from orators, and at last composition of a less studied kind, and more remote from the style of oratory, as that of writers on law. For what is intended as an exercise ought to be of a rather difficult nature in order that that for which it is intended as an exercise may be easier; just as athletes accustom their hands to leaden weights, though they must use them empty and unarmed in actual combats.

I must not omit to mention, what is found to be true by daily experience, that in minds of a somewhat slow nature, the impression of what is recent on the memory is by no means exact. It is astonishing how much strength the interval of a night gives it; and a reason for the fact cannot be easily discovered; whether it be from the effort, the fatigue of which was a hindrance to itself, being suspended during the time; or whether it be that reminiscence, which is the most efficient quality of the memory, is cherished or matured; certain it is that what could not be repeated at first is readily put together on the following day; and the very time which is generally thought to cause forgetfulness is found to strengthen the memory. On the other hand, the extraordinary quick memory soon allows what it has grasped to escape it; and as if, after discharging a present duty, it owed nothing further, it resigns its charge like a dismissed steward. Nor is it, indeed, surprising that what has been longest impressed upon the mind should adhere to it with the greatest tenacity.

All the foregoing extracts are from the translation
of John Selby Watson.

EPICTETUS

(c. 50 A. D.— (?))

PERHAPS no one else has written so well on the "Philosophy of Eloquence" as the great Stoic Epictetus,—one of the world's most remarkable thinkers. He treats eloquence as a faculty of the will,—that is, as a power of expression which will come to all who are really determined to know what is right and to express it. Speaking with the authority of a master, he disposes once for all of the discussion of whether this man or that can become a good orator. "Yes," he answers in effect; "he can,—if he is a good man brave enough to give his goodness expression. For what is eloquence but goodness expressed in the language of one who dares to give it the best possible expression!"

Epictetus was born in Phrygia probably as a slave. The date of his birth is not known, but when first heard of in Rome, he was the slave of Epaphroditus who is described as "a profligate freedman of the Emperor Nero." It is supposed that he died under Hadrian. He was a highly educated man, but he wrote nothing. His "Discourses" as they were reported by his disciple Arrian make one of the most remarkable books in existence.

ON THE POWER OF SPEAKING

EVERY man will read a book with more pleasure or even with more ease, if it is written in fairer characters. Therefore every man will also listen more readily to what is spoken, if it is signified by appropriate and becoming words. We must not say, then, that there is no faculty of expression; for this affirmation is the characteristic of an impious and also of a timid man. Of an impious man, because he undervalues the gifts which come from God, just as if he would take away the commodity of the power of vision, or of hearing, or of seeing. Has then God given you eyes to no purpose? and to no purpose has he infused into them a spirit so strong and of such skillful contrivance as to reach a long way and to fashion the forms of things which are seen? What messenger is so swift and vigilant? And to no purpose has he made the interjacent atmosphere so efficacious and elastic that the vision penetrates through the atmosphere which is in a manner moved? And to no purpose has he made light, without the presence of which there would be no use in any other thing.

Man, be neither ungrateful for these gifts nor yet forgot the things which are superior to them. But, indeed, for the power of seeing and hearing, and, indeed, for life itself, and for the things which contribute to support it, for the fruits which are dry, and for wine and oil give thanks to God; but remember that he has given you something else better than all these. I mean the power of using them, proving

them, and estimating the value of each. For what is that which gives information about each of these powers, what each of them is worth? Is it each faculty itself? Did you ever hear the faculty of vision saying anything about itself? or the faculty of hearing? or wheat, or barley, or a horse, or a dog? No; but they are appointed as ministers and slaves to serve the faculty which has the power of making use of the appearances of things. And if you inquire what is the value of each thing, of whom do you inquire? who answers you? How then can any other faculty be more powerful than this, which uses the rest as ministers and itself proves each and pronounces about them? for which of them knows what itself is, and what is its own value? which of them knows when it ought to employ itself and when not? what faculty is it which opens and closes the eyes, and turns them away from objects to which it ought not to apply them and does apply them to other objects? Is it the faculty of vision? No; but it is the faculty of the will. What is that faculty which closes and opens the ears? what is that by which they are curious and inquisitive, or, on the contrary, unmoved by what is said? is it the faculty of hearing? It is no other than the faculty of the will. Will this faculty then, seeing that it is amid all the other faculties which are blind and dumb and unable to see anything else except the very acts for which they are appointed in order to minister to this (faculty) and serve it, but this faculty alone sees sharp and sees what is the value of each of the rest; will this faculty declare to us that anything else is the best, or that itself is? And what else does the eye do when it is opened than see? But whether we ought to look on the wife of a certain person, and in what manner, who tells us? The faculty of the will. And whether we ought to believe what is said or not to believe it, and if we do believe, whether we ought to be moved by it or not, who tells us? Is it not the faculty of the will? But this faculty of speaking and of ornamenting words, if there is, indeed, any such peculiar faculty, what else does it do, when there happens to be discourse about a thing, than to ornament the words and arrange them as hairdressers do the hair? But whether it is better to speak or to be silent, and better to speak in this way or that way, and whether this is becoming or not becoming, and the season for each and the use, what else tells us than the faculty of the will? Would you have it then to come forward and condemn itself?

What then? it (the will) says, if the fact is so, can that which ministers be superior to that to which it ministers, can the horse be superior to the rider, or the dog to the huntsman, or the instrument to the musician, or the servants to the king? What is that which makes use of the rest? The will. What takes care of all? The will. What destroys the whole man, at one time by hunger, at another time by hanging, and at another time by a precipice? The will. Then is anything stronger in men than this? and how is it possible that the things which are subject to restraint are stronger than that which is not? What things are naturally formed to hinder the faculty of vision? Both will and things which do not depend on the faculty of the will. It is the same with the faculty of hearing, with the faculty of speaking in like manner. But what has a natural power of hindering the will? Nothing which is independent of the will; but only the will itself, when it is perverted. Therefore this (the will) is alone vice or alone virtue.

Then being so great a faculty and set over all the rest, let it (the will) come forward and tell us that the most excellent of all things is the flesh. Not even if the flesh itself declared that it is the most excellent, would any person bear that it should say this. But what is it, Epicurus, which pronounces this, which wrote about the End (purpose) of our Being, which wrote on the Nature of Things, which wrote about the Canon (rule of truth), which led you to wear a beard, which wrote when it was dying that it was spending the last and a happy day? Was this the

flesh or the will? Then do you admit that you possess anything superior to this (the will)? and are you not mad? are you in fact so blind and deaf?

What then? Does any man despise the other faculties? I hope not. Does any man say that there is no use or excellence in the speaking faculty? I hope not. That would be foolish, impious, ungrateful toward God. But a man renders to each thing its due value. For there is some use even in an ass, but not so much as in an ox; there is also use in a dog, but not so much as in a slave; there is also some use in a slave, but not so much as in citizens; there is also some use in citizens, but not so much as in magistrates. Not, indeed, because some things are superior, must we undervalue the use which other things have. There is a certain value in the power of speaking, but it is not so great as the power of the will. When, then, I speak thus, let no man think that I ask you to neglect the power of speaking, for neither do I ask you to neglect the eyes nor the ears nor the hands nor the feet, nor clothing nor shoes. But if you ask me what, then, is the most excellent of all things, what must I say? I cannot say the power of speaking, but the power of the will, when it is right. For it is this which uses the other (the power of speaking), and all the other faculties both small and great. For when this faculty of the will is set right, a man who is not good becomes good; but when it fails, a man becomes bad. It is through this that we are unfortunate, that we are fortunate, that we blame one another, are pleased with one another. In a word, it is this which, if we neglect it, makes unhappiness, and if we carefully look after it makes happiness.

But to take away the faculty of speaking and to say that there is no such faculty in reality is the act not only of an ungrateful man toward those who gave it, but also of a cowardly man; for such a person seems to me to fear, if there is any faculty of this kind, that we shall not be able to despise it. Such also are those who say that there is no difference between beauty and ugliness. Then it would happen that a man would be affected in the same way if he saw Thersites and if he saw Achilles; in the same way, if he saw Helen and any other woman. But these are foolish and clownish notions, and the notions of men who know not the nature of each thing, but are afraid if a man shall see the difference, that he shall immediately be seized and carried off vanquished. But this is the great matter; to leave to each thing the power (faculty) which it has, and leaving to it this power to see what is the worth of the power, and to learn what is the most excellent of all things, and to pursue this always, to be diligent about this, considering all other things of secondary value compared with this, but yet, as far as we can, not neglecting all those other things. For we must take care of the eyes also, not as if they were the most excellent thing, but we must take care of them on account of the most excellent thing, because it will not be in its true natural condition if it does not rightly use the other faculties, and prefer some things to others.

What, then, is usually done? Men generally act as a traveler would do on his way to his own country, when he enters a good inn, and, being pleased with it, should remain there. Man, you have forgotten your purpose: you were not traveling to this inn, but you were passing through it. But this is a pleasant inn. And how many other inns are pleasant? and how many meadows are pleasant? yet only for passing through. But your purpose is this, to return to your country, to relieve your kinsmen of anxiety, to discharge the duties of a citizen, to marry, to beget children, to fill the usual magistracies. For you are not come to select more pleasant places, but to live in these where you were born and of which you were made a citizen. Something of the kind takes place in the matter which we are considering. Since by the aid of speech and such communication as you receive here you must advance to perfection, and purge your will and correct the faculty which makes use of the

appearances of things; and since it is necessary also for the teaching (delivery) of theorems to be effected by a certain mode of expression and with a certain variety and sharpness, some persons captivated by these very things abide in them, one captivated by the expression, another by syllogisms, another again by sophisms, and still another by some other inn of the kind; and there they stay and waste away as if they were among sirens.

Man, your purpose (business) was to make yourself capable of using conformably to nature the appearances presented to you, in your desires not to be frustrated, in your aversion from things not to fall into that which you would avoid, never to have no luck (as one may say), nor ever to have bad luck, to be free, not hindered, not compelled, conforming yourself to the administration of God, obeying it, well satisfied with this, blaming no one, charging no one with fault, able from your whole soul to utter these words:—


“Lead me, O Zeus, and thou too Destiny.”

Then having this purpose before you, if some little form of expression pleases you, if some theorems please you, do you abide among them and choose to dwell there, forgetting the things at home, and do you say, These things are fine? Who says that they are not fine? but only as being a way home, as inns are. For what hinders you from being an unfortunate man, even if you speak like Demosthenes? and what prevents you, if you can resolve syllogisms like Chrysippus, from being wretched, from sorrowing, from envying, in a word, from being disturbed, from being unhappy? Nothing. You see, then, that these were inns, worth nothing; and that the purpose before you was something else. When I speak thus to some persons, they think that I am rejecting care about speaking or care about theorems. But I am not rejecting this care, but I am rejecting the abiding about these things incessantly and putting our hopes in them. If a man by this teaching does harm to those who listen to him, reckon me too among those who do this harm; for I am not able, when I see one thing which is most excellent and supreme, to say that another is so in order to please you.

Long's translation of the "Discourses,"
Book II., Chap. xxiii.

CORNELIUS TACITUS

(c. 55-c. 117 A. D.)

HE "Dialogue on Oratory" left by Tacitus is one of the best of his miscellaneous essays. As he was one of the most noted professional orators of his generation in Rome, what he says may be accepted as coming from an expert. Born about 55 A. D., and living under some of the worst emperors, he remained a steadfast friend of free institutions. Both in his "History" and his "Annals" he has set all after times an example of high moral courage and devotion to truth. To these qualities even more than to his admirable style he owes the high estimation in which he has been held for nearly twenty centuries. The exact date of his death is not known, but it is fixed approximately at 117 A. D.

THE REWARDS OF ORATORY

IN THE most splendid fortune, in all the dignity and pride of power, is there anything that can equal the heartfelt satisfaction of the able advocate when he sees the most illustrious citizens, men respected for their years, and flourishing in the opinion of the public, yet paying their court to a rising genius, and, in the midst of wealth and grandeur, fairly owning that they still want something superior to all their possessions?

What shall be said of the attendants that follow the young orator from the bar, and watch his motions to his own house? With what importance does he appear to the multitude! In the courts of judicature, with what veneration! When he rises to speak, the audience is hushed in mute attention; every eye is fixed on him alone; the crowd presses round him; he is master of their passions; they are swayed, impelled, directed, as he thinks proper. These are the fruits of eloquence, well known to all, and palpable to every common observer.

There are other pleasures more refined and secret, felt only by the initiated. When the orator, upon some great occasion, comes with a well-digested speech, conscious of his matter, and animated by his subject, his breast expands, and heaves with emotions unfelt before. In his joy there is a dignity suited to the weight and energy of the composition which he has prepared. Does he rise to hazard himself in a sudden debate? He is alarmed for himself, but in that very alarm there is a mingling of pleasure which predominates till distress itself becomes delightful. The mind exults in the prompt exertion of its powers, and even glories in its rashness. The productions of genius, and those of the field have this resemblance: many things are sown, and brought to maturity with toil and care; yet that, which grows from the wild vigor of nature, has the most grateful flavor.

As to myself, if I may allude to my own feelings, the day on which I put on the manly gown, and even the days that followed, when, as a new man at Rome, born in a city that did not favor my pretensions, I rose in succession to the offices of questor, tribune, and pretor; those days, I say, did not awaken in my breast such exalted rapture as when, in the course of my profession, I was called forth, with such talents as have fallen to my share, to defend the accused; to argue a question of law before the centumviri, or, in the presence of the prince, to plead for his freedom and the procurators appointed by himself. Upon those occasions I towered above all places of profit, and all preferment; I looked down on the dignities of tribune, pretor, and consul; I felt within myself what neither the favor of the great nor the wills and codicils of the rich can give, a vigor of mind, an inward energy, that springs from no external cause, but is altogether your own.

Look through the circle of the fine arts, survey the whole compass of the sciences, and tell me in what branch can the professors acquire a name to vie with the celebrity of a great and powerful orator. His fame does not depend on the opinion of thinking men, who attend to business and watch the administration of affairs; he is applauded by the youth of Rome, at least by such of them as are of a well-turned disposition, and hope to rise by honorable means. The eminent orator is the model which every parent recommends to his children. Even the common people stand and gaze as he passes by; they pronounce his name with pleasure, and point at him as the object of their admiration. The provinces resound with his praise. The strangers, who arrive from all parts, have heard of his genius; they wish to behold the man, and their curiosity is never at rest till they have seen his person, and perused his countenance.

From the "Dialogue on Oratory."
Murphy's translation.

ON THE EDUCATION OF AN ORATOR

THE unwearied diligence of the ancient orators, their habits of meditation, and their daily exercise in the whole circle of arts and sciences, are amply displayed in the books which they have transmitted to us. The treatise of Cicero, entitled "Brutus," is in all our hands. In that work, after commemorating the orators of a former day, he closes the account with the particulars of his own progress in science, and the method he took in educating himself to the profession of oratory. He studied the civil law under Mucius Scaevola; he was instructed in the various systems of philosophy, by Philo of the academic school, and by Diodorus the Stoic; and though Rome at that time abounded with the best professors, he made a voyage to Greece and thence to Asia, in order to enrich his mind with every branch of learning. Hence that store of knowledge which appears in all his writings. Geometry, music, grammar, and every useful art were familiar to him. He embraced the whole science of logic and ethics. He studied the operations of nature. His diligence of inquiry opened to him the long chain of causes and effects, and, in short, the whole system of physiology was his own. From a mind thus replenished, it is no wonder, my good friends, that we see in the compositions of that extraordinary man that affluence of ideas, and that prodigious flow of eloquence. In fact, it is not with oratory as with the other arts, which are confined to certain objects, and circumscribed within their own peculiar limits. He alone deserves the name of an orator, who can speak in a copious style, with ease or dignity, as the subject requires; who can find language to decorate his argu-

ment; who through the passions can command the understanding; and, while he serves mankind, knows how to delight the judgment and the imagination of his audience.

Such was, in ancient times, the idea of an orator. To form that illustrious character, it was not thought necessary to declaim in the schools of rhetoricians, or to make a vain parade in fictitious controversies, which were not only void of all reality, but even of a shadow of probability. Our ancestors pursued a different plan: they stored their minds with just ideas of moral good and evil; with the rules of right and wrong, and the fair and foul in human transactions. These, on every controverted point, are the orator's province. In courts of law, just and unjust undergo his discussion; in political debate, between what is expedient and honorable, it is his to draw the line; and those questions are so blended in their nature, that they enter into every cause. On such important topics, who can hope to bring variety of matter, and to dignify that matter with style and sentiment, if he has not beforehand enlarged his mind with the knowledge of human nature? with the laws of moral obligation? the deformity of vice, the beauty of virtue? and other points which do not immediately belong to the theory of ethics?

The orator, who has enriched his mind with these materials, may be truly said to have acquired the powers of persuasion. He who knows the nature of indignation will be able to kindle or allay that passion in the breast of the judge; and the advocate, who has considered the effect of compassion, and from what secret springs it flows, will best know how to soften the mind, and melt it into tenderness. It is by these secrets of his art that the orator gains his influence. Whether he has to do with the prejudiced, the angry, the envious, the melancholy, or the timid, he can bridle their various passions, and hold the reins in his own hand. According to the disposition of his audience, he will know when to check the workings of the heart, and when to raise them to their full tumult of emotion.

Some critics are chiefly pleased with that close mode of oratory, which in a laconic manner states the facts, and forms an immediate conclusion; in that case it is obvious how necessary it is to be a complete master of the rules of logic. Others delight in a more open, free, and copious style, where the arguments are drawn from the topics of general knowledge; for this purpose, the peripatetic school will supply the orator with ample materials. The academic philosopher will inspire him with warmth and energy; Plato will give the sublime, and Xenophon that equal flow which charms us in that amiable writer. The rhetorical figure, which is called exclamation, so frequent with Epicurus and Metrodorus, will add to a discourse those sudden breaks of passion, which give motion, strength, and vehemence.

It is not for the Stoic school, nor for their imaginary wise man, that I am laying down rules. I am forming an orator, whose business it is, not to adhere to one sect, but to go the round of all the arts and sciences. Accordingly we find that the great masters of ancient eloquence laid their foundation in a thorough study of the civil law, and to that fund they added grammar, music, and geometry. The fact is, in most of the causes that occur, perhaps in every cause, a due knowledge of the whole system of jurisprudence is an indispensable requisite. There are likewise many subjects of litigation, in which an acquaintance with other sciences is of the highest use.

From the "Dialogue on Oratory."
Murphy's translation.

ORATORY AND THE GENIUS OF THE AGE

IN THE course of human affairs there is no stability, nothing secure or permanent. It is with our minds as with our bodies: the latter as soon as they have attained their full growth, and seem to flourish in the vigor of health, begin, from that moment, to feel the gradual approaches of decay. Our intellectual powers proceed in the same manner; they gain strength by degrees, they arrive at maturity, and, when they can no longer improve, they languish, droop, and fade away. This is the law of nature, to which every age, and every nation, of which we have any historical records, have been obliged to submit. There is besides another general law, hard perhaps, but wonderfully ordained, and it is this: nature, whose operations are always simple and uniform, never suffers in any age or country, more than one great example of perfection in the kind. This was the case in Greece, that prolific parent of genius and of science. She had but one Homer, one Plato, one Demosthenes. The same has happened at Rome: Virgil stands at the head of his art, and Cicero is still unrivaled. During a space of seven hundred years our ancestors were struggling to reach the summit of perfection; Cicero at length arose; he thundered forth his immortal energy, and Nature was satisfied with the wonder she had made. The force of genius could go no further. A new road to fame was to be found. We aimed at wit, and gay conceit, and glittering sentences. The change, indeed, was great, but it naturally followed the new form of government. Genius died with public liberty.

We find that the discourse of men always conforms to the temper of the times. Among savage nations language is never copious. A few words serve the purpose of barbarians, and those are always uncouth and harsh, without the artifice of connection; short, abrupt, and nervous. In a state of polished society, where a single ruler sways the sceptre, the powers of the mind take a softer tone, and language grows more refined. But affection follows, and precision gives way to delicacy. The just and natural expression is no longer the fashion. Living in ease and luxury, men look for elegance and hope by novelty to give a grace to adulation. In other nations, where the first principles of the civil union are maintained in vigor; where the people live under the government of laws, and not the will of man; where the spirit of liberty pervades all ranks and orders of the state; where every individual holds himself bound, at the hazard of his life, to defend the constitution framed by his ancestors; where, without being guilty of an impious crime, no man dares to violate the rights of the whole community; in such a state, the national eloquence will be prompt, bold, and animated. Should internal dissensions shake the public peace, or foreign enemies threaten to invade the land, eloquence comes forth arrayed in terror; she wields her thunder, and commands all hearts. It is true that upon those occasions men of ambition endeavor, for their own purposes, to spread the flame of sedition; while the good and virtuous combine their force to quell the turbulent, and repel the menaces of a foreign enemy. Liberty gains new strength by the conflict, and the true patriot has the glory of serving his country, distinguished by his valor in the field, and in debate, no less terrible by his eloquence.

Hence it is that in free governments we see a constellation of orators. Hence Demosthenes displayed the powers of his amazing genius, and acquired immortal honor. He saw a quick and lively people, dissolved in luxury, open to the seductions of wealth, and ready to submit to a master; he saw a great and warlike monarch threatening destruction to the liberties of his country; he saw that prince at the head of powerful armies, renowned for victory, possessed of an opulent treas-

ury, formidable in battle, and, by his secret arts, still more so in the cabinet; he saw that king, inflamed by ambition and the lust of dominion, determined to destroy the liberties of Greece. It was that alarming crisis that called forth the powers of Demosthenes. Armed with eloquence, and with eloquence only, he stood as a bulwark against a combination of enemies foreign and domestic. He roused his countrymen from their lethargy; he kindled the holy flame of liberty; he counteracted the machinations of Philip, detected his clandestine frauds, and fired the men of Athens with indignation. To effect these generous purposes, and defeat the policy of a subtle enemy, what powers of mind were necessary! how vast, how copious, how sublime! He thundered and lightened in his discourse; he faced every danger with undaunted resolution. Difficulties served only to inspire him with new ardor. The love of his country glowed in his heart; liberty roused all his powers, and fame held forth her immortal wreath to reward his labors. These were the fine incentives that roused his genius, and no wonder that his mind expanded with vast conceptions. He thought for his country, and, by consequence, every sentiment was sublime; every expression was grand and magnificent.

The true spirit of genuine eloquence, like an intense fire, is kept alive by fresh materials; every new commotion gives it vigor, and in proportion as it burns it expands and brightens to a purer flame. The same causes at Rome produced the same effect. Tempestuous times called forth the genius of our ancestors. The Moderns, it is true, have taken fire, and rose above themselves, as often as a quiet, settled, and uniform government gave a fair opportunity; but eloquence, it is certain, flourishes most under a bold and turbulent democracy, where the ambitious citizen, who best can mold to his purposes a fierce and contentious multitude, is sure to be the idol of the people. In the conflict of parties, that kept our ancestors in agitation, laws were multiplied; the leading chiefs were the favorite demagogues; the magistrates were often engaged in midnight debate; eminent citizens were brought to a public trial; families were set at variance; the nobles were split into factions, and the senate waged incessant war against the people. Hence that flame of eloquence which blazed out under the republican government, and hence that constant fuel that kept the flame alive.

The state, it is true, was often thrown into convulsions; but talents were exercised, and genius opened the way to public honors. He who possessed the powers of persuasion rose to eminence, and by the arts, which gave him popularity, he was sure to eclipse his colleagues. He strengthened his interest with the leading men, and gained weight and influence not only in the senate, but in all assemblies of the people. Foreign nations courted his friendship. The magistrates, setting out for their provinces, made it their business to ingratiate themselves with the popular speaker, and, at their return, took care to renew their homage. The powerful orator had no occasion to solicit for preferment, the offices of pretor and consul stood open to receive him. He was invited to those exalted stations. Even in the rank of a private citizen he had a considerable share of power, since his authority swayed at once the senate and the people. It was in those days a settled maxim that no man could either rise to dignities, or support himself in office, without possessing, in an eminent degree, a power of words, and dignity of language.

Nor can this be matter of wonder, when we recollect that persons of distinguished genius were on various occasions called forth by the voice of the people, and in their presence obliged to act an important part. Eloquence was the ruling passion of all. The reason is, it was not then sufficient merely to vote in the senate; it was necessary to support that vote with strength of reasoning and a flow of language. Moreover, in all prosecutions the party accused was expected to make his defense in person, and to examine the witnesses, who at that time were not allowed

to speak in written depositions, but were obliged to give their testimony in open court. In this manner, necessity, no less than the temptation of bright rewards, conspired to make men cultivate the arts of oratory. He who was known to possess the powers of speech, was held in the highest veneration. The mute and silent character fell into contempt. The dread of shame was a motive not less powerful than the ambition that aimed at honors. To sink into the humiliating rank of a client, instead of maintaining the dignity of a patron, was a degrading thought. Men were unwilling to see the followers of their ancestors transferred to other families for protection. Above all, they dreaded the disgrace of being thought unworthy of civil honors; and if by intrigue they attained their wishes, the fear of being despised for incapacity was a spur to quicken their ardor in the pursuit of literary fame and commanding eloquence.

From the "Dialogue on Oratory."
Murphy's translation.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

(CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS)

(62-113 A. D.)



PLINY THE YOUNGER was one of the best prose writers of Rome after the death of Cicero. His "Letters" on philosophical and literary subjects are especially celebrated. He was a lawyer by profession, and he edited a number of his own orations. His letter on the "Forensic Oratory of Greece and Rome" is the opinion of an expert, though the style of his "Eulogy of Trajan," by which he is judged as an orator, is not so much admired as that of his "Letters." He was born at Como in Italy, 62 A. D., from a patrician family, his father being a brother of the celebrated naturalist, Caius Plinius Secundus, called "the Elder" to distinguish him from his equally celebrated namesake. The younger Pliny was a friend of the Emperor Trajan, under whom he served as Governor of Bithynia and Pontica,—provinces from which he wrote his celebrated letter to Trajan on the treatment and conduct of the Christians. He died 113 A. D.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR

I HAVE frequent debates with a learned and judicious person of my acquaintance, who admires nothing so much in the eloquence of the bar as conciseness. I agree with him, where the cause will admit of this manner, it may be properly enough pursued; but to insist that to omit what is material to be mentioned, or only slightly to touch upon those points which should be strongly inculcated, and urged home to the minds of the audience, is in effect to desert the cause one has undertaken. In many cases a copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impressions upon the mind, as iron does upon the solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow. In answer to this he usually has recourse to authorities; and produces Lysias among the Grecians, and Cato and the two Gracchi among our own countrymen, as instances in favor of the concise style. In return, I name Demosthenes, Æschines, Hyperides, and many others, in opposition to Lysias; while I confront Cato and the Gracchi, with Cæsar, Pollio, Cælius, and, above all, Cicero, whose longest oration is generally esteemed the best. It is in good compositions, as in everything else that is valuable; the more there is of them, the better. You may observe in statues, basso-relievos, pictures, and the bodies of men, and even in animals and trees, that nothing is more graceful than magnitude, if it is accompanied with proportion. The same holds true in pleading; and even in books, a large volume carries something of beauty and authority in its very size. My antagonist, who is extremely

dexterous at evading an argument, eludes all this, and much more which I usually urge to the same purpose, by insisting that those very persons, upon whose works I found my opinion, made considerable additions to their orations when they published them. This I deny; and appeal to the harangues of numberless orators; particularly to those of Cicero for Murena and Varenus, where he seems to have given us little more than the general charge. Whence it appears that many things which he enlarged upon at the time he delivered those orations were retrenched when he gave them to the public. The same excellent orator informs us that, agreeably to the ancient custom which allowed only one counsel on a side, Cluentius had no other advocate but himself; and tells us further that he employed four whole days in defense of Cornelius,—by which it plainly appears that those orations which, when delivered at their full length, had necessarily taken up so much time at the bar, were greatly altered and abridged when he afterwards comprised them in a single volume, though I must confess, indeed, a large one. But it is objected, there is a great difference between good pleading and just composition. This opinion, I acknowledge, has some favorers, and it may be true; nevertheless, I am persuaded (though I may perhaps be mistaken), that, as it is possible a pleading may be well received by the audience, which has not merit enough to recommend it to the reader, so a good oration cannot be a bad pleading; for the oration upon paper is, in truth, the original and model of the speech that is to be pronounced. It is for this reason we find in many of the best orations extant, numberless expressions which have the air of unpremeditated discourse; and this even where we are sure they were never spoken at all: as, for instance, in the following passage from the oration against Verres,—“A certain mechanic—what's his name? Oh, I am obliged to you for helping me to it; yes, I mean Polycletus.” It cannot then be denied that the nearer approach a speaker makes to the rules of just composition, the more perfect he will be in his art; always supposing, however, that he has the necessary indulgence in point of time; for if he be abridged of that, no imputation can justly be fixed upon the advocate, though certainly a very great one is chargeable upon the judge. The sense of the laws is, I am sure, on my side, which are by no means sparing of the orator's time; it is not brevity, but an enlarged scope, a full attention to everything material, which they recommend. And how is it possible for an advocate to acquit himself of that duty, unless in the most insignificant causes, if he affects to be concise? Let me add what experience, that unerring guide, has taught me: it has frequently been my province to act both as an advocate and as a judge, as I have often assisted as an assessor, where I have ever found the judgments of mankind are to be influenced by different applications; and that the slightest circumstances often produce the most important consequences. There is so vast a variety in the dispositions and understandings of men that they seldom agree in their opinions about any one point in debate before them; or if they do, it is generally from the movement of different passions. Besides, as every man naturally favors his own discoveries, and when he hears an argument made use of which had before occurred to himself, will certainly embrace it as extremely convincing, the orator, therefore, should so adapt himself to his audience as to throw out something to every one of them, that he may receive and approve as his own peculiar thought. I remember when Regulus and I were concerned together in a cause, he said to me, You seem to think it necessary to insist upon every point; whereas, I always take aim at my adversary's throat, and there I closely press him. ('Tis true, he tenaciously holds whatever part he has once fixed upon: but the misfortune is, he is extremely apt to mistake the right place.) I answered, It might possibly happen that what he took for what he called the throat was in reality some other part. As for me, said I, who do not pretend to direct my aim

with so much certainty, I attack every part, and push at every opening; in short, to use a vulgar proverb, I leave no stone unturned. As in agriculture, it is not my vineyards, or my woods alone, but my fields also that I cultivate; and (to pursue the allusion) as I do not content myself with sowing those fields with only one kind of grain, but employ several different sorts, so in my pleadings at the bar I spread at large a variety of matter like so many different seeds, in order to reap from thence whatever may happen to hit; for the disposition of your judges is as precarious and as little to be ascertained as that of soils and seasons. I remember the comic writer Eupolis mentions it in praise of that excellent orator Pericles, that—

“On his lips persuasion hung,
And powerful reason rul’d his tongue:
Thus he alone could boast the art,
To charm at once and sting the heart.”

But could Pericles, without the richest variety of expression, and merely by force of the concise or the rapid style, or both together (for they are extremely different), have exerted that charm and that sting of which the poet here speaks? To delight and to persuade requires time and a great compass of language; and to leave a sting in the minds of his audience is an effect not to be expected from an orator who slightly pushes, but from him, and him only, who thrusts home and deep. Another comic poet, speaking of the same orator, says,—

“His mighty words like Jove’s own thunder roll;
Greece hears and trembles to her inmost soul.”

But it is not the concise and the reserved, it is the copious, the majestic, and the sublime orator, who with the blaze and thunder of his eloquence hurries impetuously along, and bears down all before him. There is a just mean, I own, in everything; but he equally deviates from that true mark, who falls short of it, as he who goes beyond it; he who confines himself in too narrow a compass, as he who launches out with too great a latitude. Hence it is as common to hear our orators condemned for being too barren, as too luxuriant; for not reaching, as well as for overflowing the bounds of their subject. Both, no doubt, are equally distant from the proper medium; but with this difference, however, that in the one the fault arises from an excess, in the other from a deficiency; an error which if it be not a sign of a more correct, yet is certainly of a more exalted genius. When I say this, I would not be understood to approve that everlasting talker mentioned in Homer, but that other described in the following lines:—

“Frequent and soft as falls the winter snow,
Thus from his lips the copious periods flow.”

Not but I extremely admire him too, of whom the poet says,—

“Few were his words, but wonderfully strong.”

Yet if I were to choose, I should clearly give the preference to the style resembling winter snow, that is, to the full and diffusive; in short, to that pomp of eloquence which seems all heavenly and divine. But (’tis urged) the harangue of a more moderate length is most generally admired. It is so, I confess; but by whom? By the indolent only; and to fix the standard by the laziness and false delicacy of these would surely be the highest absurdity. Were you to consult persons of this cast, they would tell you, not only that it is best to say little, but that it is best to say nothing. Thus, my friend, I have laid before you my sentiments upon this

subject, which I shall readily abandon, if I find they are not agreeable to yours. But if you should dissent from me, I beg you would communicate to me your reasons. For though I ought to yield in this case to your more enlightened judgment, yet in a point of such consequence I had rather receive my conviction from the force of argument than authority. If you should be of my opinion in this matter, a line or two from you in return, intimating your concurrence, will be sufficient to confirm me in the justness of my sentiments. On the contrary, if you think me mistaken, I beg you would give me your objections at large. Yet has it not, think you, something of the air of bribery, to ask only a short letter if you agree with me; but enjoin you the trouble of a very long one, if you are of a contrary opinion? Farewell.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

AULUS GELLIUS

(c. 130-180 A. D.)



AULUS GELLIUS, one of the most interesting prose writers of the imperial period of Rome, was born about one hundred and thirty years after Christ. He was highly educated in the literature both of Greece and Rome, and in his "Attic Nights" he discusses almost, if not quite, the whole range of topics likely to interest the educated man of his day. The fourteenth chapter of the seventh book of the "Attic Nights" gives a valuable definition of the three kinds of eloquence which were held in good repute at Rome and Athens.

THE THREE KINDS OF ELOQUENCE

BOTH in verse and prose there are three approved forms of speaking, called by the Greeks *χαρακτῆρες*, and distinguished by the terms *ανδρον*, *ισχυον*, *μεσον*. The first we call copious, the next graceful, the third middle. The copious is that which comprehends dignity and grandeur; the graceful is that which is becoming and neat; the middle is partaker of both these. To these virtues of oratory there are an equal number of kindred defects, which fallaciously assume their dress and appearance. Thus often the tumid and the pompous pass for the "copious," the mean and the empty for the "graceful," the doubtful and ambiguous for the "middle." M. Varro says that in the Latin tongue there are three true and pertinent examples of these forms; namely, Pacuvius of the copious, Lucilius of the graceful, Terence of the middle. But these three modes of speaking are more anciently specified by Homer in three distinct personages: Ulysses was magnificent and copious, Menelaus acute and concise, Nestor mixed and moderate. This threefold variety was also observable in three philosophers whom the Athenians sent on an embassy to Rome and the Senate, to remit the fine imposed upon them on account of the plundering Oropus. This fine was almost five hundred talents. These philosophers were Carneades of the Academy, Diogenes the Stoic, and Critolaus the Peripatetic; and being admitted into the senate, they employed C. Acilius, a senator, as their interpreter. But previously each of these, by way of displaying his abilities, had harangued in a numerous assembly. Then it is said that Rutilius and Polybius greatly admired the eloquence which was peculiar to each philosopher. They affirm that the oratory of Carneades was strong and rapid, that of Critolaus learned and polished, of Diogenes modest and temperate. But each of these forms, as I have before observed, when its ornaments are chaste and modest, is excellent; when daubed and painted it is contemptible.

Complete. Beloe's translation. "Attic Nights," Book VII., chap. xiv.

LONGINUS

(c. 210–c. 273 A. D.)

THE essay of Longinus "On the Sublime" is one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind. It is unsurpassed in ancient literature, though the "Poetics" of Aristotle is classed with it. Of the many imitations of it by Moderns none equal it in originality and penetration. Its author was born in the third century after Christ. He was probably a Syrian Greek born at or near Emesa. He was educated both at Athens and Alexandria, then the two great centres of culture. Among the associates of his maturity were Porphyry and Plotinus, the celebrated Neoplatonists, and it is said by Suidas that he was Porphyry's teacher. He was not himself a Neoplatonist, however. He was a man of affairs as well as a philosopher, and becoming a member of the cabinet of Queen Zenobia in her attempt to free her country from the tyranny of Rome, he was put to death by the Emperor Aurelian, 273 A. D.

SUBLIMITIES IN ELOQUENCE

WITH regard to sublimities in eloquence, which should never overshoot the mark of utility and advantage, we must consider, at the same time, that all the authors of these, though far removed from faultlessness, yet soar above the level of mortality; and that while all other things carry with them evidence that they proceed from men, yet the sublime indicates an approximation to the loftiness of divine intelligence; and that while the correct and faultless does but escape censure, the great and grand enforces admiration also.

Why need I yet further observe that each of those noble writers frequently re-deems all his failures by one single stroke of the sublime, one happy effort? and it is worthy of especial remark that if any one should pick out the slips of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the other consummate authors, and put them together, the instances in which those heroes of fine writing have attained to absolute perfection would be found to bear a very small, nay, an indefinitely small proportion to them. It is on account of these that all posterity, in every age, exempt from the blinding prejudices created by envy, have freely awarded them the laurels they have earned, and, to this day, suffer them not to be torn from their brows, but will, as it seems, continue to guard them,—

"As long as streams in silver mazes rove,
Or spring with annual green renews the grove."

Now, in answer to the writer who objects that the Colossus, with all its faults, is not superior to the Guardsman of Polycletus, it is obvious to reply, among many other

things, that, in works of art, it is exact proportion that wins our admiration; but in those of nature, grandeur and magnificence. Now, speech is a gift bestowed upon us by nature. As, therefore, resemblance and proportion to the originals is required in statues, so, in the noble faculty of discourse, there should be something, as I have said, more than humanly great.

But still (for after a long excursion I come round to the precept I delivered in the commencement of the treatise), since it is the perfection of art to avoid, in the main, defect and blemish, while the nature of a sublime genius is to exhibit superlative greatness in its productions, but not uniformly sustained, it is meet that art should, in all cases, be resorted to as an auxiliary to nature. For, from such union and mutual alliance, perfection would seem to result.

Thus much I have been under a necessity of delivering in decision of the questions in debate; but let every man enjoy his own opinion. . . .

It still remains for us, my honored friend, to inquire into the fifth of those which were laid down to be the causes that contribute to the consummation of the sublime. It is the due structure of words. Having already, in two treatises, delivered sufficiently upon this subject all that I could attain to in the matter, I will now add only, in compliance with the necessary requirements of my present purpose, that harmony is not only a cause of persuasion and delight inherent in human nature, but a wonderful means of imparting majesty to diction, and expressing mental affections. For does not the pipe inspire its hearers with certain emotions, and, in a manner, transport and fill them with ecstasy; and when it has played off some closing notes in a certain rhythm, does it not force the hearer to step according to it, and keep time, and to adapt himself to the tune, even though he be altogether unversed in music? And, assuredly, the tones of the harp, which signify nothing unconnectedly, yet by the changes of sounds, by being tempered together, and mutually blended, often charm us marvelously by the concord of sweet sounds, as you very well know. Yet these are but faint shadows and bastard imitations of the powers of persuasion, and not the genuine operations of man's distinctive nature. Do we not think, then, that composition in language, which is a sort of harmony of that speech which nature has implanted in man, which reaches to the very soul, and not the ear alone, which suggests such various forms of words, sentiments, things, beauty, proportion, all innate and congenial to us—that harmony which, by blending and diversifying its own sounds, insinuates into the souls of others the affection kindled in the speaker's breast, and infallibly causes the hearers to participate therein, and which, by building up an edifice of words, forms into one harmonious whole the grand things at its disposal—do we not think, I say, that, acting by such means as these, composition must charm the soul at the same time that it invariably impresses us with ideas of grandeur, dignity, sublimity, and whatsoever else is comprehended in it, exercising an absolute and sovereign sway over all the powers of the mind? But it seems madness to make a question of points so fully admitted, for the evidence of experience requires no confirmation.

Sublimely effective and substantially admirable is that conception of Demosthenes ("Oration on the Crown") which he subjoins to the decree: "This decree caused the danger which then enveloped the city to pass away like a mist." Yet the harmonious sound of the words comes up to the sublimity of the sentiment they convey; for the whole is uttered in dactylic measures, the finest and most conducive to sublimity; for which cause, also, they are employed in forming heroic verse, the goodliest of all. For do but remove the last two words [in the Greek] from their proper place to any other you please, or even lop off one syllable only from the end of the last but one, and you will be satisfied how much harmonious sound contributes to

sublimity. For the last two words form a close, having the first foot long, and measured by four times (a spondee); but if one syllable be taken away, what is left mars the grandeur of the period by dropping a part of it. As, conversely, if you lengthen the last word but one, by adding a syllable to the end, the signification is the same, but its effect upon the ear is not the same. For by lengthening the times of the two closing words, you dissolve and relax the sublime effect of the rapid cadence.

But among the methods which conduce most to elevate discourse is that of putting together the parts, even as in the members of the body. If they are taken apart, each single member will have no beauty or grandeur; but when skillfully knit together, they produce a perfect and harmonious whole. So the constituent parts of sublime periods, when disjoined and scattered here and there without mutual connection, do at the same time dissipate and fritter away their sublimity; but when embodied in mutual fellowship, and, moreover, held together and encircled by the bond of harmony, they fall effectively upon the ear from their mere rotundity; and the sublimities in the several periods may be regarded as mutual contributions, which go to make up one sublime whole. But I have already said enough to show that many historians and poets, ungifted with sublime genius, and perhaps devoid of true greatness, though employing, for the most part, words that are common and vulgar and impart nothing of ornament, yet only by this manner of putting them together and connecting them, have invested their works with a kind of pomp and grandeur, and have escaped the imputation of meanness. Of this class, among many others, is Philistus; as also Aristophanes, in some passages, and Euripides in very many. Thus Hercules (Eurip. "Herc. Fur."), after the murder of his children, cries:—

"I'm full of miseries; there's not room for more."

The expression is very vulgar, but it is made sublime by the words being so constructed as to correspond with the thing signified; and if you were to put them together in another way, it will become apparent to you that Euripides is a poet in respect of the structure of his language, more than in the fineness of his sentiments. So in his description of Dirce dragged along by the bull:—

"Whene'er the madd'ning creature raged about
And whirled his bulk around in awkward circles,
The dame, the oak, the rock, were dragged along."

The thought itself is noble, but is rendered still grander because the words are put together so as not to move rapidly, nor roll, as it were, down a declivity; but are mutually sustained, and shored up by means of pauses, acquiring a sort of staid grandeur by being thus kept apart.

But nothing so much lowers the tone of sublimity as an over-nice and mincing rhythm, such as is formed by pyrrhics, trochees, and dichorees, which make a perfect jig of it. For all compositions whose rhythm is thus overwrought are manifestly affected and frivolous, and with all their pretension fail to move in the slightest degree, because they are of the same texture throughout. And a still worse effect is, that as ballads divert the hearers from the matter before them, and force attention to themselves, so also things spoken in a rhythm overwrought do not impress the hearers with the subject, but the rhythm, so that sometimes, foreknowing the cadences that should come, they themselves beat time to the speakers, and, as in a dance, anticipate them in the closing measure.

In like manner, periods forced into too narrow a compass, and cut up into short words, and words of short syllables, or that are bound together in an awkward and clumsy manner, as it were with nails, one upon another, are destitute of grandeur.

Moreover, excessive contraction of style is another drawback to sublimity. For it mars the effect of sublimity when the words are forced into too contracted a compass. I do not mean here sentences that demand a proper conciseness; but, on the contrary, those that are curtailed and minced. For contraction mutilates the sense, but conciseness carries it direct to the mark. And it is manifest, on the other hand, that sentences unduly extended are deficient in life and energy; I mean such as are enervated by being lengthened out beyond what the occasion requires.

Low and sordid words are serious blemishes to the sublime. For instance, Herodotus's description of the tempest is divine, so far as relates to the conceptions, but there are some expressions in it which fall below the dignity of the matter. This, perhaps, among others: "The sea seethed"; for the uncouth sound of the words, "sea seethed," detracts much from the grandeur of the conception. Again, he says: "The wind flagged, and those who were overtaken by the storm met with a disagreeable end." "To flag" is a mean and vulgar term; and "disagreeable" a word inappropriate to a disaster of such magnitude. . . .

In the sublime we ought never to take up with sordid and exploded terms, unless reduced to it by the most urgent necessity; but it were meet that our words should be proportioned to the dignity of our sentiments, and that we should imitate the proceeding of nature in the structure of the human fabric, who has not placed those parts which should be nameless in open view, nor the excretions from the whole body; but concealed them as much as possible, and "removed their channels" (to make use of Xenophon's words) "to the greatest distance from the eyes," thereby to preserve the beauty of the animal entire and unblemished.

To pursue this topic further, by a particular recital of whatever diminishes and impairs the sublime, would be a needless task. I have already shown what methods elevate and ennoble, and it is obvious that their opposites must lower and debase it.

In consideration of your desire for useful information, my dearest Terentianus, I shall not hesitate to add an elucidation of that remaining question which was recently proposed by a certain philosopher. "I wonder," said he, "and not I alone, but doubtless many others also, how it happens that in the age we live in there are many men eminently endowed with talents for persuasion and public speaking, remarkable for shrewdness and readiness, and above all, expert in the arts which give grace and sweetness to language; but that there are now none at all, or very few, who are distinguished for loftiness and grandeur of style. So great and universal is the dearth of genuine eloquence that prevails in this age. Must we believe at last that there is truth in that oft-repeated observation that democracy is the kindly nurse of sublime genius, with whose strength alone truly powerful orators flourish, and disappear as it declines? For liberty, say they, is able to supply nutriment to the lofty conceptions of great minds and feed their aspirations, and, at the same time, to foster the flame of mutual emulation and stimulate ambition for pre-eminence,—nay, further, that the mental excellences of orators are whetted continually by reason of the rewards proposed in free states; that they are made, as it were, to give out fire by collision, and naturally exhibit the light of liberty in their oratorical efforts. But we of the present day," continued he, "seem to be trained from our childhood to absolute slavery, having been all but swathed in its customs and institutes, and never allowed to taste of that most copious fountain of all that is admirable and attractive in eloquence—I mean liberty—and hence it is that we turn out to be nothing but pompous flatterers." This, he said, was the cause why we see that all other attainments may be found in menials, but never yet a slave become an

orator. His spirit being effectually broken, the timorous vassal will still be uppermost; the habit of subjection continually overawes and beats down his genius. For, according to Homer ("Odyssey," I. 322),—

"Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away."

"As then," said he, "if what I have heard deserves credit, the cages in which what are called pigmies are kept not only prevent the growth of those who are inclosed in them, but contract their dimensions by reason of the confinement in which their whole bodies are placed, so slavery of every kind, even the mildest, one might declare to be the cage and common prison of the mind."

Now here I rejoined: It is easy and characteristic of human nature to find fault with the existing state of things, whatever it be; but I would have you consider whether, in some degree, this corruption of genius is not owing to the profound peace which reigns throughout the world, but much more to the well-known war which our lusts are waging within us universally; and, moreover, to those mental foes that have invaded the present age, and waste and ravage all before them. For avarice (that disease of which the whole world is sick beyond a cure), aided by voluptuousness, holds us in abject thralldom; or, rather, if I may so express it, drowns us body and mind. For the love of money is the canker of the soul's greatness, and the love of pleasure corrodes every generous sentiment. I have, indeed, thought much upon it; but, after all, judge it impossible for them that set their hearts upon; or, to speak more truly, that deify unbounded riches, to preserve their souls from the infection of all those vices which are firmly allied to them. For riches that know no bounds and restraint bring with them profuseness, their close-leagued and, as they call it, dogging attendant; and while wealth unbars the gates of cities, and opens the doors of houses, profuseness gets in at the same time and takes up a joint residence. And when they have remained awhile in our principles and conduct, they build their nests there (in the language of philosophy), and speedily proceeding to propagate their species, they hatch arrogance, pride, and luxury—no spurious brood, but their genuine offspring. If these children of wealth be fostered and suffered to reach maturity, they quickly engender in our souls those inexorable tyrants—insolence, injustice, and impudence. When men are thus fallen, what I have mentioned must needs result from their depravity. They can no longer lift up their eyes to anything above themselves, nor feel any concern for reputation; but the corruption of every principle must needs be gradually accomplished by such a series of vices; and the nobler faculties of the soul decay and wither, and lose all the fire of emulation, when men neglect the cultivation of their immortal parts, and suffer the mortal and worthless to engross all their care and admiration.

For he that has received a bribe to pervert judgment is incapable of forming an unbiased and sound decision in matters pertaining to equity and honor. For it must needs be that one corrupted by gifts should be influenced by self-interest in judging of what is just and honorable. And when the whole tenor of our several lives is guided only by corruption, by a desire for the death of others, and schemes to creep into their wills; when we are ready to barter our life for paltry gains, led captive, one and all, by the thirst of lucre—can we expect, in such a general corruption, so contagious a depravity that there should be found one unbiased and unperverted judge that can discriminate what is truly great, or will stand the test of time, uninfluenced in his decisions by the lust of gain? But if this is the case, perhaps it is better for such as we are to be held in subjection than to be free; for be sure if such rapacious desires were suffered to prey upon others without restraint, like wild



beasts let out of confinement, they would set the world on fire with the mischiefs they would occasion. Upon the whole, then, I have shown that the bane of true genius in the present day is that dissolution of morals which, with few exceptions, prevails universally among men, who, in all they do or undertake, seek only applause and self-gratification, without a thought of that public utility which cannot be too zealously pursued or too highly valued.

From the essay "On the Sublime."

THE STYLE OF DEMOSTHENES

IF THE perfections of writings are to be estimated by number, and not intrinsic worth, then even Hyperides will prove far superior to Demosthenes; for he has more variety and harmony, and a greater number of beauties, and in almost every perfection is next to excellent. He resembles a champion practiced in the five exercises, who in each of them severally must yield the superiority to other athletes, but is superior to all unprofessional practitioners. For Hyperides, besides that he has, in every point except the structure of his words, imitated the excellencies of Demosthenes, has over and above embraced the graces and beauties of Lysias. For when his subject demands simplicity, he relaxes the energy of his style; nor does he utter everything in one unaltered strain of vehemence, like Demosthenes; and in his description of manners there is a charming sweetness. There is an exhaustless fund of wit about him, a vein of elegant satire, a natural grace, a skillfulness of irony, jests not clumsy or loose, after the manner of those old Attic writers, but natural and easy; a ready talent at ridicule; a deal of comic point, conveyed in a style of well-managed pleasantry; and, in all these respects, a winning gracefulness that is almost inimitable. Gifted with extraordinary power to excite commiseration, he is also fertile in stories and familiar chat, returning to his subject after digressions without any distress or difficulty. So, also, it is plain that he has composed his discourse of Latona in a style more like poetry than prose; and his funeral oration with a pomp of diction, as far as I know, unequaled.

Demosthenes, on the other hand, was not studious to portray the humors and characters of men; he was not diffusive in his eloquence; far from flexible and pliant, and void of pomp and parade; and, in a word, for the most part, deficient in all the qualities ascribed to Hyperides. Where he constrains himself to be merry or facetious, if he makes people laugh, it is at himself. And the more he endeavors to be elegant, the further he is from it. Had he ever attempted an oration for a Phryne or an Athenogenes, he would have only served still more as a foil to Hyperides.

But since, to my thinking, the beauties of Hyperides, though numerous, have no inherent greatness; are the productions of a sedate and sober genius, but without force to move an audience,—for certainly no one is affected by fear in reading him; while Demosthenes is gifted, on the one hand, with a genius intensely sublime and a capacity of lofty diction carried to a pitch of transcendent excellence, passions that live and breathe, an exhaustless copiousness, shrewdness, rapidity; and, on the other hand, a vehemence and power which none could ever approach; since, I say, Demosthenes has embraced and monopolized all these, as it were, Heaven-sent gifts,—for it were a sin to call them human,—he invariably surpasses all in the excellences that are his own; and, in place of those he has not, strikes down the orators of every age as with the force of thunder, and throws them into the shade as with the glare of lightning; and sooner might a man look with steadfast gaze on the descending thunderbolt, than eye undismayed his reiterated flashes of passion.

From the essay "On the Sublime."

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

(1533-1592)



ONTAIGNE'S "Consideration upon Cicero" is an admirable example of the style as an essayist which immortalized him. He is a master of the great art of digression, and when he announces his subject those who know him will know that it is useless to attempt to guess from it what he really means to talk about. In this essay, however, he does make a number of valuable observations not only on Cicero and the eloquence of words, but on the eloquence of silence, and of action.

A CONSIDERATION UPON CICERO

THERE are to be gathered out of the writings of Cicero, and this younger Pliny (but little, in my opinion, resembling his uncle in his humor), infinite testimonies of a beyond-measure ambitious nature; and, amongst others, this for one, that they both, in the sight of all the world, solicit the historians of their time not to forget them in their memoirs; and Fortune, as if in spite, has made the vacancy of those requests live upon record down to this age of ours, when she has long since damned the histories themselves to oblivion. But this exceeds all meanness of spirit in persons of such quality, as they were, to think to derive any great and living renown from babbling and prating; even to the publishing of their private letters to their friends, and so withal, that though some of them were never sent, the opportunity being lost, they, nevertheless, expose them to the light, with this worthy excuse, that they were hereafter unwilling to lose their labors, and have their lucubrations thrown away. Was it not very well becoming two consuls of Rome, sovereign magistrates of the republic that commanded the world, to spend their time in contriving quaint and elegant missives, thence to gain the reputation of being critics, in their own mother tongues: what could a pitiful schoolmaster have done worse, whose trade it was to get his living? If the acts of Xenophon and Cæsar had not far enough transcended their eloquence, I scarce believe they would ever have taken the pains to have writ them. They made it their business to recommend, not their speaking, but their doing. And could the perfection of eloquence have added any lustre proportionable to the merit of a great person, certainly Scipio and Lælius had never resigned the honor of their comedies, with all the luxuriences and delicacies of the Latin tongue, to an African slave; for that that work was theirs the beauty and excellency of it do sufficiently declare; besides, Terence himself confesses as much, and I should take it ill from any one that would dispossess me of that belief. 'Tis a kind of injurious mockery and offense to extol a man for qualities misbecoming his merit, and condition, though otherwise commendable in themselves, but such as ought not, however, to be his chiefest talent: as if a man should commend a king for being a good painter, a good architect, a good marks-

man, or a good runner at the ring,—commendations that add no honor, unless mentioned altogether, and in the train of those that are more properly applicable to him, namely, his justice and the science of governing and conducting his people both in peace and war. At this rate agriculture was an honor to Cýrus, and eloquence and the knowledge of good letters to Charlemagne. I have in my time known some who, by that knack of writing, have got both their titles and fortune, disown their apprenticeship, purposely corrupt their style, and affect ignorance in so vulgar a quality (which also our nation observes to be rarely seen in very intelligent hands), to seek a reputation by better qualities. The companions of Demosthenes in the embassy to Philip, extolling that prince as handsome, eloquent, and a stout drinker, Demosthenes replied that those were commendations more proper for a woman, an advocate, or a sponge, than a king.

Imperet bellante prior jacentem.

Lenis in hostem.

—*Hor. Carm.*

"First let his empire from his valor flow,
And then, by mercy on a prostrate foe."

'Tis not his profession to know either how to hunt, or to dance well.

Orabunt causas alii, cœlique meatus

Describent radio, et fulgentia sidera dicent,

*Hic regere imperio populos sciat.**

"Let others plead at the litigious bar,
Describe the spheres, point out each twinkling star,
Let this man rule, a greater art by far."

Plutarch says, moreover, that to appear so excellent in these less necessary qualities is to produce witness against a man's self, that he has spent his time and applied his study ill, which ought to have been employed in the acquisition of more necessary and more useful things, so that Philip, King of Macedon, having heard that great Alexander, his son, sing once at a feast to the wonder and envy of the best musicians there: "Art not thou asham'd," said he to him, "to sing so well?" And to the same Philip a musician, with whom he was disputing about some things concerning his art: "Heav'n forbid! Sir," said he, "that so great a misfortune should ever befall you, as to understand these things better than I." A king should be able to answer as Iphicrates did the orator, who pressed upon him in his invective after this manner: "And what art thou, that thou brav'st it at this rate? Art thou a man at arms, art thou an archer, art thou a pike?" "I am none of all this; but I know how to command all these." And Antisthenes took it for an argument of little valor, in Ismenas, that he was commended for playing excellently well upon a flute. I know very well that when I hear any one insist upon the language of essays, I had rather a great deal he would say nothing. 'Tis not so much to elevate the style as to depress the sense, and so much the more offensively, as they do it disgracefully, and out of the way. I am much deceived if many other essayists deliver more worth nothing as to the matter, and how well, or ill soever, if any other writer has strewed them either much more material, or thicker upon his paper than myself. To bring the more in, I only muster up the heads; should I annex the sequel, I should strangely multiply this volume; and how many stories have I scattered up and down, in this book, that I only touch upon; which should any one more curiously search into, they would find matter enough to produce infinite essays;

* Paraphrased from Virgil. *Æneid* VI. 849-57.

neither those stories nor my allegations do always serve simply for example, authority, or ornament, I do not only regard them for the use I make of them: they carry sometimes besides what I apply them to, the seed of a more rich, and a bolder matter, and sometimes collaterally a more delicate sound both to me myself, who will express no more in this place, and to others who shall happen to be of my ear.

But returning to the speaking virtue, I find no great choice betwixt, not knowing to speak anything but very ill, and not knowing to speak anything but very well. "*Non est ornamentum virile concinnitas.*"—*Sen. Ep. 6.* "Neatness of style is no manly ornament." The sages tell us that as to what concerns knowledge there is nothing but philosophy; and to what concerns effects nothing but virtue, that is generally proper to all degrees, and to all orders. There is something like this in these two other philosophers, for they also promise eternity to the letters they write to their friends; but 'tis after another manner, and by accommodating themselves, for a good end, to the vanity of another; for they write to them that if the concern of making themselves known to future ages, and the thirst of glory, do yet detain them in the management of public affairs, and make them fear the solitude and retirement to which they would persuade them; let them never trouble themselves more about it, forasmuch as they shall have credit enough with posterity to assure them, that were there nothing else but the very letters thus writ to them, those letters will render their names as known, and famous as their own public actions themselves could do. And besides this difference, these are not idle and empty letters that contain nothing but a fine jingle of well-chosen words and fine-couched phrases, but rather replete and abounding with grave and learned discourses, by which a man may render himself, not more eloquent, but more wise, and that instruct us not to speak, but to do well; away with that eloquence that so enchants us with its harmony, that we should more study it than things. Unless you will allow that of Cicero to be of so supreme a perfection as to form a complete body of itself; and of him I shall further add one story, we read of him to this purpose, wherein his nature will much more manifestly be laid open to us; he was to make an oration in public, and found himself a little straightened in time, to fit his words to his mouth, as he had a mind to do; when Eros, one of his slaves, brought him word that the audience was deferred till the next day, at which he was so ravished with joy that he enfranchised him for the good news.

From the "Essays." Cotton's
translation.

FRANCIS BACON

(BARON VERULAM AND VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS)

(1561-1626)



FRANCIS BACON was born in London, January 22d, 1561, at a time when the revival of classical learning had so multiplied books that England was entering one of its periods of greatest literary activity. He represented the highest intellect of his age more fully than any one else, and in his "Novum Organum" he directed the thought and suggested the method of all scientific investigators who have come after him. He became Lord Chancellor of England in 1618, and in 1621 was charged with bribery and removed. He himself admitted that he had accepted gifts, and he showed the essential greatness of his mind by using its full strength to correct its worst weakness. He died at Highgate a suburb of London, April 9th, 1626, as the result of scientific experimenting while in a fever. He is for modern times what Aristotle was for ancient,—the great pathfinder of science. His essays are probably the most eloquent prose written in English, or in any other modern language.

OF DISCOURSE

SOME in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true, as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety, which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate, and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest, for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick,—that is, a vein which would be bridled.

"Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris."

And generally men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he

had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and bring others on; as musicians used to do with those that danced too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself." And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used, for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" To which the guest would answer, such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the grayhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

From "Essays Civil and Moral."

THOMAS HOBBES

(1588-1679)



THOMAS HOBBES, the celebrated English philosopher, was born in Malmesbury, England, April 5th, 1588. He is the author of philosophical and metaphysical works, which were epoch marking in the history of modern thought. Of those his "Leviathan" is the best known. His analysis of Aristotle's "Rhetoric" is a masterpiece of its kind,—frequently more valuable to the student than the "Rhetoric" itself. He died in Derbyshire, England, December 4th, 1679.

ANALYSIS AND SYNOPSIS OF ARISTOTLE'S "RHETORIC"

I. OF THE ORIGINAL OF ELOCUTION AND PRONUNCIATION

THREE things are necessary to an oration, namely, proof, elocution, and disposition; we have done with the first, and shall speak of the other two in that which follows.

As for action, or pronounciation, so much as is necessary for an orator may be fetched out of the book of the art of poetry, in which we have treated of the action of the stage.

For tragedians were the first that invented such action, and that but of late; and it consisteth in governing well the magnitude, tone, and measure of the voice, —a thing less subject to art than is either proof or elocution.

And yet there have been rules delivered concerning it, as far forth as serve for poetry.

But oratorical action has not been hitherto reduced to art.

And orators in the beginning, when they saw that the poets in barren and feigned arguments, nevertheless attained great reputation: supposing it had proceeded from the choice, or connection of words, fell into a style, by imitation of them, approaching to verse, and made choice of words.

But when the poets changed their style, and laid by all words that were not in common use, the orators did the same, and lighted at last upon words, and a government of the voice and measures proper to themselves.

Seeing therefore pronounciation or action are in some degree necessary also for an orator, the precepts thereof are to be fetched from the art of poetry.

[In the meantime, this may be one general rule. If the words, tone, greatness of the voice, gesture of the body and countenance, seem to proceed all from one passion, then 'tis well pronounced. Otherwise not.

For when there appear more passions than one at once, the mind of the speaker appears unnatural and distracted. Otherwise, as the mind of the speaker, so the mind of the hearer always.]

II. OF THE CHOICE OF WORDS AND EPITHETS

THE virtues of a word are two: the first, that it be perspicuous; the second, that it be decent; that is, neither above, nor below the thing signified; or neither too humble, nor too fine.

Perspicuous are all words that be proper.

Fine words are those that are borrowed, or translated from other significations; of which in the art of poetry.

The reason why borrowed words please is this. Men are affected with words, as they are with men, admiring in both that which is foreign and new.

To make a poem graceful many things help; but few an oration.

For to a poet it sufficeth with what words he can set out his poem: but an orator must not only do that; but also seem not to do it: for else he will be thought to speak unnaturally, and not as he thinks; and thereby be the less believed; whereas belief is the scope of his oration.

The words that an orator ought to use are of three sorts. Proper; such as are received; and metaphors.

Words taken from foreign languages, words compounded, and words new coined, are seldom to be used.

Synonyms belong to poets, and equivocal words to sophisters.

An orator, if he use proper words, and received and good metaphors, shall both make his oration beautiful, and not seem to intend it; and shall speak perspicuously. For in a metaphor alone there is perspicuity, novelty, and sweetness.

Concerning metaphors the rules are these:—

1. He that will make the best of a thing, let him draw his metaphor from somewhat that is better. As for example, let him call a crime an error. On the other side, when he would make the worst of it, let him draw his metaphor from somewhat worse, as calling error, crime.

2. A metaphor ought not to be so far fetched, as that the similitude may not easily appear.

3. A metaphor ought to be drawn from the noblest things, as the poets do that choose rather to say rosy-fingered than red-fingered aurora.

In like manner the rule of epithets is,

That he that will adorn should use those of the better sort; and he that will disgrace should use those of the worse: as Simonides being to write an ode in honor of the victory gotten in a course by certain mules, being not well paid, called them by their name [*Ἡμιόνους*] that signifies their propinquity to asses: but, having received a greater reward, styles them the sons of swift-footed coursers.

III. OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE AN ORATION FLAT

THE things that make an oration flat or insipid are four:—

1. Words compounded; [and yet a man may compound a word, when the composition is necessary, for want of a simple word; and easy, and seldom used.]

2. Foreign words. As for example, such as are newly derived from the Latin; which though they were proper among them whose tongue it is, are foreign in another language: and yet these may be used, so it be moderately.

3. Long, impertinent, and often epithets.

4. Metaphors, indecent and obscure. Obscure they are, when they are far fetched. Indecent when they are ridiculous, as in comedies; or too grave, as in tragedies.

IV. OF A SIMILITUDE

A SIMILITUDE differs from a metaphor only by such particles of comparison as these: as, even as, so, even so, etc.

A similitude, therefore, is a metaphor dilated; and a metaphor is a similitude contracted into one word.

A similitude does well in an oration, 'so it be not too frequent; for 'tis poetical.

An example of a similitude, is this of Pericles; that said in his oration that the Bœotians were like to so many oaks in a wood that did nothing but beat one another.

V. OF THE PURITY OF LANGUAGE

FOUR things are necessary to make language pure:—

1. The right rendering of those particles which some antecedent particle does require: as to a not only, a not also; and then they are rendered right, when they are not suspended too long.

2. The use of proper words, rather than circumlocutions, unless there be motive to make one do it of purpose.

3. That there be nothing of double construction, unless there be cause to do it of purpose. As the prophets (of the heathen) who speak in general terms, to the end they may the better maintain the truth of their prophesies; which is easier maintained in generals than in particulars. For 'tis easier to divine whether a number be even or odd, than how many; and that a thing will be, than what it will be.

4. Concordance of gender, number, and person; as not to say him for her, man for men, hath for have.

In Sum; a man's language ought to be easy for another to read, pronounce, and point.

Besides, to divers antecedents, let divers relatives, or one common to them all, be correspondent: as, he saw the color, he heard the sound; or he perceived both color and sound; but by no means, he heard or saw both.

Lastly, that which is to be interposed by parenthesis, let it be done quickly: as, "I purposed having spoken to him (to this and this purpose), afterward to be gone." For to put it off thus: "I resolved, after I had spoken to him, to be gone; but the subject of my speech was to this and this purpose," is vicious.

VI. OF THE AMPLITUDE AND TENUITY OF LANGUAGE

A MAN shall add amplitude, or dignity to his language, but by such means as these:—

1. By changing the name with the definition, as occasion shall serve. As when the name shall be indecent, by using the definition; or contrary.

2. By metaphors.

3. By using the plural number for the singular.

4. By privative epithets.

VII. OF THE CONVENIENCE OR DECENCY OF ELOCUTION

ELOCUTIONS are made decent: 1. By speaking feelingly; that is, with such passion as is fit for the matter he is in; as angrily in matter of inquiry.

2. By speaking as becomes the person of the speaker; as for a gentleman to speak eruditely.

3. By speaking proportionably to the matter; as of great affairs to speak in a high; and of mean, in a low style.

4. By abstaining from compounded and from outlandish words; unless a man speak passionately, and have already moved, and, as it were, inebriated his hearers. Or ironically.

It confers also to persuasion very much to use these ordinary forms of speaking all men know; 'tis confessed by all, no man will deny, and the like. For the hearer consents, surprised with the fear to be esteemed the only ignorant man.

'Tis good also, having used a word that signifies more than the matter requires, to abstain from the pronunciation and countenance that to such a word belongs: that the disproportion between it and the matter may the less appear. And when a man has said too much, it will show well to correct himself: for he will get belief by seeming to consider what he says.

[But in this a man must have a care not to be too precise in showing of this consideration. For the ostentation of carefulness is an argument oftentimes of lying; as may be observed in such as tell particularities not easily observed, when they would be thought to speak more precise truth than is required.]

VIII. OF TWO SORTS OF STYLES

THERE be two sorts of styles: the one continued or to be comprehended at once; the other divided, or distinguished by periods.

The first sort was in use with ancient writers, but is now out of date.

An example of this style is in the "History" of Herodotus; wherein there is no period till the end of the whole "History."

In the other kind of style, that is distinguished by periods; a period is such a part as is perfect in itself, and has such length as may easily be comprehended by the understanding.

This later kind is pleasant; the former unpleasant, because this appears finite, the other infinite: in this the hearer has always somewhat set out, and terminated to him; in the other he foresees no end, and has nothing finished to him; this may easily be committed to memory, because of the measure and cadence (which is the cause that verses may be easily remembered); the other not.

Every sentence ought to end with the period, and nothing to be interposed.

A period is either simple, or divided into parts.

Simple is that which is indivisible; as, "I wonder you fear not their ends, whose actions you imitate."

A period divided is that which not only has perfection, and length convenient for respiration, but also parts. As, "I wonder you are not afraid of their ends, seeing you imitate their actions:" where in these words, "I wonder you are not afraid of their ends," is one colon, or part; and in these, "seeing you imitate their actions," another: and both together make the period.

The parts or members, and periods of speech ought neither to be too long, nor too short

Too long are they which are produced beyond the expectation of the hearer.
Too short are they that end before he expects it.

Those that be too long leave the hearer behind, like him that walking goes beyond the usual end of the walk, and thereby outgoes him that walks with him.

They that be too short make the hearer stumble; for when he looks far before him, the end stops him before he be aware.

A period that is divided into parts is either divided only, or has also an opposition of the parts one to another.

Divided only is such as this: "This the senate knows; the consul sees; and yet the man lives."

A period with opposition of parts, called also antithesis, and the parts antitheta, is when contrary parts are put together; or also joined by a third.

Contrary parts are put together, as here, "the one has obtained glory, the other riches; both by my benefit."

Antitheta are therefore acceptable; because not only the parts appear the better for the opposition, but also for that they carry with them a certain appearance of that kind of enthymeme, which leads to impossibility.

Parts, or members of a period, are said to be equal, when they have altogether, or almost equal number of syllables.

Parts or members of a period are said to be like, when they begin or end alike; and the more similitudes, and the greater equality there is of syllables, the more graceful is the period.

IX. OF THOSE THINGS THAT GRACE AN ORATION AND MAKE IT DELIGHTFUL

FORASMUCH as there is nothing more delightful to a man than to find that he apprehends and learns easily, it necessarily follows that those words are most grateful to the ear that make a man seem to see before his eyes the things signified.

And therefore foreign words are unpleasant, because obscure; and plain words, because too manifest, making us learn nothing new: but metaphors please, for they beget in us by the genus, or some common thing to that with another, a kind of science,—as when an old man is called stubble; a man suddenly learns that he grows up, flourisheth, and withers like grass, being put in mind of it by the qualities common to stubble, and to old men.

That which a metaphor does, a similitude does the same; but with less grace, because with more prolixity.

Such enthymemes are the most graceful, which neither are presently very manifest, nor yet very hard to be understood, but are comprehended, while they are uttering, or presently after, though not understood before.

The things that make a speech graceful are these: antitheta, metaphors, and animation.

Of antitheta and antithesis hath been spoken in the precedent chapter.

Of metaphors the most graceful is that which is drawn from proportion.

[Aristotle (in the twelfth chapter of his "Poetry") defines a metaphor to be the translation of a name from one signification to another; whereof he makes four kinds: 1. From the general to the particular. 2. From the particular to the general. 3. From one particular to another. 4. From proportion.]

A metaphor from proportion is such as this, "a state without youth is a year without a spring."

Animation is that expression which makes us seem to see the thing before our eyes; as he that said the Athenians poured out their city into Sicily, meaning they sent thither the greatest army they could make; and this is the greatest grace of an oration.

If, therefore, in the same sentence there concur both metaphor, and this animation, and also antithesis, it cannot choose but be very graceful.

That an oration is graced by metaphor, animation, and antithesis, hath been said; but how 'tis graced is to be said in the next chapter.

X. IN WHAT MANNER AN ORATION IS GRACED BY THE THINGS AFORESAID

TIS graced by animation, when the actions of living creatures are attributed to things without life; as when the sword is said to devour.

Such metaphors as these come into a man's mind by the observation of things that have similitude and proportion one to another. And the more unlike and unproportionable the things be otherwise, the more grace hath the metaphor.

A metaphor without animation adds grace then, when the hearer finds he learns somewhat by such use of the word.

Also paradoxes are graceful, so men inwardly do believe them: for they have in them somewhat like to those jests that are grounded upon the similitude of words, which have usually one sense, and in the present another; and somewhat like to those jests which are grounded upon the deceiving of a man's expectation.

And paragrams; that is, allusions of words are graceful, if they be well placed; and in periods not too long; and with antithesis; for by these means the ambiguity is taken away.

And the more of these; namely, metaphor, animation, antithesis, equality of members, a period hath, the more graceful it is.

Similitudes grace an oration, when they contain also a metaphor.

And proverbs are graceful, because they are metaphors, or translations of words from one species to another.

And hyperboles, because they also are metaphors: but they are youthful, and bewray vehemence; and are used with most grace by them that are angry; and for that cause are not comely in old men.

XI. OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE STYLE TO BE USED IN WRITING, AND THE STYLE TO BE USED IN PLEADING

THE style that should be read ought to be more exact and accurate.

But the style of a pleader ought to be suited to action and pronunciation.

Orations of them that plead pass away with the hearing.

But those that are written men carry about them and are considered at leisure; and, consequently, must endure to be sifted and examined.

Written orations appear flat in pleading.

And orations made for the bar, when the action is away, appear in reading insipid.

In written orations repetition is justly condemned.

But in pleadings, by the help of action, and by some change in the pleader, repetition becomes amplification.

In written orations disjunctives do ill; as, I came, I found him, I asked him: for they seem superfluous, and but one thing, because they are not distinguished by action.

But in pleadings 'tis amplification; because that which is but one thing is made to seem many.

Of pleadings, that which is judicial ought to be more accurate than that which is before the people.

And an oration to the people ought to be more accommodate to action than a judicial.

And of judicial orations, that ought to be more accurate which is uttered to few judges; and that ought to be more accommodate to action which is uttered to many. As in a picture, the further he stands off that beholds it the less need there is that the colors be fine; so in orations, the further the hearer stands off the less need there is for his oration to be elegant.

Therefore demonstrative orations are most proper for writing, the end whereof is to read.

XII. OF THE PARTS OF AN ORATION, AND THEIR ORDER

THE necessary parts of an oration are but two: propositions and proof; which are, as it were, the problem and demonstration.

The proposition is the explication, or opening of the matter to be proved.

And proof is the demonstration of the matter propounded.

To these necessary parts are sometimes added two other, the proem and the epilogue, neither of which are any proof.

So that in some there be four parts of an oration; the proem, the proposition or (as the others call it) the narration, the proofs (which contain confirmation, confutation, amplification, and diminution), and the epilogue.

XIII. OF THE PROEM

THE proem is the beginning of an oration, and, as it were, the preparing of the way before one enters into it.

In some kinds of orations it resembles the prelude of musicians, who first play what they list, and afterwards the tune they intended.

In other kinds it resembles the prologue of a play that contains the argument.

Proems of the first sort are most proper for demonstrative orations; in which a man is free to foretell, or not, what points he will insist upon; and for the most part 'tis better not: because when a man has not obliged himself to a certain matter, digression will seem variety; but if he have engaged himself, variety will be accounted digression.

In demonstratives the matter of the proem consisteth in the praise or dispraise of some law or custom, or in exhortation, or dehortation; or something that serves to incline the hearer to the purpose.

Proems of the second kind are most proper for judicial orations. For as the prologue in a dramatic, and the exordium in an epic poem, setteth first in few words the argument of the poem, so in a judicial oration the orator ought to exhibit a model of his oration, that the mind of the hearer may not be suspended, and, for want of foresight, err or wander.

Whatsoever else belongs to a proem is drawn from one of these four: from the speaker, from the adversary, from the hearer, or from the matter.

From the speaker and adversary are drawn into proems such criminations and purgations as belong not to the cause.

To the defendant 'tis necessary in the proem to answer to the accusations of his adversary; that those being cleared, he may have a more favorable entrance to the rest of his oration.

But to the plaintiff 'tis better to cast his criminations all into the epilogue, that the judge may the more easily remember them.

From the hearer and from the matter are drawn into the proem such things as serve to make the hearer favorable, or angry; attentive, or not attentive, as need shall require.

And hearers use to be attentive to persons that are reputed good; to things that are of great consequence, or that concern themselves, or that are strange, or that delight.

But to make the hearer attentive is not the part of the proem only, but of any other part of the oration, and rather of any other part than of the proem. For the hearer is everywhere more remiss than in the beginning. And therefore wheresoever there is need, the orator must make appear both the probity of his own person, and that the matter in hand is of great consequence; or that it concerns the hearers; or that it is new; or that it is delightful.

He that will have the hearer attentive to him, but not to the cause, must, on the other side, make it seem that the matter is a trifle, without relation to the hearer, common, and tedious.

That the hearer may be favorable to the speaker, one of two things is required: that he love him, or that he pity him.

In demonstrative orations, he that praises shall have the hearer favorable if he think himself, or his own manners, or course of life, or anything he loves, comprehended in the same praise.

On the contrary, he that dispraises shall be heard favorably, if the hearer find his enemies, or their courses, or anything he hates, involved in the same dispraise.

The proem of a deliberative oration is taken from the same things from which are taken the proems of judicial orations. For the matter of a deliberative oration needeth not that natural proem by which is shown what we are to speak of, for that is already known: the proem in these being made only for the speakers', or adversaries' sake; or to make the matter appear great, or little, as one would have it, and is therefore to be taken from the persons of the plaintiff or defendant; or from the hearer, or from the matter, as in orations judicial.

XIV. PLACES OF CRIMINATION AND PURGATION

ONE is from the removal of ill opinion in the hearer, imprinted in him by the adversary, or otherwise.

2. Another from this, that the thing done is not hurtful, or not to him, or not so much, or not unjust, or not great, or not dishonorable.

3. A third from the recompense, as, I did him harm, but withal I did him honor.

4. A fourth from the excuse; as, It was error, mischance, or constraint.

5. A fifth from the intention; as, One thing was done, another meant.

6. A sixth from the comprehension of the accuser; as, What I have done, the accuser has done the same; or his father, kinsman, or friend.

7. From the comprehension of those that are in reputation; as, What I did, such and such have done the same, who, nevertheless, are good men.

8. From comparison with such as have been falsely accused, or wrongfully suspected, and, nevertheless, found upright.

9. From recrimination; as, The accuser is a man of ill life, and therefore not to be believed.

10. From that the judgment belongs to another place, or time; as, I have already answered, or am to answer elsewhere to this matter.

11. From crimination of the crimination; as, It serves only to pervert judgment.

12. A twelfth, which is common both to crimination and purgation, and is taken from some sign; as, Teucer is not to be believed, because his mother was Priam's sister. On the other side, Teucer is to be believed, because his father was Priam's enemy.

13. A thirteenth, proper to crimination only, from praise and dispraise mixed: as, To praise small things, and blame great ones; or to praise in many words, and blame with effectual ones; or to praise many things that are good, and then add one evil, but a great one.

14. A fourteenth, coming both to crimination and purgation, is taken from the interpretation of the fact; for he that purgeth himself interpreteth the fact always in the best sense; and he that criminates always in the worst; as when Ulysses said, Diomedes chose him for his companion, as the most able of the Grecians, to aid him in his exploit; but his adversary said, He chose him for his cowardice, as the most unlikely to share with him in the honor.

XV. OF THE NARRATION

THE narration is not always continued and of one piece; but sometimes, as in demonstratives, interrupted and dispersed through the whole oration.

For there being in a narration something that falls not under art, as, namely, the actions themselves, which the orator inventeth not, he must therefore bring in the narration of them where he best may. As, for example, if being to praise a man, you would make a narration of all his acts immediately from the beginning, and without interruption, you will find it necessary afterwards to repeat the same acts again, while from some of them you praise his valor, and from others his wisdom; whereby your oration shall have less variety, and shall less please.

'Tis not necessary always that the narration be short. The true measure of it must be taken from the matter that is to be laid open.

In the narration, as oft as may be, 'tis good to insert somewhat commendable in oneself, and blamable in one's adversary; as, I advised him, but he would take no counsel.

In narrations, a man is to leave out whatsoever breeds compassion, indignation in the hearer besides the purpose; as, Ulysses in Homer, relating his travels to Alcinous, to move compassion in him, is so long in it, that it consists of divers books: but when he comes home, tells the same to his wife in thirty verses, leaving out what might make her sad.

The narration ought also to be in such words as argue the manners; that is, some virtuous or vicious habit in him of whom we speak, although it be not expressed; as, "setting his arms a kenbold,* he answered," etc., by which is insinuated the pride of him that so answered.

* For "akimbo"; a phonetic perversion.

In an oration a man does better to show his affection than his judgment: that is, 'tis better to say, "I like this," than to say, "This is better." For by the one you would seem wise, by the other good. But favor follows goodness, whereas wisdom procures envy.

But if this affection seem incredible, then a reason must be rendered, as did Antigone. For when she had said she loved her brother better than her husband or children; she added, "for husband and children I may have more; but another brother I cannot, my parents both being dead." Or else a man must use this form of speaking; "I know this affection of mine seems strange to you, but nevertheless it is such." For 'tis not easily believed, that any man has a mind to do any thing that is not for his own good.

Besides in a narration, not only the actions themselves, but the passions, and signs that accompany them, are to be discovered.

And in his narration a man should make himself and his adversary be considered for such, and such, as soon, and as covertly as he can.

A narration may have need sometimes not to be in the beginning.

In deliberative orations, that is, wheresoever the question is of things to come, a narration, which is always of things past, has no place: and yet things past may be recounted, that men may deliberate better of the future: but that is not as narration, but proof; for 'tis example.

There may also be narration in deliberatives in that part where crimination and praise come in: but that part is not deliberative, but demonstrative.

XVI. OF PROOF, OR CONFIRMATION, AND REFUTATION

PROOFS are to be applied to something controverted.

The controversy in judicial oration is, whether it has been done; whether it has been hurtful; whether the matter be so great; and whether it be just, or no.

In a question of fact, one of the parties of necessity is faulty (for ignorance of the fact is no excuse), and therefore the fact is chiefly to be insisted on.

In demonstratives, the fact for the most part is supposed; but the honor and profit of the fact are to be proved.

In deliberatives, the question is, Whether the thing be like to be, or likely to be so great; or whether it be just; or whether it be profitable.

Besides the application of the proof to the question, a man ought to observe whether his adversary have lied in any point without the cause. For 'tis a sign he does the same in the cause.

The proofs themselves are either examples or enthymemes.

A deliberative oration, because 'tis of things to come, requireth rather examples, than enthymemes.

But a judicial oration, being of things past, which have a necessity in them, and may be concluded syllogistically, requireth rather enthymemes.

Enthymemes ought not to come too thick together, for they hinder one another's force by confounding the hearer.

Nor ought a man to endeavor to prove everything by enthymeme, lest like some philosophers, he collect what is known from what is less known.

Nor ought a man to use enthymemes, when he would move the hearer to some affection: for seeing divers motions do mutually destroy or weaken one another, he will lose either the enthymeme, or the affection that he would move.

For the same reason, a man ought not to use enthymemes when he would express manners.

But whether he would move affection, or insinuate his manners, he may withal use sentences.

A deliberative oration is more difficult than a judicial, because 'tis of the future, whereas a judicial is of that which is past, and that consequently may be known; and because it has principles, namely the law; and it is easier to prove from principles than without.

Besides, a deliberative oration wants those helps of turning to the adversary; of speaking of himself; of raising passion.

He therefore that wants matter in a deliberative oration, let him bring in some person to praise or dispraise.

And in demonstratives he that has nothing to say in commendation or discommendation of the principal party, let him praise or dispraise somebody else, as his father, or kinsman, or the very virtues or vices themselves.

He that wants not proofs, let him not only prove strongly, but also insinuate his manners; but he that has no proof, let him, nevertheless, insinuate his manners. For a good man is as acceptable as an exact oration.

Of proofs, those that lead to an absurdity please better than those that are direct or ostensive; because from the comparison of contraries, namely, truth and falsity, the force of the syllogism does the better appear.

Confutation is also a part of proof.

And he that speaks first, puts it after his own proofs, unless the controversy contain many and different matters. And he that speaks last, puts it before.

For 'tis necessary to make way for his own oration, by removing the objections of him that spake before. For the mind abhors both the man, and his oration, that is damned beforehand.

If a man desire his manners should appear well (lest speaking of himself he become odious, or troublesome, or obnoxious to obtreaction; or speaking of another, he seem contumelious, or scurrilous), let him introduce another person.

Last of all, lest he cloy his hearer with enthymemes, let him vary them sometimes with sentences; but such as have the same force. As here is an enthymeme: "If it be then the best time to make peace when the best conditions of peace may be had, then the time is now, while our fortune is entire." And this is a sentence of equal force to it: "Wise men make peace, while their fortune is entire."

XVII. OF INTERROGATIONS, ANSWERS, AND JESTS

THE times wherein 'tis fit to ask one's adversary a question are chiefly four.

1. The first is, when of two propositions that conclude an absurdity, he has already uttered one; and we would by interrogation draw him to confess the other.

2. The second, when of two propositions that conclude an absurdity, one is manifest of itself, and the other likely to be fetched out by a question; then the interrogation will be seasonable; and the absurd conclusion is presently to be inferred, without adding that proposition which is manifest.

3. The third, when a man would make appear that his adversary does contradict himself.

4. The fourth, when a man would take from his adversary such shifts as these; in some sort 'tis so, in some sort 'tis not so.

Out of these cases 'tis not fit to interrogate. For he whose question succeeds not is thought vanquished.

To equivocal questions a man ought to answer fully, and not to be too brief.

To interrogations which we foresee tend to draw from us an answer, contrary to our purpose, we must, together with our answer, presently give an answer to the objection which is implied in the question.

And where the question exacteth an answer that concludeth against us, we must, together with our answer, presently distinguish.

Jests are dissolved by serious and grave discourse; and grave discourse is deluded by jests.

The several kinds of jests are set down in the art of poetry.

Whereof one kind is irony, and tends to please oneself.

The other is scurrility, and tends to please others.

The latter of these has in it a kind of baseness; the former may become a man of good breeding.

XVIII. OF THE PERORATION

THE peroration must consist of one of these four things. Inclining the judge to favor yourself, or to disfavor your adversary. For then, when all has been said respecting the cause, is the best season to praise or dispraise the parties.

Of amplification or diminution. For when it appears what is good or evil, then is the time to show how great or how little that good or evil is.

Or in moving the judge to anger, love, or other passion. For when it is manifest of what kind, and how great the good or evil is, then it will be opportune to excite the judge.


Or of repetition, that the judge may remember what has been said.

Repetition consisteth in the matter and the manner. For the orator must show that he has performed what he promised in the beginning of his oration, and how: namely, by comparing his arguments one by one with his adversaries, repeating them in the same order they were spoken.

Complete. From the text of Bohn.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632-1704)

 OHN LOCKE, one of the greatest thinkers of modern times, was born in the county of Somerset, England, August 29th, 1632. His father was an opponent of royal prerogative, "a strict but genial Puritan," and his influence had much to do, no doubt, with making Locke the champion of the idea that the governed are the true source of all political power, and that government to be just must be representative. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford. His essay "Concerning the Human Understanding," which was written during the intervals of nearly twenty years, appeared in 1690. Supplementing the essay on "Toleration" (1689), it exerted a revolutionary influence on the thought of the civilized world. The essay, "On the Conduct of the Understanding," was originally intended to conclude the essay "Concerning the Human Understanding," but Locke withheld it, and it did not appear until after his death, which occurred October 28th, 1704.

REMEDIES OF THE ABUSE OF WORDS

TO REMEDY the defects of speech to some degree, and to prevent the inconveniences that follow from them, I imagine the observation of these following rules may be of use, till somebody better able shall judge it worth his while to think more maturely on this matter, and oblige the world with his thoughts on it.

REMEDY TO USE NO WORD WITHOUT AN IDEA.—Firstly, a man should take care to use no word without a signification, no name without an idea for which he makes it stand. This rule will not seem altogether needless to any one who shall take the pains to recollect how often he has met with such words, as instinct, sympathy, and antipathy, etc., in the discourse of others, so made use of as he might easily conclude that those that used them had no ideas in their minds to which they applied them; but spoke them only as sounds, which usually served instead of reasons on the like occasions. Not but that these words, and the like, have very proper significations in which they may be used; but there being no natural connection between any words and any ideas, these, and any other may be learned by rote, and pronounced or writ by men, who have no ideas in their minds to which they have annexed them, and for which they make them stand; which is necessary they should, if men would speak intelligibly even to themselves alone.

TO HAVE DISTINCT IDEAS ANNEXED TO THEM IN MODES.—Secondly, it is not enough a man uses his words as signs of some ideas: those he annexes them to, if they be simple, must be clear and distinct; if complex, must be determinate, *i. e.*, the precise collection of simple ideas settled in the mind with that sound annexed

to it, as the sign of that precise determined collection, and no other. This is very necessary in names of modes, and especially moral words; which, having no settled objects in nature from whence their ideas are taken, as from their original, are apt to be very confused. Justice is a word in every man's mouth, but most commonly with a very undetermined loose signification; which will always be so unless a man has in his mind a distinct comprehension of the component parts that complex idea consists of: and if it be decomposed, must be able to resolve it still on, till he at last comes to the simple ideas that make it up; and unless this be done, a man makes an ill use of the word, let it be justice, for example, or any other. I do not say a man need stand to recollect and make this analysis at large every time the word justice comes in his way; but this at least is necessary, that he have so examined the signification of that name, and settled the idea of all its parts in his mind, that he can do it when he pleases. If one, who makes his complex idea of justice to be such a treatment of the person or goods of another as is according to law, hath not a clear and distinct idea what law is, which makes a part of his complex idea of justice, it is plain his idea of justice itself will be confused and imperfect. This exactness will, perhaps, be judged very troublesome; and therefore most men will think they may be excused from settling the complex ideas of mixed modes so precisely in their minds. But yet I must say, till this be done, it must not be wondered that they have a great deal of obscurity and confusion in their own minds, and a great deal of wrangling in their discourse with others.

DISTINCT AND CONFORMABLE IN SUBSTANCES.—In the names of substances, for a right use of them, something more is required than barely determined ideas. In these the names must also be conformable to things as they exist; but of this I shall have occasion to speak more largely by and by. This exactness is absolutely necessary in inquiries after philosophical knowledge, and in controversies about truth. And though it would be well, too, if it extended itself to common conversation, and the ordinary affairs of life, yet I think that is scarce to be expected. Vulgar notions suit vulgar discourses; and both, though confused enough, yet serve pretty well the market and the wake. Merchants and lovers, cooks and tailors, have words wherewithal to dispatch their ordinary affairs; and so, I think, might philosophers and disputants too, if they had a mind to understand, and to be clearly understood.

PROPRIETY.—Thirdly, it is not enough that men have ideas, determined ideas, for which they make these signs stand; but they must also take care to apply their words, as near as may be, to such ideas as common use has annexed them to. For words, especially of languages already framed, being no man's private possession, but the common measure of commerce and communication, it is not for any one, at pleasure, to change the stamp they are current in, nor alter the ideas they are affixed to; or, at least, when there is a necessity to do so, he is bound to give notice of it. Men's intentions in speaking are, or at least should be, to be understood; which cannot be without frequent explanations, demands, and other the like incommodious interruptions, where men do not follow common use. Propriety of speech is that which gives our thoughts entrance into other men's minds with the greatest ease and advantage; and therefore deserves some part of our care and study, especially in the names of moral words. The proper signification and use of terms is best to be learned from those who in their writings and discourses appear to have had the clearest notions, and applied to them their terms with the exactest choice and fitness. This way of using a man's words, according to the propriety of the language, though it have not always the good fortune to be understood, yet most commonly leaves the blame of it on him who is so unskillful in the language he speaks as not to understand it when made use of as it ought to be.

TO MAKE KNOWN THEIR MEANING.—Fourthly, but because common use has not so visibly annexed any signification to words, as to make men know always certainly what they precisely stand for; and because men, in the improvement of their knowledge, come to have ideas different from the vulgar and ordinary received ones, for which they must either make new words (which men seldom venture to do, for fear of being thought guilty of affectation or novelty) or else must use old ones in a new signification; therefore, after the observation of the foregoing rules, it is sometimes necessary, for ascertaining the signification of words, to declare their meaning; where either common use has left it uncertain and loose (as it has in most names of very complex ideas) or where the term, being very material in the discourse, and that upon which it chiefly turns, is liable to any doubtfulness or mistake.

AND THAT THREE WAYS.—As the ideas men's words stand for are of different sorts, so the way of making known the ideas they stand for, when there is occasion, is also different. For though defining be thought the proper way to make known the proper signification of words, yet there are some words that will not be defined, as there are others, whose precise meaning cannot be made known but by definition; and perhaps a third, which partake somewhat of both the other, as we shall see in the names of simple ideas, modes, and substances.

IN SIMPLE IDEAS, BY SYNONYMOUS TERMS, OR SHOWING.—First, when a man makes use of the name of any simple idea, which he perceives is not understood, or is in danger to be mistaken, he is obliged by the laws of ingenuity, and the end of speech, to declare his meaning, and make known what idea he makes it stand for. This, as has been shown, cannot be done by definition; and therefore, when a synonymous word fails to do it, there is but one of these ways left. First, sometimes the naming the subject, wherein that simple idea is to be found, will make its name to be understood by those who are acquainted with that subject, and know it by that name. So to make a countryman understand what *feuille-morte* color signifies, it may suffice to tell him it is the color of withered leaves falling in autumn. Secondly, but the only sure way of making known the signification of the name of any simple idea is by presenting to his senses that subject which may produce it in his mind, and make him actually have the idea that word stands for.

IN MIXED MODES, BY DEFINITION.—Secondly, mixed modes, especially those belonging to morality, being most of them such combinations of ideas as the mind puts together of its own choice, and whereof there are not always standing patterns to be found existing; the signification of their names cannot be made known, as those of simple ideas, by any showing; but, in recompense thereof, may be perfectly and exactly defined. For they being combinations of several ideas, that the mind of man has arbitrarily put together, without reference to any archetypes, men may, if they please, exactly know the ideas that go to each composition, and so both use these words in a certain and undoubted signification, and perfectly declare, when there is occasion, what they stand for. This, if well considered, would lay great blame on those who make not their discourses about moral things very clear and distinct.

From the essay "On the Conduct of the Human Understanding."

THE RIGHT USE OF WORDS

THE ends of language in our discourse with others being chiefly these three: firstly, to make known one man's thoughts or ideas to another; secondly, to do it with as much ease and quickness as possible; and, thirdly, thereby to convey the knowledge of things: language is either abused or deficient when it fails of any of these three.

Firstly, words fail in the first of these ends, and lay not open one man's ideas to another's view: 1. When men have names in their mouths, without any determinate ideas in their minds, whereof they are the signs; or, 2. When they apply the common received names of any language to ideas, to which the common use of that language does not apply them; or, 3. When they apply them very unsteadily, making them stand now for one, and by and by for another idea.

TO DO IT WITH QUICKNESS.—Secondly, men fail of conveying their thoughts with all the quickness and ease that may be, when they have complex ideas, without having any distinct names for them. This is sometimes the fault of the language itself, which has not in it a sound yet applied to such a signification; and sometimes the fault of the man who has not yet learned the name for that idea he would show another.

THERewith TO CONVEY THE KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS.—Thirdly, there is no knowledge of things conveyed by men's words, when their ideas agree not to the reality of things. Though it be a defect, that has its original in our ideas, which are not so conformable to the nature of things, as attention, study, and application might make them; yet it fails not to extend itself to our words too, when we use them as signs of real beings, which yet never had any reality or existence.

HOW MEN'S WORDS FAIL IN ALL THESE.—Firstly, he that hath words of any language, without distinct ideas in his mind to which he applies them, does, so far as he uses them in discourse, only make a noise without any sense or signification; and how learned soever he may seem by the use of hard words, or learned terms, is not much more advanced thereby in knowledge than he would be in learning, who had nothing in his study but the bare titles of books, without possessing the contents of them. For all such words, however put into discourse, according to the right construction of grammatical rules, or the harmony of well-turned periods, do yet amount to nothing but bare sounds, and nothing else.

Secondly, he that has complex ideas, without particular names for them, would be in no better case than a bookseller, who had in his warehouse volumes that lay there unbound, and without titles; which he could, therefore, make known to others only by showing the loose sheets, and communicating them only by tale. This man is hindered in his discourse for want of words to communicate his complex ideas, which he is, therefore, forced to make known by an enumeration of the simple ones that compose them; and so is fain often to use twenty words to express what another man signifies in one.

Thirdly, he that puts not constantly the same sign for the same idea, but uses the same words sometimes in one, and sometimes in another signification, ought to pass in the schools and conversation for as fair a man as he does in the market and exchange, who sells several things under the same name.

Fourthly, he that applies the words of any language to ideas different from those to which the common use of that country applies them, however his own understanding may be filled with truth and light, will not by such words be able to convey much of it to others, without defining his terms. For however the sounds are such as are familiarly known, and easily enter the ears of those who are accustomed to them, yet standing for other ideas than those they usually are annexed to, and

are wont to excite in the mind of the hearers, they cannot make known the thoughts of him who thus uses them.

Fifthly, he that imagined to himself substances such as never have been, and filled his head with ideas which have not any correspondence with the real nature of things, to which yet he gives settled and defined names, may fill his discourse, and perhaps another man's head, with the fantastical imaginations of his own brain, but will be very far from advancing thereby one jot in real and true knowledge.

He that hath names without ideas wants meaning in his words, and speaks only empty sounds. He that hath complex ideas without names for them wants liberty and dispatch in his expressions, and is necessitated to use periphrases. He that uses his words loosely and unsteadily will either be not minded, or not understood. He that applies his names to ideas different from their common use wants propriety in his language, and speaks gibberish. And he that hath the ideas of substances disagreeing with the real existence of things, so far wants the materials of true knowledge in his understanding, and hath instead thereof chimeras.

HOW IN SUBSTANCES.—In our notions concerning substances, we are liable to all the former inconveniences: *e. g.*, 1. He that uses the word Tarantula, without having any imagination or idea what it stands for, pronounces a good word; but so long means nothing at all by it. 2. He that in a new-discovered country shall see several sorts of animals and vegetables, unknown to him before, may have as true ideas of them as of a horse or a stag; but can speak of them only by a description, till he shall either take the names the natives call them by, or give them names himself. 3. He that uses the word Body sometimes for pure extension, and sometimes for extension and solidity together, will talk very fallaciously. 4. He that gives the name Horse to that idea which common usage calls Mule talks improperly, and will not be understood. 5. He that thinks the name Centaur stands for some real being imposes on himself, and mistakes words for things.

HOW IN MODES AND RELATIONS.—In modes and relations generally we are liable only to the first four of these inconveniences; *viz.*: 1. I may have in my memory the names of modes, as gratitude or charity, and yet not have any precise ideas annexed in my thoughts to those names. 2. I may have ideas, and not know the names that belong to them; *e. g.*, I may have the idea of a man's drinking till his color and humor be altered, till his tongue trips, and his eyes look red, and his feet fail him; and yet not know that it is to be called drunkenness. 3. I may have the ideas of virtues or vices, and names also, but apply them amiss: *e. g.*, when I apply the name Frugality to that idea which others call and signify by this sound, Covetousness. 4. I may use any of those names with inconstancy. 5. But, in modes and relations, I cannot have ideas disagreeing to the existence of things: for modes being complex ideas made by the mind at pleasure; and relation being but by way of considering or comparing two things together, and so also an idea of my own making; these ideas can scarce be found to disagree with anything existing, since they are not in the mind as the copies of things regularly made by nature, nor as properties inseparably flowing from the internal constitution or essence of any substance; but, as it were, patterns lodged in my memory, with names annexed to them, do denominate actions and relations by, as they come to exist. But the mistake is commonly in my giving a wrong name to my conceptions; and so using words in a different sense from other people, I am not understood, but am thought to have wrong ideas of them, when I give wrong names to them. Only if I put in my ideas of mixed modes or relations any inconsistent ideas together, I fill my head also with chimeras; since such ideas, if well examined, cannot so much exist in the mind, much less any real being ever be denominated from them.

From the essay "On the Conduct of the Human Understanding."

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

(1651-1715)

FÉNELON'S "Dialogues on Eloquence" are worthy of his great and benignant genius. It seemed to him an imperative duty to know the truth and to study the best modes for giving it expression. "The whole art of eloquence," he writes, "consists in enforcing the clearest proofs of any truth, with such powerful motives as may affect the hearers, and employ their passions to just and worthy ends; to raise their indignation at ingratitude, their horror against cruelty, their compassion for the miserable, their love of virtue; and to direct every other passion to its proper objects." This high idea of the value to the world of oratory as an art gave Cicero his greatness, and it was illustrated by the whole life of Fénelon, a life which, whether expressed by his actions or his words, honors humanity.

He was born in Périgord, France, August 6th, 1651. His generation in France was prolific of great pulpit orators, as both Bossuet and Bourdaloue were his contemporaries. He was not less celebrated for eloquence than they, and his celebrity as an orator was largely responsible for his appointment to the archbishopric of Cambrai. His sermons are still studied, and even in translations they show their great eloquence; but he is best known for his immortal romance, "Telemachus," written in the hope of instructing the heir apparent to the throne of France, whose tutor he was. He died January 7th, 1715.

INTELLECTUAL INDEPENDENCE NECESSARY FOR ELOQUENCE

AN ORATOR should have nothing either to hope or fear from his hearers, with regard to his own interest. If you allowed of ambitious, mercenary declaimers, do you think they would oppose all the foolish, unruly passions of men? If they themselves be subject to avarice, ambition, luxury, and such shameful disorders, will they be able to cure others? If they seek after wealth, can they be fit to disengage others from that mean pursuit? I grant that a virtuous and disinterested orator ought always to be supplied with the conveniences of life, nor can he ever want them, if he be a true philosopher; I mean, such a wise and worthy person as is fit to reform the manners of men; for then he will live after a plain, modest, frugal, laborious manner: he will have occasion but for little, and that little he will never want; though he should earn it with his own hands. Now, what is superfluous ought not to be offered him as the recompense of his public services, and, indeed, it is not worthy of his acceptance. He may have honor and authority conferred on him; but if he be master of his passions, as we suppose, and above selfish views,



he will use this authority only for the public good; and be ready to resign it when he can no longer enjoy it without flattery or dissimulation. In short, an orator cannot be fit to persuade people unless he be inflexibly upright; for, without this steady virtue, his talents and address would, like a mortal poison, infect and destroy the body politic. For this reason Cicero thought that virtue is the chief and most essential quality of an orator, and that he should be a person of such unspotted probity as to be a pattern to his fellow-citizens; without which he cannot even seem to be convinced himself of what he says; and, consequently, he cannot persuade others.

B.—I am sensible there is a great deal of weight in what you say; but, after all, may not a man fairly employ his talents to raise himself in the world?

A.—Let us look back always to the principles we laid down. We have agreed that eloquence, and the profession of an orator, should be devoted to the instruction of the people, and the reformation of their practice. Now, to do this with freedom and success, a man must be disinterested and must teach others to condemn death, and riches, and unmanly pleasure. He must infuse into their minds the love of moderation, frugality, a generous concern for the public good, and an inviolable regard to the laws and constitution: and the orator's zeal for all these must appear in his conduct, as well as in his discourses. But will he who strives to please others that he may make his fortune, and who therefore avoids disobliging anybody,—I say, will such an artful, selfish person inculcate unacceptable truths with boldness and authority? Or, if he should, will any one believe a man who does not seem to believe himself?

B.—But supposing him to be in narrow circumstances, he does no harm, I hope, by endeavoring to improve them.

A.—If he be pinched, let him try to mend his condition some other way. There are other professions that will easily set him above want. But if he be in such extreme distress as to depend on relief from the public, he is not yet fit to be an orator. Would you choose men that are indigent, and almost starving, to be judges in your commonwealth? Would you not be afraid that their wants might expose them to corruption, or betray them into some dishonorable compliance? Would you not rather choose persons of note and distinction, who are above necessity, and out of the reach of its temptations?

B.—I believe I should.

A.—For the same reason, if you wanted orators, that is, public masters to instruct, reclaim, and form the minds and manners of the people, would you not choose such men as wanted nothing, and are far above little selfish aims? And if there were others who had proper talents for this superior office, but were clogged with their personal concerns, and narrow views of private interests, would you not excuse them from showing their eloquence till they were more easy and disengaged in their circumstances, and could speak in public without being suspected of any mean design?

B.—It would be better. But does not the experience of our own age plainly show that an orator may make his fortune by preaching rigid virtue with great vehemence? Where can we find keener satires against the prevailing corruptions of the age, and severer moral characters than those which come from the pulpit? Yet people are not disturbed at them; nay, they are pleased with them, and the ingenious preacher gets preferment by them.

A.—It is very true; but moral instructions have no weight nor influence, when they are neither supported by clear principles, nor good examples. Whom do you see converted by them? People are accustomed to hear such harangues, and are amused by them, as with so many fine scenes passing before their eyes. They hearken to such lectures just as they would read a satire, and they look on the

speaker as one that acts his part well. They believe his life more than his talk; and when they know him to be selfish, ambitious, vain, given up to sloth and luxury, and see that he parts with none of those enjoyments which he exhorts others to forsake, though, for the sake of custom and ceremony, they hear him declaim, they believe and act as he does. But what is worst of all, people are too apt to conclude that men of this profession do not believe what they teach—this disparages their function; and when others preach with a sincere zeal, people will scarcely believe this zeal to be sincere.

From "Dialogues on Eloquence."

THE OBJECTS OF ELOQUENCE

MEN talk in order to persuade; that is certain; and too often they speak likewise to please others. But while one endeavors to please, he has another view, which, though more distant, ought to be his chief aim. A man of probity has no other design in pleasing others than that he may the more effectually inspire them with the love of justice, and other virtues, by representing them as most amiable. He who seeks to advance his own interest, his reputation, or his fortune, strives to please, only that he may gain the affection and esteem of such as can gratify his ambition, or his avarice; so that this very design of pleasing is still but a different manner of persuasion that the orator aims at; for he pleases others to inveigle their affection, that he may thereby persuade them to what advances his interest.

B.—You cannot but own, then, that men often speak to please. The most ancient orators had this view. Cicero's orations plainly show that he labored hard for reputation, and who will not believe the same of Isocrates, and Demosthenes too? All the panegyrists were more solicitous for their own honor than for the fame of their heroes; and they extolled a prince's glory to the skies, chiefly because they hoped to be admired for their ingenious manner of praising him. This ambition seems to have been always reckoned commendable, both among the Greeks and the Romans; and such emulation brought eloquence to its perfection; it inspired men with noble thoughts and generous sentiments, by which the ancient republics were made to flourish. The advantageous light in which eloquence appeared in great assemblies, and the ascendant it gave the orator over the people, made it to be admired, and helped to spread polite learning. I cannot see, indeed, why such an emulation should be blamed even among Christian orators, provided they did not show an indecent affectation in their discourses, nor in the least enervate the precepts of the Gospel. We ought not to censure what animates young people, and forms our greatest preachers.

A.—You have here put several things together, which, if you please, sir, we will consider separately; and observe some method in inquiring what we ought to conclude from them. But let us above all things avoid a wrangling humor; and examine the subject with calmness and temper, like persons who are afraid of nothing so much as of error; and let us place the true point of honor in a candid acknowledgment of our mistakes, whenever we perceive them.

B.—That is the exact state of my mind, or at least I judge it to be so; and I entreat you to tell me when you find me transgressing this equitable rule.

A.—We will not as yet talk of what relates to preachers, for that point may be more seasonably considered afterwards. Let us begin with those orators whose examples you vouched. By mentioning Demosthenes and Isocrates together, you

disparage the former; for the latter was a lifeless declaimer, that busied himself in polishing his thoughts, and giving a harmonious cadence to his periods. He had a very low and vulgar notion of eloquence; and placed almost the whole of it in a nice disposal of his words. A man who employed ten or (as others say) fifteen years in smoothing the periods of a panegyric, which was a discourse concerning the necessities of Greece, could give but a very small and slow relief to the republic, against the enterprises of the Persian king. Demosthenes spoke against Philip in a quite different manner. You may read the comparison that Dionysius Halicarnassius has made of these two orators, and see there the chief faults he observed in Isocrates, whose discourses are vainly gay and florid, and his periods adjusted with incredible pains merely to please the ear; while, on the contrary, Demosthenes moves, warms, and captivates the heart. He was too sensibly touched with the interest of his country to mind the little glittering fancies that amused Isocrates. Every oration of Demosthenes is a close chain of reasoning that represents the generous notions of a soul who disdains any thought that is not great. His discourses gradually increase in force by greater light and new reasons; which are always illustrated by bold figures and lively images. One cannot but see that he has the good of the republic entirely at heart, and that nature itself speaks in all his transports; for his artful address is so masterly that it never appears. Nothing ever equaled the force and vehemence of his discourses. Have you never read the remarks that Longinus made on them in his treatise of the Sublime?

B.—No: is not that the treatise that Mr. Boileau translated? Do you think it fine?

A.—I am not afraid to tell you that I think it surpasses Aristotle's "Rhetoric"; which, though it be a very solid tract, is yet clogged with many dry precepts that are rather curious than fit for practice; so that it is more proper to point out the rules of art to such as are already eloquent, than to give us a just taste of rhetoric and to form true orators. But Longinus, in his discourse of the Sublime, intersperses among his precepts many fine examples from the greatest authors to illustrate them. He treats of the Sublime in a lofty manner, as his translator has judiciously observed. He warms our fancy, and exalts our mind; he forms our taste, and teaches us to distinguish what is either fine or faulty in the most famous ancient writers.

From "Dialogues on Eloquence."

THE WHOLE ART OF ELOQUENCE

THE whole art of eloquence consists in enforcing the clearest proofs of any truth, with such powerful motives as may affect the hearers, and employ their passions to just and worthy ends, to raise their indignation at ingratitude, their horror against cruelty, their compassion for the miserable, their love of virtue; and to direct every other passion to its proper objects. This is what Plato calls affecting the minds of an audience, and moving their bowels. Do you understand me, sir?

B.—Very plainly; and I see too that eloquence is not a trifling invention to amuse and dazzle people with pompous language, but that it is a very serious art, and serviceable to morality.

A.—It is both a serious and a difficult art. For which reason Tully said he had heard several persons declaim in an elegant, engaging manner; but that there were but very few complete orators, who knew how to seize and captivate the heart.

C.—I am not surprised at that; for I see but very few who aim at it: nay, I freely own that Cicero himself, who lays down this rule, seems oftentimes to forget it. What do you think of those rhetorical flowers with which he embellished his harangues? They might amuse the fancy, but could not touch the heart.

A.—We must distinguish, sir, betwixt Tully's orations. Those he composed in his youth (when he chiefly aimed at establishing his character) have oftentimes the gay defect you speak of. He was then full of ambition, and far more concerned for his own fame than for the justice of his cause. And this will always be the case when people employ one to plead for them, who regards their business no further than as it gives him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and of shining in his profession. Thus we find that among the Romans their pleading at the bar was oftentimes nothing else but a pompous declamation. After all, we must own that Tully's youthful and most elaborate orations show a great deal of his moving and persuasive art. But to form a just notion of it, we must observe the harangues he made in his more advanced age for the necessities of the republic. For then the experience he had in the weightiest affairs, the love of liberty, and the fear of those calamities that hung over his head, made him display the utmost efforts of his eloquence. When he endeavored to support and revive expiring liberty, and to animate the commonwealth against Antony his enemy, you do not see him use points of wit and quaint antithesis; he is then truly eloquent. Everything seems artless, as it ought to be when one is vehement. With a negligent air he delivers the most natural and affecting sentiments, and says everything that can move and animate the passions.

C.—You have often spoken of witty conceits and quaint turns. Pray, what do you mean by these expressions? For I can scarce distinguish those witty turns from the other ornaments of discourse. In my opinion, all the embellishments of speech flow from wit and a vigorous fancy.

A.—But Tully thinks there are many expressions that owe all their beauty and ornament to their force and propriety; and to the nature of the subject they are applied to.

C.—I do not exactly understand these terms: be pleased to show me in a familiar way how I may readily distinguish betwixt a flash of wit, or (quaint turn,) and a solid ornament, or noble, delicate thought.

A.—Reading and observation will teach you best; there are a hundred different sorts of witty conceits.

C.—But pray, sir, tell me at least some general mark by which I may know them: is it affectation?

A.—Not every kind of affectation, but a fond desire to please, and show one's wit.

C.—This gives me some little light; but I want still some distinguishing marks to direct my judgment.

A.—I will give you one then, which perhaps will satisfy you. We have seen that eloquence consists not only in giving clear, convincing proofs, but likewise in the art of moving the passions. Now, in order to move them, we must be able to paint them well with their various objects and effects. So that I think the whole art of oratory may be reduced to proving, painting, and raising the passions. Now all those pretty, sparkling, quaint thoughts, that do not tend to one of these ends, are only witty conceits.

C.—What do you mean by painting? I never heard that term applied to rhetoric.

A.—To paint is not only to describe things, but to represent the circumstances of them in such a lively, sensible manner, that the hearer shall fancy he almost sees them with his eyes. For instance, if a dry historian were to give an account of Dido's death, he would only say she was overwhelmed with sorrow after the departure

of Æneas; and that she grew weary of her life, so went up to the top of her palace, and lying down on her funeral pile, stabbed herself. Now these words would inform you of the fact; but you do not see it. When you read the story in Virgil, he sets it before your eyes. When he represents all the circumstances of Dido's despair, describes her wild rage, and death already staring in her aspect; when he makes her speak at the sight of the picture and sword that Æneas left, your imagination transports you to Carthage, where you see the Trojan fleet leaving the shore, and the queen quite inconsolable. You enter into all her passions, and into the sentiments of the supposed spectators. It is not Virgil you then hear; you are too attentive to the last words of unhappy Dido to think of him. The poet disappears, and we see only what he describes; and hear those only whom he makes to speak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are so nearly related; the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears; but both of them ought to convey the liveliest pictures to people's imagination. I have taken an example from a poet to give you a livelier image of what I mean by painting in eloquence, for poets paint in a stronger manner than orators. Indeed, the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthusiasm and gives bolder touches than the orator. But prose allows of painting in a moderate degree; for, without lively descriptions, it is impossible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to stir his passions. A plain narrative does not move people; we must not only inform them of facts, but strike their senses by a lively, moving representation of the manner and circumstances of the facts we relate.

C.—I never reflected on this before. But seeing what you call painting is essential to oratory, does it not follow that there can be no true eloquence without a due mixture of poetry?

A.—You are right: only we must exclude versification; that is, a strict regard to the quantity of syllables, and the order of words in which the poet is obliged to express his thoughts, according to the measure or verse he writes in. Versification, indeed, if it be in rhyme, is what injudicious people reckon to be the whole of poetry. Some fancy themselves to be poets, because they have spoken or writ in measured words; but there are many who make verses without poetry, and others are very poetical without making verses. If, therefore, we set versifying aside, poetry in other respects is only a lively fiction that paints nature. And if one has not this genius for painting, he will never be able to imprint things on the hearer's mind; but his discourse will be flat, languid and wearisome. Ever since the fall of Adam, men's thoughts have been so low and groveling, that they are unattentive to moral truths, and can scarce conceive anything but what affects their senses. In this consists the degeneracy of human nature. People soon grow weary of contemplation; intellectual ideas do not strike their imagination, so that we must use sensible and familiar images to support their attention, and convey abstracted truths to their minds. Hence it came that soon after the fall the religion of all the Ancients consisted of poetry and idolatry; which were always joined together in their various schemes of superstition. But let us not wander too far—you see plainly that poetry, I mean the lively painting of things, is, as it were, the very soul of eloquence.

C.—But if true orators be poets, I should think that poets are orators too,—for poetry is very proper to persuade.

A.—Yes; they have the very same end. All the difference betwixt them consists in what I have told you. Orators are not possessed with that enthusiasm which fires the poet's breast, and renders him more lively, more sublime, and bolder in expression. You remember the passage I quoted from Cicero.

C.—Which? is it not—

A.—That an orator ought to have the style almost of a poet; that almost points out the difference between them.

C.—I understand you. But you do not come to the point you proposed to explain to us.

A.—Which?

C.—The rule for distinguishing betwixt witty turns and solid ornaments.

A.—You will soon comprehend that. For of what use in discourse can any ornament be that does not tend either to prove, to paint, or to affect?

C.—It may serve to please.

A.—We must distinguish here between such ornaments as only please and those that both please and persuade. That which serves to please in order to persuade is good and solid; thus we are pleased with strong and clear arguments. The just and natural emotions of an orator have much grace and beauty in them; and his exact and lively painting charms us. So that all the necessary parts of eloquence are apt to please, but yet pleasing is not their true aim. The question is, whether we shall approve such thoughts and expressions as may perhaps give an amusing delight; but, in other respects, are altogether useless: and these I call quaint turns, and points of wit. You must remember now that I allow all those graces of style, and delicate thoughts that tend to persuasion; I only reject those vain, affected ornaments that the self-conceited author uses, to paint his own character, and amuse others with his wit, instead of filling their minds entirely with his subject. In fine, I think we ought to condemn not only all jingle and playing with words, as a thing extremely mean and boyish, but even all witty conceits and fanciful turns; I mean such thoughts as only flash and glitter upon the fancy, but contain nothing that is solid and conducive to persuasion.

From "Dialogues on Eloquence."

ELOCUTION, GESTURE, AND DELIVERY

You approve then of many different gestures, and various inflections of the voice?

A.—It is that variety which gives so much grace and force to the action of an orator; and made Demosthenes far excel all others. The more easy and familiar that the voice and action appear, when the speaker only narrates, explains, or instructs, the more apt he will be to surprise and move the audience in those parts of his discourse, where he grows suddenly vehement, and enforces lofty, affecting sentiments by a suitable energy of voice and action. This due pronunciation is a kind of music, whose beauty consists in the variety of proper tones and inflections of the voice, which ought to rise or fall with a just and easy cadence, according to the nature of the things we express. It gives a light as well as a grace to language, and is the very life and spirit of discourse.

B.—According to your notions of elocution, it is an art unknown to our greatest orators. The preacher that you and I heard, about a fortnight ago, did not observe your rule, nor even seem to attempt it. Except the first thirty words of his sermon, he spake always in the same tone; and the only sign I could perceive of his being more vehement in some parts of his discourse than in others, was that when he seemed earnest he spoke faster than at other times.

A.—To me, sir, his voice seemed to have two tones; though they were well adapted to his words. You observed justly enough that he did not follow the rules

of pronunciation; and I believe he did not perceive the need of them. His voice is naturally melodious; and though it be ill managed, it is, however, pleasing enough. But you see plainly that it does not make those strong, affecting impressions on the mind that it would produce, if it had such various inflections as are proper to express the speaker's sentiments. Such preachers are like fine clocks, that give a clear, full, soft, agreeable sound; but after all they are clocks only of no significance; and having no variety of notes, they are incapable of harmony or eloquence.

B.—But were there not many graces in the rapidity of his discourse?

A.—Yes; and I grant that in some affecting, lively passages one ought to speak faster than usual. But it is a great fault to speak with so much precipitation that one cannot stop himself, nor be distinctly understood. The voice and action bear some resemblance to verse. Sometimes we must use such a slow and grave measure as is fit to describe things of that character; and sometimes a short impetuous one, to express what is quick and ardent. To use always the same degree of action, and the same tone of voice, is like prescribing one remedy for all distempers. But we ought to excuse the uniformity of that preacher's voice and action. For, besides his possessing many excellent qualities, the fault we complain of is the natural effect of his style. We have already agreed that the modulation of the voice should be exactly suited to the words. Now his style is even, and uniform, without the least variety. On the one hand, it is not familiar, insinuating, and popular; and, on the other, it has nothing in it that is lively, figurative, and sublime; but it consists of a constant flow of words, that press one after the other; containing a close and well-connected chain of reasoning, on clear ideas. In a word, he is a man that talks good sense very correctly. Nay, we must acknowledge that he has done great service to the pulpit; he has rescued it from the servitude of vain declaimers, and filled it himself with much strength and dignity. He is very capable of convincing people; but I know few preachers who persuade and move them less than he doth. If you observe carefully, you will even find that his way of preaching is not very instructive, for besides his not having a familiar, engaging, pathetic manner of talking, (as I observed before,) his discourse does not in the least strike the imagination, but is addressed to the understanding only. It is a thread of reasoning that cannot be comprehended without the closest attention. And seeing there are but few hearers capable of such a constant application of mind, they retain little or nothing of his discourse. It is like a torrent that hurries along at once, and leaves its channel dry. In order to make a lasting impression on people's minds, we must support their attention, by moving their passions; for dry instructions can have but little influence. But the thing that I reckon least natural in this preacher is the continual motion he gives his arms, while there is nothing figurative nor moving in his words. The action used in ordinary conversation would suit his style best; or his impetuous gesture would require a style full of sallies and vehemence; and even then he behooved to manage his warmth better, and render it less uniform. In fine, I think he is a great man—but not an orator. A country preacher who can alarm his hearers, and draw tears from them, answers the end of eloquence better than he.

B.—But how shall we know the particular gestures and the inflections of voice that are agreeable to nature?


A.—I told you before that the whole art of good orators consists in observing what nature does when unconstrained. You ought not to imitate those haranguers who choose always to declaim, but will never talk to their hearers. On the contrary, you should address yourself to an audience in such a modest, respectful, engaging manner, that each of them shall think you are speaking to him in particular. And this is the use and advantage of natural, familiar, insinuating tones of voice. They ought always to be grave and becoming; and even strong and pathetic when

the subject requires it. But you must not fancy that you can express the passions by the mere strength of voice, like those noisy speakers who by bawling and tossing themselves about, stun their hearers, instead of affecting them. If we would succeed in painting and raising the passions, we must know exactly what movements they inspire. For instance, observe what is the posture, and what the voice of one whose heart is pierced with sorrow, or surprised at the sight of an astonishing object; remark the natural action of the eyes; what the hands do; and what the whole body. On such occasions nature appears, and you need only follow it; if you must employ art, conceal it so well under an exact imitation that it may pass for nature itself. But to speak the truth, orators in such cases are like poets who write elegies or other passionate verses; they must feel the passion they describe, else they can never paint it well. The greatest art imaginable can never speak like true passion and undisguised nature. So that you will always be but an imperfect orator if you be not thoroughly moved with those sentiments that you paint, and would infuse into others.

From "Dialogues on Eloquence."

ISAAC WATTS

(1674-1748)

HE celebrated Dr. Watts, now remembered chiefly as the author of "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," was a man of great learning and a profound thinker. His work, "Improvement of the Mind," contains much that deserves to be kept in lasting remembrance. It shows that he was deeply impressed with the need for more accurate thought and more nearly adequate expression, especially in the pulpit. He was born at Southampton, England, July 17th, 1674. He was a "Dissenter," and his work in the pulpit was done chiefly as the pastor of an independent church in London. His "Logic" was published in 1725, and his essay on "Improvement of the Mind" in 1741. These are his chief works in prose. His hymns and his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," published in 1720, show that he had developed the lyrical faculty as it has seldom been developed by English hymn writers. He died November 25th, 1748.

THE ELOQUENCE OF COMMON SENSE

THE most necessary and most useful character of a style fit for instruction is, that it be plain, perspicuous, and easy. And here I shall first point out all those errors in a style which diminish or destroy the perspicuity of it, and then mention a few directions how to obtain a perspicuous and easy style.

The errors of style which must be avoided by teachers are these that follow:—

The use of many foreign words, which are not sufficiently naturalized and mingled with the language which we speak or write. It is true that in teaching the sciences in English we must sometimes use words borrowed from the Greek and Latin, for we have not in English names for a variety of subjects which belong to learning; but when a man affects, upon all occasions, to bring in long sounding words from the ancient languages, without necessity, and mingles French and other outlandish terms and phrases, where plain English would serve as well, he betrays a vain and foolish genius, unbecoming a teacher.

Avoid a fantastic learned style, borrowed from the various sciences, where the subject and matter do not require the use of them. Do not affect terms of art on every occasion, nor seek to show your learning by sounding words and dark phrases: this is properly called pedantry.

Young preachers, just come from the schools, are often tempted to fill their sermons with logical and metaphysical terms in explaining their text, and feed their hearers with sonorous words of vanity. This scholastic language perhaps may flatter their own ambition, and raise a wonderment at their learning among the staring

multitude, without any manner of influence toward the instruction of the ignorant, or the reformation of the immoral or impious. These terms of art are but the tools of an artificer, by which his work is wrought in private; but the tools ought not to appear in the finished workmanship.

There are some persons so fond of geometry, that they bring in lines and circles, tangents and parabolas, theorems, problems, and postulates, upon all occasions. Others who have dealt in astronomy borrow even their nouns and their verbs in their common discourse from the stars and planets. Instead of saying Jacob had twelve sons, they tell you Jacob had as many sons as there are signs in the zodiac. If they describe an inconstant person, they make a planet of him, and set him forth in all his appearances, direct, retrograde, and stationary. If a candle be set behind a screen, they call it eclipsed; and tell you fine stories of the orbit and the revolutions, the radii and the limb or circumference of a cart wheel.

Others again dress up their sense in chemical language. Extracts and oils, salts and essences, exalt and invigorate their discourses: a great wit with them is sublimated spirit, and a blockhead is a *caput mortuum*. A certain doctor in his bill swells in his own idea, when he tells the town that he has been counselor to the counselors of several kings and princes; that he has arrived at the knowledge of the green, black, and golden dragon, known only to magicians and hermetic philosophers. It would be well if the quacks alone had a patent for this language.

There are some fine affected words that are used only at court, and some peculiar phrases that are sounding or gaudy, and belong only to the theatre; these should not come into the lectures of instruction; the language of poets has too much of metaphor in it to lead mankind into clear and distinct ideas of things: the business of poesy is to strike the soul with a glaring light, and to urge the passions into a flame by splendid shows, by strong images, and a pathetic vehemence of style; but it is another sort of speech that is best suited to lead the calm inquirer into just conceptions of things.

There is a mean, vulgar style, borrowed from the lower ranks of mankind, the basest characters, and meanest affairs of life; this is also to be avoided, for it should be supposed that persons of liberal education have not been bred up within the hearing of such language, and consequently they cannot understand it; besides that it would create very offensive ideas, should we borrow even similes for illustration from the scullery, the dunghill, and the jakes.

An obscure and mysterious manner of expression and cloudy language is to be avoided. Some persons have been led by education, or by some foolish prejudices, into a dark and unintelligible way of thinking and speaking; and this continues with them all their lives, and clouds and confounds their ideas. Perhaps some of these may have been blessed with a great and comprehensive genius, with sublime natural parts, and a torrent of ideas flowing in upon them; yet for want of clearness in the manner of their conception and language, they sometimes drown their own subject of discourse, and overwhelm their argument in darkness and perplexity: such preachers as have read much of mystical divinity, and imitated its manner of expression, have many times buried a fine understanding under the obscurity of such a style.

A long and tedious style is very improper for a teacher, for this also lessens the perspicuity of it. Some learned writers are never satisfied unless they fill up every sentence with a great number of ideas and sentiments; they swell their propositions to an enormous size by explications, exceptions, and precautions, lest they should be mistaken, and crowd them all into the same period: they involve and darken their discourse by many parentheses, and prolong their sentences to a tiresome extent, beyond the reach of a common comprehension. Such sort of writers or speakers may

be rich in knowledge, but they are seldom fit to communicate it. He that would gain a happy talent for the instruction of others must know how to disentangle and divide his thoughts if too many of them are ready to crowd into one paragraph: and let him rather speak three sentences distinctly and perspicuously, which the hearer receives at once with his ears and his soul, than crowd all the thoughts into one sentence, which the hearer has forgot before he can understand it.

ON FORENSIC ARGUMENTS AND DISPUTES

KEEP this always upon your mind as an everlasting rule of conduct in your debates to find out truth, that a resolute design, or even a warm affectation of victory, is the bane of all real improvement and an effectual bar against the admission of the truth which you profess to seek. This works with a secret, but a powerful and mischievous influence in every dispute, unless we are much upon our guard. It appears in frequent conversation; every age, every sex, and each party of mankind are so fond of being in the right, that they know not how to renounce this unhappy prejudice, this vain love of victory.

When truth with bright evidence is ready to break in upon a disputant, and to overcome his objections and mistakes, how swift and ready is the mind to engage wit and fancy, craft and subtilty, to cloud and perplex and puzzle the truth, if possible! How eager is he to throw in some impertinent question to divert from the main subject! How swift to take hold of some occasional word, thereby to lead the discourse off from the point in hand! So much afraid is human nature of parting with its errors, and being overcome by truth. Just thus a hunted hare calls up all the shifts that nature hath taught her; she treads back her mazes, crosses and confounds her former track, and uses all possible methods to divert the scent, when she is in danger of being seized and taken. Let puss practice what nature teaches; but would one imagine that any rational being should take such pains to avoid truth, and to escape the improvement of its understanding?

When you come to a dispute in order to find out truth, do not presume that you are certainly possessed of it beforehand. Enter the debate with a sincere design of yielding to reason, on which side soever it appears. Use no subtle arts to cloud and entangle the question; hide not yourself in doubtful words and phrases; do not affect little shifts and subterfuges to avoid the force of an argument; take a generous pleasure to espy the first rising beams of truth, though it be on the side of your opponent; endeavor to remove the little obscurities that hang about it, and suffer and encourage it to break out into open and convincing light; that while your opponent perhaps may gain the better of your reasonings, yet you yourself may triumph over error; and I am sure that is a much more valuable acquisition and victory. . . .

The forum was a public place in Rome, where orators and lawyers made their speeches before the proper judge in matters of property, or in criminal cases, to accuse or excuse, to complain or defend; thence all sorts of disputations in public assemblies or courts of justice, where several persons make their distinct speeches for or against any person or thing whatsoever, but more especially in civil matters, may come under the name of forensic disputes.

This is practiced not only in the courts of judicature, where a single person sits to judge of the truth or goodness of any cause, and to determine according to the weight of reasons on either side, but it is used also in political senates or parliaments, ecclesiastical synods, and assemblies of various kinds.

In these assemblies, generally one person is chosen chairman or moderator, not to give a determination to the controversy, but chiefly to keep the several speakers to the rules of order and decency in their conduct; but the final determination of the questions arises from the majority of opinions or votes in the assembly, according as they are or ought to be swayed by the superior weight of reason appearing in the several speeches that are made.

The method of proceeding is usually in some such form as this. The first person who speaks when the court is set opens the case either more briefly or at large, and proposes the case to the judge or the chairman, or moderator of the assembly, and gives his own reasons for his opinion in the case proposed.

This person is succeeded by one, or perhaps two, or several more, who paraphrase on the same subject, and argue on the same side of the question; they confirm what the first has spoken, and urge new reasons to enforce the same; then those who are of a different opinion stand up and make their several speeches in succession, opposing the cause which others have maintained, giving their reasons against it, and endeavoring to refute the arguments whereby the first speakers have supported it.

After this, one and another rise up to make their replies, to vindicate or to condemn, to establish or to confute what has been offered before on each side of the question; till at last, according to the rules, orders, or customs of the court or assembly, the controversy is decided, either by a single judge, or the suffrage of the assembly.

Where the question or matter in debate consists of several parts, after it is once opened by the first or second speaker, sometimes those who follow take each of them a particular part of the debate, according to their inclination or their prior agreement, and apply themselves to argue upon that single point only, that so the whole complexion of the debate may not be thrown into confusion by the variety of subjects, if every speaker should handle all the subjects of debate.

Before the final sentence of determination is given, it is usual to have the reasons and arguments, which have been offered on both sides, summed up and represented in a more compendious manner; and this is done either by the appointed judge of the court, or the chairman, or some noted person in the assembly, that so judgment may proceed upon the fullest survey of the whole subject, that, as far as possible in human affairs, nothing may be done contrary to truth or justice.

As this is a practice in which multitudes of gentlemen, besides those of the learned professions, may be engaged, at least, in their maturer years of life, so it would be a very proper and useful thing to introduce this custom into our academies, *viz.*, to propose cases, and let the students debate them in a forensic manner in the presence of their tutors. There was something of this kind practiced by the Roman youth in their schools, in order to train them up for orators, both in the forum and in the senate. Perhaps Juvenal gives some hints of it when he says,—

————— *et nos*
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret —————

— Sat. I.

“Where with men-boys I strove to get renown,
 Advising Sylla to a private gown,
 That he might sleep the sounder.”

ON GOOD AND BAD PREACHING

OUR fathers formed their sermons much upon the model of doctrine, reason, and use; and perhaps there is no one method of more universal service and more easily applicable to most subjects, though it is not necessary or proper in every discourse; but the very names of doctrine and use are become nowadays such stale and old-fashioned things that a modish preacher is quite ashamed of them; nor can a modish hearer bear the sound of those syllables. A direct and distinct address to the consciences of saints and sinners must not be named or mentioned, though these terms are scriptural, lest it should be hissed out of the church like the garb of a Roundhead or a Puritan.

Some of our fathers have multiplied their particulars under one single head of discourse, and run up the tale of them to sixteen or seventeen. Culpable, indeed, and too numerous! But in opposition to this extreme, we are almost ashamed in our age to say thirdly; and all fourthlies and fifthlies are very unfashionable words.

Our fathers made too great account of the sciences of logic and metaphysics, and the formalities of definition and division, syllogism and method, when they brought them so often into the pulpit; but we hold those arts so much in contempt and defiance that we had rather talk a whole hour without order, and without edification, than be suspected of using logic or method in our discourses.

Some of our fathers neglected politeness perhaps too much, and indulged a coarseness of style, and a rough or awkward pronunciation; but we have such a value for elegancy, and so nice a taste for what we call polite, that we dare not spoil the cadence of a period to quote a text of Scripture in it, nor disturb the harmony of our sentences to number or to name the heads of our discourse. And for this reason I have heard it hinted that the name of Christ has been banished out of polite sermons, because it is a monosyllable of so many consonants and so harsh a sound.

But after all, our fathers, with all their defects, and with all their weaknesses, preached the Gospel of Christ to the sensible instruction of whole parishes, to the conversion of sinners from the errors of their way, and the salvation of multitudes of souls. But it has been the late complaint of Dr. Edwards and other worthy sons of the Established Church, that in too many pulpits nowadays there are only heard some smooth declamations, while the hearers that were ignorant of the Gospel abide still without knowledge, and the profane sinners are profane still. O that divine grace would descend, and reform what is amiss in all the sanctuaries of the nation!

All the above extracts are from "Improvement of the Mind."

LORD BOLINGBROKE

(HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE)

(1678-1751)



LORD BOLINGBROKE was in his generation one of the most celebrated orators of England, but, unfortunately, not a single speech of his was reported, except in brief and summary references in the third person. He was born at Battersea, England, October 1st, 1678. Entering Parliament in 1701, he soon advanced to the highest dignities of the state. From 1710 to 1714 he was Secretary of State under Queen Anne, who created him Viscount Bolingbroke. On the accession of George I., he was suspected of intriguing with the Stuarts. Obligated to go into exile, he was attainted in his absence, but being allowed to return to England in 1723, he devoted himself largely to literature and left a number of works which rank as English classics. The best of these are probably his "Letters on the Study of History."

HISTORY AS A PREPARATION FOR SPEAKING AT THE BAR

I MIGHT instance, in other professions, the obligations men lie under of applying themselves to certain parts of history, and I can hardly forbear doing it in that of the law; in its nature the noblest and most beneficial to mankind, in its abuse and debasement the most sordid and the most pernicious. A lawyer now is nothing more, I speak of ninety-nine in a hundred at least, to use some of Tully's words, "*nisi 'leguleius quidam, cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, anceps syllabarum.*" But there have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians; there have been Bacons and Clarendons, my lord. There will be none such any more, till in some better age true ambition or the love of fame prevail over avarice; and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession, by climbing up to the vantage ground, so my Lord Bacon calls it, of science; instead of groveling all their lives below in a mean but gainful application to all the little arts of chicane. Till this happen, the profession of the law will scarce deserve to be ranked among the learned professions; and whenever it happens, one of the vantage grounds to which men must climb is metaphysical, and the other historical knowledge. They must pry into the secret recesses of the human heart, and become well acquainted with the whole moral world, that they may discover the abstract reason of all laws; and they must trace the laws of particular states, especially of their own, from the first rough sketches to the more perfect draughts; from the first causes or occasions that produced them, through all the effects good and bad that they produced. But I am running insensibly into a subject which would detain me too long from one that

relates more immediately to your lordship, and with which I intend to conclude this long letter. . . .


The sum of what I have been saying is, that in free governments the public service is not confined to those whom the prince appoints to different posts in the administration under him; that there the care of the state is the care of multitudes; that many are called to it in a particular manner by their rank, and by other circumstances of their situation; and that even those whom the prince appoints are not only answerable to him, but like him, and before him to the nation, for their behavior in their several posts. It can never be impertinent nor ridiculous therefore in such a country, whatever it might be in the Abbot of St. Real's, which was Savoy, I think; or in Peru, under the Incas, where Garcilasso de la Vega says it was lawful for none but the nobility to study—for men of all degrees to instruct themselves in those affairs wherein they may be actors, or judges of those that act, or controllers of those that judge. On the contrary, it is incumbent on every man to instruct himself, as well as the means and opportunities he has permit, concerning the nature and interests of the government, and those rights and duties that belong to him, or to his superiors, or to his inferiors. This in general; but in particular, it is certain that the obligations under which we lie to serve our country increase in proportion to the ranks we hold, and the other circumstances of birth, fortune, and situation, that call us to this service; and, above all, to the talents which God has given us to perform it.

Letter V. From his essays on the
"Study of History."

LORD CHESTERFIELD

(PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD)

(1694-1773)

HERE is no convincing evidence that Lord Chesterfield was by nature more fitted for success in oratory than in medicine or the fine arts, but he determined to be an orator and educated himself up to a high degree of efficiency. Some of his speeches in the House of Lords are models of clear, connected, and forcible expression. The one thing they generally lack is reality of feeling; but sometimes, as in opposing Walpole's excise policy, Chesterfield becomes deeply interested, if not actually moved, and shows it in the increased naturalness and strength of his speeches. He was born in London, September 22d, 1694, and died March 24th, 1773. He is chiefly celebrated for his "Letters to His Son," whom he strove to educate in the courtliness and refinements of aristocratic good breeding. Lord Chesterfield himself was the most courtly man in England, but his son though most persistently advised, found the attempt to imitate him irksome, and abandoned it. The "Letters" remain, however, and they are likely always to be read because of the learning and acute knowledge of human nature they display. They are often cold-blooded, but they do not cease to be interesting even when they are least commendable.

POETS AND ORATORS

A MAN who is not born with a poetical genius can never be a poet, or, at best, an extremely bad one; but every man who can speak at all can speak elegantly and correctly, if he pleases, by attending to the best authors and orators; and, indeed, I would advise those who do not speak elegantly not to speak at all, for I am sure they will get more by their silence than by their speech. As for politeness, whoever keeps good company and is not polite must have formed a resolution, and take some pains not to be so; otherwise he would naturally and insensibly acquire the air, the address, and the turn of those he converses with.

METHOD OF STUDY—THE WORLD AND BOOKS

YOUR first morning hours I would have you devote to your graver studies with Mr. Harte; the middle part of the day I would have employed in seeing things; and the evenings, in seeing people. You are not, I hope, of a lazy, inactive turn, in either body or mind; and, in that case, the day is full long enough for everything, especially at Rome, where it is not the fashion as it is here, and at Paris, to embezzle at least half of it at table. But if, by accident, two or three hours are sometimes wanting for some useful purpose, borrow them from your sleep. Six, or at most seven hours sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody can want; more is only laziness and dozing; and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying. If, by chance, your business or your pleasures should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time, that you may not lose the precious morning hours; and that the want of sleep may force you to go to bed earlier the next night. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and the want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for, from twenty to forty, I should certainly have read very little, if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed. Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. That was the rule of the famous and unfortunate pensionary De Witt, who, by strictly following it, found time, not only to do the whole business of the republic, but to pass his evenings at assemblies and suppers, as if he had had nothing else to do or think of.

MISPRONUNCIATION AND MISUSE OF WORDS

A PERSON of the House of Commons, speaking two years ago upon naval affairs, asserted that we had then "the finest navy upon the face of the yearth." This happy mixture of blunder and vulgarism, you may easily imagine, was matter of immediate ridicule; but I can assure you that it continues so still, and will be remembered as long as he lives and speaks. Another, speaking in defense of a gentleman, upon whom a censure was moved, happily said that he thought that gentleman was more liable to be thanked and rewarded, than censured. You know, I presume, that "liable" can never be used in a good sense.

BOOKS FOR ORATORY

YOU have read Quintilian, the best book in the world to form an orator; pray read Cicero's "De Oratore," the best book in the world to finish one. Translate and retranslate, from and to Latin, Greek, and English; make yourself a pure and elegant English style; it requires nothing but application. I do not find that God has made you a poet, and I am very glad that he has not; therefore, for God's

sake, make yourself an orator, which you may do. Though I still call you a boy, I consider you no longer as such; and when I reflect upon the prodigious quantity of manure that has been laid upon you, I expect you should produce more at eighteen than uncultivated soils do at eight and twenty.

CHARM OF MANNER

THE late Lord Townshend always spoke materially, with argument and knowledge, but never pleased. Why? His diction was not only inelegant, but frequently ungrammatical, always vulgar; his cadences false, his voice unharmonious, and his action ungraceful. Nobody heard him with patience; and the young fellows used to joke upon him, and repeat his inaccuracies. The late Duke of Argyle, though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever knew in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his matter certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a graceful noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker, I ever saw. I was captivated like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped off all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which ignorance of mankind only, calls trifling ones.

TRUE ELOCUTION

WHAT, then, does all this mighty art and mystery of speaking in Parliament amount to? Why, no more than this, that the man who speaks in the House of Commons, speaks in that house, and to four hundred people, that opinion, upon a given subject, which he would make no difficulty of speaking in any house in England, round the fire, or at table, to any fourteen people whatsoever; better judges, perhaps, and severer critics of what he says, than any fourteen gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have spoken frequently in Parliament, and not always without some applause; and therefore I can assure you, from my experience, that there is very little in it. The elegance of the style, and the turn of the periods make the chief impression upon the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech, which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favorite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and, depend upon it, you will catch their judgments, such as they are.

HAMPDEN AS A MODEL

LORD CLARENDON in his "History" says of Mr. John Hampden, "that he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief." I shall not now enter into the justness of this character of Mr. Hampden, to whose brave stand against the illegal demand of ship-money we owe our present liberties; but I mention it to you as the character which, with the alteration of one single

word, Good, instead of Mischief, I would have you aspire to, and use your utmost endeavors to deserve. The head to contrive, God must to a certain degree have given you; but it is in your own power greatly to improve it, by study, observation, and reflection. As for the tongue to persuade, it wholly depends upon yourself; and without it the best head will contrive to very little purpose. The hand to execute depends, likewise, in my opinion, in a great measure upon yourself. Serious reflection will always give courage in a good cause; and the courage arising from reflection is of a much superior nature to the animal and constitutional courage of a foot soldier. The former is steady and unshaken, where the *nodus* is *dignus vindice*; the latter is oftener improperly than properly exerted, but always brutally.

BOLINGBROKE'S STYLE

IF YOU have the least defect in your elocution, take the utmost care and pains to correct it. Do not neglect your style, whatever language you speak in, or whom ever you speak to, were it your footman. Seek always for the best words and the happiest expressions you can find. Do not content yourself with being barely understood; but adorn your thoughts, and dress them as you would your person; which, however well proportioned it might be, it would be very improper and indecent to exhibit naked, or even worse dressed than people of your sort are.

I have sent you, in a packet which your Leipsic acquaintance, Duval, sends to his correspondent at Rome, Lord Bolingbroke's book, which he published about a year ago. I desire that you will read it over and over again, with particular attention to the style, and to all those beauties of oratory with which it is adorned. Till I read that book, I confess I did not know all the extent and powers of the English language. Lord Bolingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to persuade.

All the above extracts are from Chesterfield's
 "Letters to His Son."

LORD KAMES

(HENRY HOME)

(1696-1782)

KAMES' "Elements of Criticism," published in 1762, attempted an exhaustive analysis of the principles of expression. It contains much that will always be valuable to the student and to the general reader, though the writer's fondness for detail often makes it tedious and reduces it as a whole to a work of reference. Lord Kames was born at Kames in Berwickshire, Scotland, in 1696. He died at Edinburgh, in 1782, after a career of distinguished usefulness as a jurist and author.

BEAUTY OF LANGUAGE WITH RESPECT TO SIGNIFICATION

IT is well said by a noted writer (Scott's "Christian Life"), "That by means of speech we can divert our sorrows, mingle our mirth, impart our secrets, communicate our counsels, and make mutual compacts and agreements to supply and assist each other." Considering speech as contributing to so many good purposes, words that convey clear and distinct ideas must be one of its capital beauties.

In every period, two things are to be regarded: first, the words of which it is composed; next, the arrangement of these words: the former resembling the stones that compose a building, and the latter resembling the order in which they are placed. Hence the beauties of language, with respect to signification, may not improperly be distinguished into two kinds: first, the beauties that arise from a right choice of words or materials for constructing the period; and next, the beauties that arise from a due arrangement of these words or materials. I begin with rules that direct us to a right choice of words, and then proceed to rules that concern their arrangement.

And with respect to the former, communication of thought being the chief end of language, it is a rule that perspicuity ought not to be sacrificed to any other beauty whatever; if it should be doubted whether perspicuity be a positive beauty, it cannot be doubted that the want of it is the greatest defect. Nothing therefore in language ought more to be studied than to prevent all obscurity in the expression; for to have no meaning is but one degree worse than to have a meaning that is not understood. Want of perspicuity from a wrong arrangement belongs to the next branch. I shall here give a few examples where the obscurity arises from a wrong choice of words; and as this defect is too common in the ordinary herd of writers to make examples from them necessary, I confine myself to the most celebrated authors.

Livy speaking of a rout after a battle,—

Multique in ruina Majore quam fuga oppressi obtruncatique.

— Sec. 46, l. 4.

This author is frequently obscure, by expressing but part of his thought, leaving it to be completed by his reader. His description of the sea fight (Cap. xxx., l. 28) is extremely perplexed.

*Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
Rupere.*

— Hor., Epod. xiii. 22.

*Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem.*

— Hor., Epod. xiv. 11.

*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
Altricus extra limen Apulia,
Ludo, fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere.*

— Hor., Carm., Ode iv., l. 3.

There may be a defect in perspicuity proceeding even from the slightest ambiguity in construction; as where the period commences with a member conceived to be in the nominative case, which afterwards is found to be in the accusative. Example: "Some emotions more peculiarly connected with the fine arts, I propose to handle in separate chapters." Better thus: "Some emotions more peculiarly connected with the fine arts are proposed to be handled in separate chapters."

I add another error against perspicuity, which I mention the rather because with some writers it passes for a beauty. It is the giving different names to the same object, mentioned oftener than once in the same period. Example: Speaking of the English adventurers who first attempted the conquest of Ireland, "and instead of reclaiming the natives from their uncultivated manners, they were gradually assimilated to the ancient inhabitants, and degenerated from the customs of their own nation." From this mode of expression one would think the author meant to distinguish the ancient inhabitants from the natives; and we cannot discover otherwise than from the sense that these are only different names given to the same object for the sake of variety. But perspicuity ought never to be sacrificed to any other beauty, which leads me to think that the passage may be improved as follows: "and degenerating from the customs of their own nation, they were gradually assimilated to the natives, instead of reclaiming them from their uncultivated manners."

The next rule in order, because next in importance, is, That the language ought to correspond to the subject; heroic actions or sentiments require elevated language; tender sentiments ought to be expressed in words soft and flowing, and plain language void of ornament is adapted to subjects grave and didactic. Language may be considered as the dress of thought; and where the one is not suited to the other, we are sensible of incongruity in the same manner as where a judge is dressed like a fop, or a peasant like a man of quality. Where the impression made by the words resembles the impression made by the thought, the similar emotions mix sweetly in the mind, and double the pleasure (Chap. ii., Part iv.); but where the impressions made by the thought and the words are dissimilar, the unnatural union they are forced into is disagreeable.

This concordance between the thought and the words has been observed by every critic, and is so well understood as not to require any illustration. But there is a concordance of a peculiar kind that has scarcely been touched in works of criti-

cism, though it contributes to neatness of composition. It is what follows. In a thought of any extent, we commonly find some parts intimately united, some slightly, some disjointed, and some directly opposed to each other. To find these conjunctions and disjunctions imitated in the expression is a beauty, because such imitation makes the words concordant with the sense. This doctrine may be illustrated by a familiar example. When we have occasion to mention the intimate connection that the soul hath with the body, the expression ought to be, the soul and body, because the particle *the*, relative to both, makes a connection in the expression resembling in some degree the connection in the thought; but when the soul is distinguished from the body, it is better to say the soul and the body, because the disjunction in the words resembles the disjunction in the thought.

Two members of a thought connected by their relation to the same action will naturally be expressed by two members of the period governed by the same verb; in which case these members, in order to improve their connection, ought to be constructed in the same manner. This beauty is so common among good writers as to have been little attended to; but the neglect of it is remarkably disagreeable. For example, "He did not mention Leonora, nor that her father was dead." Better thus: "He did not mention Leonora, nor her father's death." . . .

The substance of what is said in this and the foregoing section, upon the method of arranging words in a period, so as to make the deepest impression with respect to sound as well as signification, is comprehended in the following observation: That order of words in a period will always be the most agreeable, where, without obscuring the sense, the most important images, the most sonorous words, and the longest members, bring up the rear.

Hitherto of arranging single words, single members, and single circumstances. But the enumeration of many particulars in the same period is often necessary; and the question is, In what order they should be placed. It does not seem easy, at first view, to bring a subject apparently so loose under any general rule; but, luckily, reflecting upon what is said in the first chapter about order, we find rules laid down to our hand, which leave us no task but that of applying them to the present question. And, first, with respect to the enumerating particulars of equal rank, it is laid down in the place quoted, that as there is no cause for preferring any one before the rest, it is indifferent to the mind in what order they be viewed. And it is only necessary to be added here, that for the same reason it is indifferent in what order they be named. Second, if a number of objects of the same kind, differing only in size, are to be ranged along a straight line, the most agreeable order to the eye is that of an increasing series. In surveying a number of such objects, beginning at the least, and proceeding to greater and greater, the mind swells gradually with the successive objects, and in its progress has a very sensible pleasure. Precisely for the same reason, words expressive of such objects ought to be placed in the same order. The beauty of this figure, which may be termed a climax in sense, has escaped Lord Bolingbroke in the first member of the following period:—

Let but one great, brave, disinterested, active man arise, and he will be received, followed, and almost adored.

The following arrangement has sensibly a better effect:—

Let but one brave, great, active, disinterested man arise, etc.

Whether the same rule ought to be followed in enumerating men of different ranks seems doubtful; on the one hand, a number of persons presented to the eye

in form of an increasing series is undoubtedly the most agreeable order; on the other hand, in every list of names, we set the person of the greatest dignity at the top, and descend gradually through his inferiors. Where the purpose is to honor the persons named according to their rank, the latter order ought to be followed; but every one who regards himself only, or his reader, will choose the former order. Third, as the sense of order directs the eye to descend from the principal to its greatest accessory, and from the whole to its greatest part, and in the same order through all the parts and accessories till we arrive at the minutest, the same order ought to be followed in the enumeration of such particulars.

When force and liveliness of expression are demanded, the rule is to suspend the thought as long as possible, and to bring it out full and entire at the close; which cannot be done but by inverting the natural arrangement. By introducing a word or member before its time, curiosity is raised about what is to follow; and it is agreeable to have our curiosity gratified at the close of the period: the pleasure we feel resembles that of seeing a stroke exerted upon a body by the whole collected force of the agent. On the other hand, where a period is so constructed as to admit more than one complete close in the sense, the curiosity of the reader is exhausted at the first close, and what follows appears languid or superfluous: his disappointment contributes also to that appearance, when he finds, contrary to expectation, that the period is not yet finished. Cicero, and after him Quintilian, recommend the verb to the last place. This method evidently tends to suspend the sense till the close of the period; for without the verb the sense cannot be complete; and when the verb happens to be the capital word, which it frequently is, it ought, at any rate, to be the last, according to another rule, above laid down. I proceed as usual to illustrate this rule by examples. The following period is placed in its natural order.

Were instruction an essential circumstance in epic poetry, I doubt whether a single instance could be given of this species of composition, in any language.

The period thus arranged admits a full close upon the word composition; after which it goes on languidly, and closes without force. This blemish will be avoided by the following arrangement:—

Were instruction an essential circumstance in epic poetry, I doubt whether, in any language, a single instance could be given of this species of composition.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, as far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason.—*Spec-tator*, Number 90.

Better thus:—

Some of our most eminent divines have, with great beauty and strength of reason, made use of this Platonic notion, etc.

Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature.—*Ibid*, Number 505.

Better,—

Upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature, men of the best sense, etc.

She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.—*Guardian*, No. 167.

Better,—

She soon, etc., appeared to him, in the company of his Balsora, more sweet, etc.

The emperor was so intent on the establishment of his absolute power in Hungary, that he exposed the empire doubly to desolation and ruin for the sake of it.—Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," Vol. I, letter vii.

Better,—

——— that for the sake of it he exposed the empire doubly to desolation and ruin.

None of the rules for the composition of periods are more liable to be abused than those last mentioned; witness many Latin writers, among the Moderns especially, whose style, by inversions too violent, is rendered harsh and obscure. Suspension of the thought till the close of the period ought never to be preferred before perspicuity. Neither ought such suspension to be attempted in a long period; because in that case the mind is bewildered amidst a profusion of words: a traveler, while he is puzzled about the road, relishes not the finest prospect:—

All the rich presents which Astyages had given him at parting, keeping only some Median horses, in order to propagate the breed of them in Persia, he distributed among his friends whom he left at the court of Ecbatana.—"Travels of Cyrus," Book I.

The foregoing rules concern the arrangement of a single period: I add one rule more, concerning the distribution of a discourse into different periods. A short period is lively and familiar: a long period, requiring more attention, makes an impression grave and solemn. In general, a writer ought to study a mixture of long and short periods, which prevent an irksome uniformity, and entertain the mind with a variety of impressions. In particular, long periods ought to be avoided till the reader's attention be thoroughly engaged; and therefore a discourse, especially of the familiar kind, ought never to be introduced with a long period. For that reason the commencement of a letter to a very young lady on her marriage is faulty:—

Madam, the hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject.—*Swift*.

See another example still more faulty, in the commencement of Cicero's oration, "Pro Archia Poeta."

Before proceeding further it may be proper to review the rules laid down in this and the preceding section, in order to make some general observations. That order of the words and members of a period is justly termed natural, which corresponds to the natural order of the ideas that compose the thought. The tendency of many of the foregoing rules is to substitute an artificial arrangement in order to catch some beauty either of sound or meaning for which there is no place in the natural order. But seldom it happens that in the same period there is place for a plurality of these rules: if one beauty can be retained, another must be relinquished; and the only question is, Which ought to be preferred? This question cannot be resolved by any general rule: if the natural order be not relished, a few trials will discover that artificial order which has the best effect; and this exercise, supported by a good taste, will in time make the choice easy. All that can be said in general is, that in making a choice sound ought to yield to signification.


The transposing words and members out of their natural order, so remarkable in the learned languages, has been the subject of much speculation. It is agreed on

all hands that such transposition or inversion bestows upon a period a very sensible degree of force and elevation, and yet writers seem to be at a loss how to account for this effect. Cerceau ascribes so much power to inversion, as to make it the characteristic of French verse, and the single circumstance which in that language distinguishes verse from prose; and yet he pretends not to say that it hath any other effect but to raise surprise; he must mean curiosity, which is done by suspending the thought during the period, and bringing it out entire at the close. This, indeed, is one effect of inversion; but neither its sole effect, nor even that which is the most remarkable, as is made evident above. But waiving censure, which is not an agreeable task, I enter into the matter; and begin with observing that if conformity between words and their meaning be agreeable, it must, of course, be agreeable to find the same order or arrangement in both. Hence the beauty of a plain or natural style, where the order of the words corresponds precisely to the order of the ideas. Nor is this the single beauty of a natural style; it is also agreeable by its simplicity and perspicuity. This observation throws light upon the subject, for if a natural style be in itself agreeable, a transposed style cannot be so; and therefore its agreeableness must arise from admitting some positive beauty that is excluded in a natural style. To be confirmed in this opinion, we need but reflect upon some of the foregoing rules, which make it evident that language, by means of inversion, is susceptible of many beauties that are totally excluded in a natural arrangement. From these premises it clearly follows that inversion ought not to be indulged, unless in order to reach some beauty superior to those of a natural style. It may with great certainty be pronounced that every inversion which is not governed by this rule will appear harsh and strained, and be disrelished by every one of taste. Hence the beauty of inversion when happily conducted; the beauty, not of an end, but of means, as furnishing opportunity for numberless ornaments that find no place in a natural style: hence the force, the elevation, the harmony, the cadence, of some compositions: hence the manifold beauties of the Greek and Roman tongues, of which living languages afford but faint imitations.

From the "Elements of Criticism."

DAVID HUME

(1711-1776)

 HUME'S "Essay on Eloquence" is one of his best, and, indeed, one of the best ever written. If he is less high minded than Fénelon, he has a weight of logic which makes every sentence he writes dignified and impressive. He was born at Edinburgh, April 26th, 1711 (O. S.), and died there, August 25th, 1776. His "Essays, Moral and Political" are perhaps the best of his numerous works, though his reputation with his own generation rested chiefly on metaphysical works which are now seldom read except by specialists. His "History of England" (1754-61) still keeps its place as one of the classics of English history writing.

AN ESSAY ON ELOQUENCE

THOSE who consider the periods and revolutions of human kind as represented in history are entertained with a spectacle full of pleasure and variety, and see, with surprise, the manners, customs, and opinions of the same species susceptible of such prodigious changes in different periods of time. It may, however, be observed that in civil history there is found a much greater uniformity than in the history of learning and science, and that the wars, negotiations, and politics of one age resemble more those of another than the taste, wit, and speculative principles. Interest and ambition, honor and shame, friendship and enmity, gratitude and revenge are the prime movers in all public transactions; and these passions are of a very stubborn and intractable nature in comparison of the sentiments and understanding which are easily varied by education and example. The Goths were much more inferior to the Romans in taste and science than in courage and virtue.

But not to compare together nations so widely different, it may be observed that even this later period of human learning is in many respects of an opposite character to the ancient; and that, if we be superior in philosophy, we are still, notwithstanding all our refinements, much inferior in eloquence.

In ancient times, no work of genius was thought to require so great parts and capacity as speaking in public; and some eminent writers have pronounced the talents even of a great poet or philosopher to be of an inferior nature to those which are requisite for such an undertaking. Greece and Rome produced, each of them, but one accomplished orator; and whatever praises the other celebrated speakers might merit, they were still esteemed much inferior to these great models of eloquence. It is observable that the ancient critics could scarcely find two orators in any age who deserved to be placed precisely in the same rank, and professed the same degree of merit. Calvus, Coelius, Curio, Hortensius, Cæsar, rose one above another; but the greatest of that age was inferior to Cicero, the most eloquent speaker that had ever appeared in Rome. Those of fine taste, however, pronounced

this judgment of the Roman orator, as well as of the Grecian, that both of them surpassed in eloquence all that had ever appeared, but that they were far from reaching the perfection of their art which was infinite, and not only exceeded human force to attain, but human imagination to conceive. Cicero declares himself dissatisfied with his own performances; nay, even with those of Demosthenes; *Ita sunt avidæ et capaces [meæ aures]*, says he, *et semper aliquid immensum, infinitumque desiderant.*

Of all the polite and learned nations, England alone professes a popular government, or admits into the legislature such numerous assemblies as can be supposed to lie under the dominion of eloquence. But what has England to boast of in this particular? In enumerating the great men who have done honor to our country, we exult in our poets and philosophers; but what orators are ever mentioned? Or where are the monuments of their genius to be met with? there are found, indeed, in our histories, the names of several who directed the resolutions of our parliament. But neither themselves nor others have taken the pains to preserve the speeches; and the authority, which they professed, seems to have been owing to their experience, wisdom, or power, more than to their talents for oratory. At present there are above half a dozen speakers in the two houses, who, in the judgment of the public, have reached very near the same pitch of eloquence; and no man pretends to give any one the preference above the rest. This seems to me a certain proof that none of them have attained much beyond a mediocrity in their art, and that the species of eloquence which they aspire to gives no exercise to the sublimer faculties of the mind, but may be reached by ordinary talents and a slight application. A hundred cabinetmakers in London can work a table or a chair equally well; but no one poet can write verses with such spirit and elegance as Mr. Pope.

We are told that when Demosthenes was to plead, all ingenious men flocked to Athens from the most remote parts of Greece, as to the most celebrated spectacle of the world. At London you may see men sauntering in the court of requests, while the most important debate is carrying on in the two houses; and many do not think themselves sufficiently compensated for the losing of their dinners by all the eloquence of our most celebrated speakers. When old Cibber is to act, the curiosity of several is more excited than when our prime minister is to defend himself from a motion for his removal or impeachment.

Even a person unacquainted with the noble remains of ancient orators may judge from a few strokes that the style or species of their eloquence was infinitely more sublime than that which modern orators aspire to. How absurd would it appear, in our temperate and calm speakers, to make use of an Apostrophe, like that noble one of Demosthenes, so much celebrated by Quintilian and Longinus, when justifying the unsuccessful battle of Chæroneæ, he breaks out: "No, my fellow citizens, no: you have not erred. I swear by the names of those heroes, who fought for the same cause in the plains of Marathon and Plataea!" Who could now endure such a bold and poetical figure as that which Cicero employs, after describing in the most tragical terms the crucifixion of a Roman citizen: "Should I paint the horrors of this scene, not to Roman citizens, not to the allies of our state, not to those who have ever heard of the Roman name, not even to men, but to brute creatures; or, to go further, should I lift up my voice in the most desolate solitude, to the rocks and mountains, yet should I surely see those rude and inanimate parts of nature moved with horror and indignation at the recital of so enormous an action." With what a blaze of eloquence must such a sentence be surrounded to give it grace, or cause it to make any impression on the hearers! And what noble art and sublime talents are requisite to arrive, by just degrees, at a sentiment so bold and excessive; to inflame the audience, so as to make them accompany the speaker in

such violent passions, and such elevated conceptions; and to conceal, under a torrent of eloquence, the artifice by which all this is effectuated! Should this sentiment even appear to us excessive, as perhaps it justly may, it will at least serve to give an idea of the style of ancient eloquence, where such swelling expressions were not rejected as wholly monstrous and gigantic.

Suitable to this vehemence of thought and expression was the vehemence of action, observed in the ancient orators. The *supplicatio pedis*, or stamping with the foot, was one of the most usual and moderate gestures which they made use of; though that is now esteemed too violent, either for the senate, bar, or pulpit, and is only admitted into the theatre to accompany the most violent passions which are there represented.

One is somewhat at a loss to what cause we may ascribe so sensible a decline of eloquence in later ages. The genius of mankind at all times is, perhaps, equal. The Moderns have applied themselves with great industry and success to all the other arts and sciences; and a learned nation possesses a popular government, a circumstance which seems requisite for the full display of these noble talents; but notwithstanding all these advantages, our progress in eloquence is very inconsiderable in comparison of the advances which we have made in all other parts of learning.

Shall we assert that the strains of ancient eloquence are unsuitable to our age, and ought not to be imitated by modern orators? Whatever reasons may be made use of to prove this, I am persuaded they will be found, upon examination, to be unsound and unsatisfactory.

Firstly, it may be said that in ancient times, during the flourishing period of Greek and Roman learning, the municipal laws in every state were but few and simple, and the decision of causes was, in a great measure, left to the equity and common sense of the judges. The study of the laws was not then a laborious occupation, requiring the drudgery of a whole life to finish it, and incompatible with every other study or profession. The great statesmen and generals among the Romans were all lawyers, and Cicero, to show the facility of acquiring this science, declares that in the midst of all his occupations he would undertake, in a few days, to make himself a complete civilian. Now, where a pleader addresses himself to the equity of his judges, he has much more room to display his eloquence than where he must draw his arguments from strict laws, statutes, and precedents. In the former case many circumstances must be taken in; many personal considerations regarded; and even favor and inclination, which it belongs to the orator by his art and eloquence to conciliate, may be disguised under the appearance of equity. But how shall a modern lawyer have leisure to quit his toilsome occupations in order to gather the flowers of Parnassus? Or what opportunity shall he have of displaying them amidst the rigid and subtle arguments, objections, and replies which he is obliged to make use of? The greatest genius and greatest orator who should pretend to plead before the Chancellor, after a month's study of the laws, would only labor to make himself ridiculous.

I am ready to own that this circumstance of the multiplicity and intricacy of laws is a discouragement to eloquence in modern times. But I assert that it will not entirely account for the decline of that noble art. It may banish oratory from Westminster Hall, but not from either house of parliament. Among the Athenians, the Areopagites expressly forbade all allurements of eloquence; and some have pretended that in the Greek orations, written in the judiciary form, there is not so bold and rhetorical a style as appears in the Roman. But to what a pitch did the Athenians carry their eloquence in the deliberative kind, when affairs of state were canvassed and the liberty, happiness, and honor of the republic were the subject of

debate? Disputes of this nature elevate the genius above all others, and give the fullest scope to eloquence; and such disputes are very frequent in this nation.

Secondly, it may be pretended that the decline of eloquence is owing to the superior good sense of the Moderns who reject with disdain all those rhetorical tricks employed to seduce the judges, and will admit of nothing but solid argument in any debate or deliberation. If a man be accused of murder, the fact must be proved by witnesses and evidence; and the laws will afterwards determine the punishment of the criminal. It would be ridiculous to describe in strong colors the horror and cruelty of the action; to introduce the relations of the dead; and at a signal make them throw themselves at the feet of the judges, imploring justice with tears and lamentations; and still more ridiculous would it be to employ a picture representing the bloody deed, in order to move the judges by the display of so tragical a spectacle, though we know that this artifice was sometimes practiced by the pleaders of old. Now, banish the pathetic from public discourses, and you reduce the speakers merely to modern eloquence; that is, to good sense delivered in proper expression.

Perhaps it may be acknowledged that our modern customs, or our superior good sense, if you will, should make our orators more cautious and reserved than the ancient, in attempting to inflame the passions, or elevate the imagination of their audience; but I see no reason why it should make them despair absolutely of succeeding in that attempt. It should make them redouble their art, not abandon it entirely. The ancient orators seem also to have been on their guard against this jealousy of their audience; but they took a different way of eluding it. They were hurried away with such a torrent of the sublime and pathetic that they left their hearers no leisure to perceive the artifice by which they were deceived. Nay, to consider the matter aright, they were not deceived by any artifice. The orator, by the force of his own genius and eloquence, first inflamed himself with anger, indignation, pity, sorrow, and then communicated those impetuous movements to his audience.

Does any man pretend to have more good sense than Julius Cæsar? Yet that haughty conqueror, we know, was so subdued by the charms of Cicero's eloquence that he was, in a manner, constrained to change his settled purpose and resolution, and to absolve a criminal, whom, before that orator pleaded, he was determined to condemn.

Some objections, I own, notwithstanding his vast success, may lie against some passages of the Roman orator. He is too florid and rhetorical; his figures are too striking and palpable; the divisions of his discourse are drawn chiefly from the rules of the schools; and his wit disdains not always the artifice even of a pun, rhyme, or jingle of words. The Grecian addressed himself to an audience much less refined than the Roman senate or judges. The lowest vulgar of Athens were his sovereigns and the arbiters of his eloquence. Yet is his manner more chaste and austere than that of the other. Could it be copied, its success would be infallible over a modern assembly. It is rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning, without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument; and of all human productions, the orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection.

Thirdly, it may be pretended that the disorders of the ancient governments and the enormous crimes of which the citizens were often guilty, afforded much ampler matter for eloquence than can be met with among the Moderns. Were there no Verres or Catiline, there would be no Cicero. But that this reason can have no great influence is evident. It would be easy to find a Philip in modern times; but where shall we find a Demosthenes?

What remains, then, but that we lay the blame on the want of genius, or of judgment in our speakers, who either found themselves incapable of reaching the heights of ancient eloquence, or rejected all such endeavors as unsuitable to the spirit of modern assemblies? A few successful attempts of this nature might rouse the genius of the nation, excite the emulation of the youth, and accustom our ears to a more sublime and more pathetic elocution than what we have been hitherto entertained with. There is certainly something accidental in the first rise and the progress of the arts in any nation. I doubt whether a very satisfactory reason can be given why ancient Rome, though it received all its refinements from Greece, could attain only to a relish for statuary, painting, and architecture, without reaching the practice of these arts, while modern Rome has been excited by a few remains found among the ruins of antiquity, and has produced artists of the greatest eminence and distinction. Had such a cultivated genius for oratory, as Waller's for poetry, arisen, during the civil wars, when liberty began to be fully established, and popular assemblies to enter into all the most material points of governments, I am persuaded so illustrious an example would have given a quite different turn to British eloquence, and made us reach the perfection of the ancient model. Our orators would then have done honor to their country, as well as our poets, geometers, and philosophers, and British Ciceros have appeared, as well as British Archimedeses and Virgils.

It is seldom or never found, when a false taste in poetry or eloquence prevails among any people, that it has been preferred to a true, upon comparison and reflection. It commonly prevails merely from ignorance of the true, and from the want of perfect models, to lead men into a juster apprehension, and more refined relish of those productions of genius. When these appear, they soon unite all suffrages in their favor, and, by their natural and powerful charms, gain over even the most prejudiced to the love and admiration of them. The principles of every passion, and of every sentiment, is [*sic*] in every man; and when touched properly, they rise to life, and warm the heart, and convey that satisfaction, by which a work of genius is distinguished from the adulterate beauties of a capricious wit and fancy. And if this observation be true with regard to all the liberal arts, it must be peculiarly so with regard to eloquence; which, being merely calculated for the public, and for men of the world, cannot, with any pretense of reason, appeal from the people to more refined judges; but must submit to the public verdict, without reserve or limitation. Whoever, upon comparison, is deemed by a common audience the greatest orator, ought most certainly to be pronounced such by men of science and erudition. And though an indifferent speaker may triumph for a long time, and be esteemed altogether perfect by the vulgar, who are satisfied with his accomplishments, and know not in what he is defective, yet, whenever the true genius arises, he draws to him the attention of every one, and immediately appears superior to his rival.

Now to judge by this rule, ancient eloquence, that is, the sublime and passionate, is of a much juster taste than the modern, or the argumentative and rational; and, if properly executed, will always have more command and authority over mankind. We are satisfied with our mediocrity, because we have had no experience of anything better; but the Ancients had experience of both, and upon comparison gave the preference to that kind of which they have left us such applauded models. For, if I mistake not, our modern eloquence is of the same style or species with that which ancient critics denominated Attic eloquence, that is, calm, elegant, and sublime, which instructed the reason more than affected the passions, and never raised its tone above argument or common discourse. Such was the eloquence of Lysias among the Athenians, and of Calvus among the Romans. These were

esteemed in their time; but when compared with Demosthenes and Cicero were eclipsed like a taper when set in the rays of a meridian sun. Those latter orators possessed the same elegance and sublimity, and force of argument, with the former; but what rendered them chiefly admirable was that pathos and sublimity, which, on proper occasions, they threw into their discourse, and by which they commanded the resolution of their audience.

Of this species of eloquence we have scarcely had any instance in England, at least in our public speakers. In our writers, we have had some instances, which have met with great applause, and might assure our ambitious youth of equal or superior glory in attempts for the revival of ancient eloquence. Lord Bolingbroke's productions, with all their defects in argument, method, and precision, contain a force and energy which our orators scarcely ever aim at; though it is evident that such an elevated style has much better grace in a speaker than in a writer, and is assured of more prompt and more astonishing success. It is there seconded by the graces of voice and action; the movements are mutually communicated between the orator and the audience; and the very aspect of a large assembly, attentive to the discourse of one man, must inspire him with a peculiar elevation, sufficient to give a propriety to the strongest figures and expressions. It is true there is a great prejudice against set speeches; and a man cannot escape ridicule who repeats a discourse as a schoolboy does his lesson, and takes no notice of anything that has been advanced in the course of the debate. But where is the necessity of falling into this absurdity? A public speaker must know beforehand the question under debate. He may compose all the arguments, objections, and answers, such as he thinks will be most proper for his discourse. If anything new occur, he may supply it from his invention; nor will the difference be very apparent between his elaborate and his extemporary compositions. The mind naturally continues with the same impetus or force which it has acquired by its motion; as a vessel, once impelled by the oars, carries on its course for some time, when the original impulse is suspended.

I shall conclude this subject with observing that, even though our modern orators should not elevate their style, or aspire to a rivalry with the ancient, yet is there, in most of their speeches, a material defect, which they might correct without departing from that composed air of argument and reasoning to which they limit their ambition. Their great affectation of extemporary discourses has made them reject all order and method, which seems so requisite to argument, and without which it is scarcely possible to produce an entire conviction on the mind. It is not that one would recommend many divisions in a public discourse, unless the subject very evidently offer them; but it is easy, without this formality, to observe a method, and make that method conspicuous to the hearers, who will be infinitely pleased to see the arguments rise naturally from one another, and will retain a more thorough persuasion than can arise from the strongest reasons which are thrown together in confusion.

Essay XIII. of "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," 1742.

HUGH BLAIR

(1718-1800)



HUGH BLAIR, author of the celebrated "Lectures on Rhetoric," was born in Edinburgh in 1718. From 1762 to 1783, he was professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres at Edinburgh University where he delivered the series of lectures which, when collected and published in 1783, soon achieved wide popularity. He was by profession a clergyman, and his sermons were celebrated for their eloquence. He died at Edinburgh, December 27th, 1800. As a writer he has a happy faculty of illustration which makes his lectures on oratory models of easy and fluent prose style, worthy of study as examples of the best results of the methods of composition he advises. He lacked the faculty of concentration, and can scarcely be classed as an independent investigator; but he is thoroughly trained in the schools of Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, and is a master of the Ciceronian art of "amplification."

THE NECESSITY FOR ELOQUENCE, AND ITS REAL NATURE

WHEN you speak to a plain man, of eloquence, or in praise of it, he is apt to hear you with very little attention. He conceives eloquence to signify a certain trick of speech; the art of varnishing weak arguments plausibly; or of speaking so as to please and tickle the ear. "Give me good sense," says he, "and keep your eloquence for boys." He is in the right, if eloquence were what he conceives it to be. It would be then a very contemptible art, indeed, below the study of any wise or good man. But nothing can be more remote from truth. To be truly eloquent is to speak to the purpose. For the best definition which, I think, can be given of eloquence, is the art of speaking in such a manner as to attain the end for which we speak. Whenever a man speaks or writes, he is supposed, as a rational being, to have some end in view; either to inform, or to amuse, or to persuade, or, in some way or other, to act upon his fellow-creatures. He who speaks or writes in such a manner as to adapt all his words most effectually to that end is the most eloquent man. Whatever then the subject be, there is room for eloquence; in history or even in philosophy, as well as in orations. The definition which I have given of eloquence comprehends all the different kinds of it; whether calculated to instruct, to persuade, or to please. But as the most important subject of discourse is action or conduct, the power of eloquence chiefly appears when it is employed to influence conduct and persuade to action. As it is principally with reference to this end that it becomes the object of art, eloquence may, under this view of it, be defined, the art of persuasion.

This being once established, certain consequences immediately follow, which point out the fundamental maxims of the art. It follows clearly that in order to persuade, the most essential requisites are solid argument, clear method, a character of probity appearing in the speaker, joined with such graces of style and utterance as shall draw our attention to what he says. Good sense is the foundation of all. No man can be truly eloquent without it; for fools can persuade none but fools. In order to persuade a man of sense you must first convince him; which is only to be done by satisfying his understanding of the reasonableness of what you propose to him.

This leads me to observe that convincing and persuading, though they are sometimes confounded, import, notwithstanding, different things, which it is necessary for us, at present, to distinguish from each other. Conviction affects the understanding only; persuasion, the will and the practice. It is the business of the philosopher to convince me of truth; it is the business of the orator to persuade me to act agreeably to it, by engaging my affections on its side. Conviction and persuasion do not always go together. They ought, indeed, to go together; and would do so, if our inclination regularly followed the dictates of our understanding. But as our nature is constituted, I may be convinced that virtue, justice, or public spirit, are laudable, while at the same time I am not persuaded to act according to them. The inclination may revolt, though the understanding be satisfied; the passions may prevail against the judgment. Conviction is, however, always one avenue to the inclination or heart; and it is that which an orator must first bend his strength to gain; for no persuasion is likely to be stable which is not founded on conviction. But in order to persuade, the orator must go further than merely producing conviction; he must consider man as a creature moved by many different springs, and must act upon them all. He must address himself to the passions; he must paint to the fancy, and touch the heart; and, hence, besides solid argument and clear method, all the conciliating and interesting arts, both of composition and pronunciation, enter into the idea of eloquence.

An objection may, perhaps, hence be formed against eloquence, as an art which may be employed for persuading to ill, as well as to good. There is no doubt that it may; and so reasoning may also be, and too often is, employed for leading men into error. But who would think of forming an argument from this against the cultivation of our reasoning powers? Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad men; but it were perfectly childish to contend that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished. Give truth and virtue the same arms which you give vice and falsehood, and the former are likely to prevail. Eloquence is no invention of the schools. Nature teaches every man to be eloquent, when he is much in earnest. Place him in some critical situation; let him have some great interest at stake, and you will see him lay hold of the most effectual means of persuasion. The art of oratory proposes nothing more than to follow out the track which nature has first pointed out. And the more exactly that this track is pursued, the more that eloquence is properly studied, the more shall we be guarded against the abuse which bad men make of it, and enabled the better to distinguish between true eloquence and the tricks of sophistry.

We may distinguish three kinds, or degrees of eloquence. The first, and lowest, is that which aims only at pleasing the hearers. Such, generally, is the eloquence of panegyrics, inaugural orations, addresses to great men, and other harangues of this sort. This ornamental sort of composition is not altogether to be rejected. It may innocently amuse and entertain the mind; and it may be mixed, at the same time, with very useful sentiments. But it must be confessed that where the speaker has

no further aim than merely to shine and to please, there is great danger of art being strained into ostentation, and of the composition being tiresome and languid.

A second and a higher degree of eloquence is when the speaker aims not merely to please, but also to inform, to instruct, to convince; when his art is exerted, in removing prejudices against himself and his cause; in choosing the most proper arguments, stating them with the greatest force, arranging them in the best order, expressing and delivering them with propriety and beauty; and thereby disposing us to pass that judgment, or embrace that side of the cause, to which he seeks to bring us. Within this compass, chiefly, is employed the eloquence of the bar.

But there is a third, and still higher degree of eloquence, wherein a greater power is exerted over the human mind; by which we are not only convinced, but are interested, agitated, and carried along with the speaker; our passions are made to rise together with his; we enter into all his emotions; we love, we detest, we resent, according as he inspires us, and are prompted to resolve, or to act, with vigor and warmth. Debate, in popular assemblies, opens the most illustrious field to this species of eloquence; and the pulpit also admits it.

I am here to observe, and the observation is of consequence, that the high eloquence which I have last mentioned, is always the offspring of passion. By passion, I mean that state of the mind in which it is agitated, and fired by some object it has in view. A man may convince, and even persuade others to act, by mere reason and argument. But that degree of eloquence which gains the admiration of mankind, and properly denominates one an orator, is never found without warmth or passion. Passion, when in such a degree as to rouse and kindle the mind, without throwing it out of the possession of itself, is universally found to exalt all the human powers. It renders the mind infinitely more enlightened, more penetrating, more vigorous and masterly, than it is in its calm moments. A man, actuated by a strong passion, becomes much greater than he is at other times. He is conscious of more strength and force; he utters greater sentiments, conceives higher designs, and executes them with a boldness and a felicity, of which, on other occasions, he could not think himself capable. But chiefly with respect to persuasion is the power of passion felt. Almost every man, in passion, is eloquent. Then he is at no loss for words and arguments. He transmits to others, by a sort of contagious sympathy, the warm sentiments which he feels; his looks and gestures are all persuasive; and nature here shows herself infinitely more powerful than art. This is the foundation of that just and noted rule: *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*

This principle being once admitted, that all high eloquence flows from passion, several consequences follow, which deserve to be attended to; and the mention of which will serve to confirm the principle itself. For hence the universally acknowledged effect of enthusiasm, or warmth of any kind, in public speakers, for affecting their audience. Hence all labored declamation, and affected ornaments of style, which show the mind to be cool and unmoved, are so inconsistent with persuasive eloquence. Hence all studied prettinesses, in gesture or pronunciation, detract so greatly from the weight of a speaker. Hence a discourse that is read moves us less than one that is spoken, as having less the appearance of coming warm from the heart. Hence to call a man cold is the same thing as to say that he is not eloquent. Hence a skeptical man who is always in suspense, and feels nothing strongly; or a cunning mercenary man, who is suspected rather to assume the appearance of passion than to feel it; have so little power over men in public speaking. Hence, in fine, the necessity of being, and being believed to be, disinterested, and in earnest, in order to persuade.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ORATORY—THE GREEKS

IT is an observation made by several writers that eloquence is to be looked for only in free states. Longinus, in particular, at the end of his treatise on the sublime, when assigning the reason why so little sublimity of genius appeared in the age wherein he lived, illustrates this observation with a great deal of beauty. Liberty, he remarks, is the nurse of true genius; it animates the spirit and invigorates the hopes of men; excites honorable emulation, and a desire of excelling in every art. All other qualifications, he says, you may find among those who are deprived of liberty; but never did a slave become an orator; he can only be a pompous flatterer. Now, though this reasoning be, in the main, true, it must, however, be understood with some limitations. For, under arbitrary governments, if they be of the civilized kind, and give encouragement to the arts, ornamented eloquence may flourish remarkably. Witness France at this day, where, ever since the reign of Louis XIV., more of what may be justly called eloquence, within a certain sphere, is to be found, than, perhaps, in any other nation in Europe; though freedom be enjoyed by some nations in a much greater degree. The French sermons and orations pronounced on public occasions are not only polite and elegant harangues, but several of them are uncommonly spirited, are animated with bold figures, and rise to a degree of the sublime. Their eloquence, however, in general must be confessed to be of the flowery rather than the vigorous kind; calculated more to please and soothe than to convince and persuade. High, manly, and forcible eloquence is, indeed, to be looked for only, or chiefly, in the regions of freedom. Under arbitrary governments, besides the general turn of softness and effeminacy which such governments may be justly supposed to give to the spirit of a nation, the art of speaking cannot be such an instrument of ambition, business, and power, as it is in democratical states. It is confined within a narrower range; it can be employed only in the pulpit, or at the bar; but is excluded from those great scenes of public business, where the spirits of men have the freest exertion; where important affairs are transacted, and persuasion, of course, is more seriously studied. Wherever man can acquire most power over man by means of reason and discourse, which certainly is under a free state of government, there we may naturally expect that true eloquence will be best understood and carried to the greatest height.

Hence, in tracing the rise of oratory, we need not attempt to go far back into the early ages of the world, or search for it among the monuments of Eastern or Egyptian antiquity. In those ages there was, indeed, an eloquence of a certain kind; but it approached nearer to poetry than to what we properly call oratory. There is reason to believe, as I formerly showed, that the language of the first ages was passionate and metaphorical; owing partly to the scanty stock of words of which speech then consisted, and partly to the tincture which language naturally takes from the savage and uncultivated state of men, agitated by unrestrained passions, and struck by events which to them are strange and surprising. In this state rapture and enthusiasm, the parents of poetry, had an ample field. But while the intercourse of men was as yet unfrequent, and force and strength were the chief means employed in deciding controversies, the arts of oratory and persuasion, of reasoning and debate, could be but little known. The first empires that arose, the Assyrian and Egyptian, were of the despotic kind. The whole power was in the hands of one, or at most of a few. The multitude were accustomed to a blind reverence; they were led, not persuaded; and none of those refinements of society, which make public speaking an object of importance, were as yet introduced.

It is not till the rise of the Grecian republics that we find any remarkable appearances of eloquence as the art of persuasion; and these gave it such a field as it never had before, and perhaps has never had again since that time. And, therefore, as the Grecian eloquence has ever been the object of admiration to those who have studied the powers of speech, it is necessary that we fix our attention, for a little, on this period.

Greece was divided into a multitude of petty states. These were governed, at first, by kings who were called tyrants, on whose expulsion from all these states there sprung up a number of democratical governments, founded nearly on the same plan, animated by the same high spirit of freedom, mutually jealous, and rivals of one another. We may compute the flourishing period of those Grecian states to have lasted from the battle of Marathon till the time of Alexander the Great, who subdued the liberties of Greece; a period which comprehends about one hundred fifty years, and within which are to be found most of their celebrated poets and philosophers, but chiefly their orators; for though poetry and philosophy were not extinct among them after that period, yet eloquence hardly made any figure.

Of these Grecian republics the most noted by far for eloquence and, indeed, for arts of every kind, was that of Athens. The Athenians were an ingenious, quick, sprightly people; practiced in business, and sharpened by frequent and sudden revolutions which happened in their government. The genius of their government was altogether democratical; their legislature consisted of the whole body of the people. They had, indeed, a senate of five hundred; but in the general convention of the citizens was placed the last resort; and affairs were conducted there entirely by reasoning, speaking, and a skillful application to the passions and interests of a popular assembly. There laws were made, peace and war decreed, and thence the magistrates were chosen. For the highest honors of the state were alike open to all, nor was the meanest tradesman excluded from a seat in their supreme courts. In such a state eloquence, it is obvious, would be much studied, as the surest means of rising to influence and power; and what sort of eloquence? Not that which was brilliant merely, and showy, but that which was found, upon trial, to be most effectual for convincing, interesting, and persuading the hearers. For there public speaking was not a mere competition for empty applause, but a serious contention for that public leading which was the great object both of the men of ambition and the men of virtue.

In so enlightened and acute a nation, where the highest attention was paid to everything elegant in the arts, we may naturally expect to find the public taste refined and judicious. Accordingly, it was improved to such a degree that the Attic taste and Attic manner have passed into a proverb. It is true that ambitious demagogues and corrupt orators did sometimes dazzle and mislead the people by a showy, but false eloquence; for the Athenians, with all their acuteness, were factious and giddy, and great admirers of every novelty. But when some important interest drew their attention, when any great danger roused them, and put their judgment to a serious trial, they commonly distinguished very justly between genuine and spurious eloquence; and hence Demosthenes triumphed over all his opponents, because he spoke always to the purpose, affected no insignificant parade of words, used weighty arguments, and showed them clearly where their interest lay. In critical conjunctures of the state, when the public was alarmed with some pressing danger, when the people were assembled, and proclamation was made by the crier, for any one to rise and deliver his opinion upon the present situation of affairs, empty declamation and sophistical reasoning would not only have been hissed, but resented and punished by an assembly so intelligent and accustomed to business. Their greatest orators trembled on such occasions, when they rose to address the

people, as they knew they were to be held answerable for the issue of the counsel which they gave. The most liberal endowments of the greatest princes never could found such a school for true oratory as was formed by the nature of the Athenian republic. Eloquence there sprung, native and vigorous, from amidst the contentions of faction and freedom, of public business, and of active life; and not from that retirement and speculation, which we are apt sometimes to fancy more favorable to eloquence than they are found to be.

Pisistratus, who was contemporary with Solon, and subverted his plan of government, is mentioned by Plutarch as the first who distinguished himself among the Athenians by application to the arts of speech. His ability in these arts he employed for raising himself to the sovereign power; which, however, when he had attained it, he exercised with moderation. Of the orators who flourished between his time and the Peloponnesian War, no particular mention is made in history. Pericles, who died about the beginning of that war, was properly the first who carried eloquence to a great height,—to such a height, indeed, that it does not appear he was ever afterwards surpassed. He was more than an orator; he was also a statesman and a general; expert in business, and of consummate address. Forty years he governed Athens with absolute sway; and historians ascribe his influence not more to his political talents than to his eloquence, which was of that forcible and vehement kind that bore everything before it, and triumphed over the passions and affections of the people. Hence he had the surname of Olympias given him; and it was said that, like Jupiter, he thundered when he spoke. Though his ambition be liable to censure, yet he was distinguished for several virtues, and it was the confidence which the people reposed in his integrity that gave such power to his eloquence. He appears to have been generous, magnanimous, and public spirited; he raised no fortune to himself; he expended, indeed, great sums of the public money, but chiefly on public works; and at his death is said to have valued himself principally on having never obliged any citizen to wear mourning on his account, during his long administration. It is a remarkable particular recorded of Pericles by Suidas, that he was the first Athenian who composed, and put into writing, a discourse designed for the public.

Posterior to Pericles, in the course of the Peloponnesian War, arose Cleon, Alcibiades, Critias, and Theramenes, eminent citizens of Athens, who were all distinguished for their eloquence. They were not orators by profession; they were not formed by schools, but by a much more powerful education, that of business and debate; where man sharpened man, and civil affairs carried on by public speaking brought every power of the mind into action. The manner or style of oratory which then prevailed, we learn from the orations in the history of Thucydides, who also flourished in the same age. It was manly, vehement, and concise, even to some degree of obscurity. "*Grandes erant verbis,*" says Cicero, "*crebri sententiis, compressione rerum breves, et, ob eam ipsam causam, interdum subobscuri.*" A manner very different from what, in modern times, we would conceive to be the style of popular oratory, and which tends to give a high idea of the acuteness of those audiences to which they spoke.

The power of eloquence having, after the days of Pericles, become an object of greater consequence than ever, this gave birth to a set of men till then unknown, called rhetoricians, and sometimes sophists, who arose in multitudes during the Peloponnesian War; such as Protagoras, Prodicus, Thrasymus, and one who was more eminent than all the rest, Gorgias of Leontium. These sophists joined to their art of rhetoric a subtle logic, and were generally a sort of metaphysical skeptics. Gorgias, however, was a professed master of eloquence only. His reputation was prodigious. He was highly venerated in Leontium of Sicily, his native city; and

money was coined with his name upon it. In the latter part of his life, he established himself at Athens, and lived till he had attained the age of one hundred and five years. Hermogenes ("De Ideis," Chap. ix., l. 2.) has preserved a fragment of his, from which we see his style and manner. It is extremely quaint and artificial; full of antithesis and pointed expression; and shows how far the Grecian subtlety had already carried the study of language. These rhetoricians did not content themselves with delivering general instructions concerning eloquence to their pupils, and endeavoring to form their taste; but they professed the art of giving them receipts for making all sorts of orations; and of teaching them how to speak for, and against, every cause whatever. Upon this plan, they were the first who treated of common-places, and the artificial invention of arguments and topics for every subject. In the hands of such men, we may easily believe that oratory would degenerate from the masculine strain it had hitherto held, and become a trifling and sophistical art; and we may justly deem them the first corrupters of true eloquence. To them the great Socrates opposed himself. By a profound, but simple reasoning peculiar to himself, he exploded their sophistry; and endeavored to recall men's attention from that abuse of reasoning and discourse which began to be in vogue, to natural language, and sound and useful thought.

In the same age, though somewhat later than the philosopher above mentioned, flourished Isocrates, whose writings are still extant. He was a professed rhetorician, and by teaching eloquence he acquired both a great fortune and higher fame than any of his rivals in that profession. No contemptible orator was he. His orations are full of morality and good sentiments; they are flowing and smooth, but too destitute of vigor. He never engaged in public affairs, nor pleaded causes; and accordingly his orations are calculated only for the shade: "*Pompæ*," Cicero allows, "*magis quam pugnæ aptior; ad voluptatem aurium accommodatus potius quam ad judiciorum certamen.*" The style of Gorgias of Leontium was formed into short sentences, composed generally of two members balanced against each other. The style of Isocrates, on the contrary, is swelling and full; and he is said to be the first who introduced the method of composing in regular periods, which had a studied music and harmonious cadence; a manner which he has carried to a vicious excess. What shall we think of an orator, who employed ten years in composing one discourse, still extant, entitled the "Panegyric"? How much frivolous care must have been bestowed on all the minute elegance of words and sentences! Dionysius of Halicarnassus has given us upon the orations of Isocrates, as also upon those of some other Greek orators, a full and regular treatise, which is, in my opinion, one of the most judicious pieces of ancient criticism extant, and very worthy of being consulted. He commends the splendor of Isocrates's style, and the morality of his sentiments; but severely censures his affectation, and the uniform regular cadence of all his sentences. He holds him to be a florid declaimer; not a natural persuasive speaker. Cicero, in his critical works, though he admits his failings, yet discovers a propensity to be very favorable to that *plena ac numerosa oratio*, that swelling and musical style which Isocrates introduced, and with the love of which, Cicero himself was perhaps somewhat infected. In one of his treatises (Orat. ad M. Brut.) he informs us that his friend Brutus and he differed in this particular, and that Brutus found fault with his partiality to Isocrates. The manner of Isocrates generally catches young people, when they begin to attend to composition; and it is very natural that it should do so. It gives them an idea of that regularity, cadence, and magnificence of style, which fills the ear; but when they come to write or speak for the world, they will find this ostentatious manner unfit either for carrying on business or commanding attention. It is said that the high reputation of Isocrates prompted Aristotle, who was nearly his contemporary, or lived but a

little after him, to write his "Institutions of Rhetoric"; which are indeed formed upon a plan of eloquence very different from that of Isocrates, and the rhetoricians of that time. He seems to have had it in view to direct the attention of orators much more towards convincing and affecting their hearers than towards the musical cadence of periods.

Isæus and Lysias, some of whose orations are preserved, belong also to this period. Lysias was somewhat earlier than Isocrates, and is the model of that manner which the Ancients call the "*Tenuis vel Subtilis*." He has none of Isocrates's pomp. He is everywhere pure and Attic in the highest degree; simple and unaffected; but wants force, and is sometimes frigid in his compositions. Isæus is chiefly remarkable for being the master of the great Demosthenes, in whom, it must be acknowledged, eloquence shone forth with higher splendor than perhaps in any that ever bore the name of an orator, and whose manner and character, therefore, must deserve our particular attention.

I shall not spend any time upon the circumstances of Demosthenes's life; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his shutting himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction; his declaiming by the seashore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly; and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practicing at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder, that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study eloquence, as they show how far art and application may avail for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed unwilling to grant us.

Despising the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence form the principal characteristics of his style. Never had an orator a finer field than Demosthenes in his "*Olynthiacs*" and "*Philippics*," which are his capital orations, and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the insidious measures by which that crafty prince endeavored to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for justice, humanity, and valor, but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cause; while at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shows them that they are still a flourishing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his contemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of these orations. They are strongly animated, and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses are never sought after, but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly indeed, for splendor and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is

an energy of thought peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no methods of insinuation; no labored introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience by a sentence or two for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business.

Demosthenes appears to great advantage when contrasted with Æschines in the celebrated oration, "Pro Corona." Æschines was his rival in business, and personal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question are indeed very subtle; but his invective against Demosthenes is general and ill supported. Whereas, Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can resist. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colors; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honor; the orator speaks with that strength and conscious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained license which ancient manners permitted, and which was carried by public speakers even to the length of abusive names and downright scurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's "Philippics," hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness is more than compensated by want of dignity; which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking.

The style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of these lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His action and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him from reading his works is of the austere rather than the gentle kind. He is on every occasion grave, serious, passionate; takes everything on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts anything like pleasantry. If any fault can be found with his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty; eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the rhetoricians and sophists. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained, indeed, some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "*Delectabat Athenienses,*" says Cicero, "*magis quam inflammabat.*" "He amused the Athenians rather than warmed them." And after his time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note.

THE CICERONIAN AND MODERN SCHOOLS

HAVING treated of the rise of eloquence, and of its state among the Greeks, we now proceed to consider its progress among the Romans, where we shall find one model, at least of eloquence, in its most splendid and illustrious form. The Romans were long a martial nation, altogether rude, and unskilled in arts of any kind. Arts were of a late introduction among them; they were not known till after the conquest of Greece; and the Romans always acknowledge the Grecians as their masters in every part of learning.

*Grecia capta ferum victorum cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.* —

—*Hor. Epist. ad Aug.*

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
She triumph'd o'er her savage conquerors' hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.

—*Francis.*

As the Romans derived their eloquence, poetry, and learning from the Greeks, so they must be confessed to be far inferior to them in genius for all these accomplishments. They were a more grave and magnificent, but a less acute and sprightly people. They had neither the vivacity nor the sensibility of the Greeks; their passions were not so easily moved, nor their conceptions so lively; in comparison of them, they were a phlegmatic nation. Their language resembled their character; it was regular, firm, and stately, but wanted that simple and expressive naiveté, and, in particular, that flexibility to suit every different mode and species of composition, for which the Greek tongue is distinguished above that of every other country.

*Graii ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.* —

—*Hor. Ars. Poet.*

To her lov'd Greeks the muse indulgent gave,
To her lov'd Greeks with greatness to conceive;
And in sublimer tone their language raise.
Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.

—*Francis.*

And hence, when we compare together the various rival productions of Greece and Rome, we shall always find this distinction obtain, that in the Greek productions there is more native genius; in the Roman, more regularity and art. What the Greeks invented, the Romans polished; the one was the original, rough sometimes, and incorrect; the other, a finished copy.

As the Roman government, during the republic, was of the popular kind, there is no doubt but that, in the hands of the leading men, public speaking became early an engine of government, and was employed for gaining distinction and power. But in the rude unpolished times of the state their speaking was hardly of that sort that could be called eloquence. Though Cicero, in his treatise, "*De Claris Oratoribus*," endeavors to give some reputation to the elder Cato, and those who were his contemporaries, yet he acknowledges it to have been *Asperum et horridum genus dicendi*, a rude and harsh strain of speech. It was not till a short time preceding Cicero's age that the Roman orators rose into any note. Crassus and Antonius, two

of the speakers in the dialogue "*De Oratore*," appear to have been the most eminent, whose different manners Cicero describes with great beauty in that dialogue, and in his other rhetorical works. But as none of their productions are extant, nor any of Hortensius, who was Cicero's contemporary and rival at the bar, it is needless to transcribe from Cicero's writings the account which he gives of those great men, and of the character of their eloquence.

The object in this period, most worthy to draw our attention is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests everything that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins generally with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and insinuation prepossesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is, indeed, more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find everything in its proper place; he never attempts to move, till he has endeavored to convince; and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp, and in the structure of his sentences is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is, on the whole, diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance against Catiline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he leans at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Antony, and in those two against Verres and Catiline.

Together with those high qualities which Cicero possesses, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is necessary to take notice. For the Ciceronian eloquence is a pattern so dazzling by its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion that it has sometimes produced this effect. In most of his orations, especially those composed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of ostentation. There is too visible a parade of eloquence. He seems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he says. Hence, on some occasions, he is showy rather than solid; and diffuse where he ought to have been pressing. His sentences are at all time-round and sonorous; they cannot be accused of monotony, for they possess variety of cadence; but, from too great a study of magnificence, he is sometimes deficient in strength. On all occasions, where there is the least room for it, he is full of himself. His great actions, and the real services which he had performed to his country, apologized for this in part; ancient manners, too, imposed fewer restraints from the side of decorum; but, even after these allowances made, Cicero's ostentation of himself cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impression of a good man, but, withal, of a vain man. . . .

In comparing Demosthenes and Cicero, most of the French critics are disposed to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin, the Jesuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between some of the most eminent Greek and Roman writers, uniformly

decides in favor of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero he assigns and lays stress on one reason of a pretty extraordinary nature, *viz.*, that Demosthenes could not possibly have so complete an insight as Cicero into the manners and passions of men. Why? Because he had not the advantage of perusing Aristotle's treatise of "Rhetoric," wherein, says our critic, he has fully laid open that mystery; and, to support this weighty argument, he enters into a controversy with A. Gellius in order to prove that Aristotle's "Rhetoric" was not published till after Demosthenes had spoken at least his most considerable orations. Nothing can be more childish. Such orators as Cicero and Demosthenes derived their knowledge of the human passions, and their power of moving them, from higher sources than any treatise of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after bestowing on Cicero those just praises to which the consent of so many ages shows him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demosthenes. This is Fénelon, the famous archbishop of Cambrai, and author of "Telemachus"; himself surely no enemy to all the graces and flowers of composition. It is in his "Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry" that he gives this judgment; a small tract, commonly published along with his dialogues on eloquence. These dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of perusal as containing, I think, the justest ideas on the subject that are to be met with in any modern critical writer.

The reign of eloquence among the Romans was very short. After the age of Cicero it languished, or rather expired; and we have no reason to wonder at this being the case. For not only was liberty entirely extinguished, but arbitrary power felt in its heaviest and most oppressive weight; Providence having, in its wrath, delivered over the Roman Empire to a succession of some of the most execrable tyrants that ever disgraced and scourged the human race. Under their government it was naturally to be expected that taste would be corrupted and genius discouraged. . . .

In the decline of the Roman Empire the introduction of Christianity gave rise to a new species of eloquence in the apologies, sermons, and pastoral writings of the Fathers of the Church. Among the Latin Fathers, Lactantius and Minutius Felix are the most remarkable for purity of style; and, in a later age, the famous St. Augustine possesses a considerable share of sprightliness and strength. But none of the Fathers afford any just models of eloquence. Their language, as soon as we descend to the third or fourth century, becomes harsh; and they are, in general, infected with the taste of that age, a love of swollen and strained thoughts, and of the play of words. Among the Greek Fathers the most distinguished by far, for his oratorical merit, is St. Chrysostom. His language is pure; his style highly figured. He is copious, smooth, and sometimes pathetic. But he retains at the same time much of that character which has been always attributed to the Asiatic eloquence, diffuse and redundant to a great degree, and often overwrought and tumid. He may be read, however, with advantage, for the eloquence of the pulpit, as being freer from false ornaments than the Latin Fathers.

As there is nothing more that occurs to me deserving particular attention in the Middle Age, I pass now to the state of eloquence in modern times. Here it must be confessed that in no European nation has public speaking been considered so great an object, or been cultivated with so much care, as in Greece or Rome. Its reputation has never been so high; its effects have never been so considerable; nor has that high and sublime kind of it, which prevailed in those ancient states, been so much as aimed at: notwithstanding, too, that a new profession has been established, which gives peculiar advantages to oratory and affords it the noblest field; I mean that of the Church. The genius of the world seems, in this respect, to have under-

gone some alteration. The two countries where we might expect to find most of the spirit of eloquence are France and Great Britain: France, on account of the distinguished turn of the nation towards all the liberal arts, and of the encouragement which, for this century past, these arts have received from the public; Great Britain on account both of the public capacity and genius, and of the free government which it enjoys. Yet so it is, that in neither of those countries has the talent of public speaking risen near to the degree of its ancient splendor; while in other productions of genius, both in prose and in poetry, they have contended for the prize with Greece and Rome; nay, in some compositions they may be thought to have surpassed them. The names of Demosthenes and Cicero stand, at this day, unrivaled in fame; and it would be held presumptuous and absurd to pretend to place any Modern whatever in the same, or even in a nearly equal rank.

It seems particularly surprising that Great Britain should not have made a more conspicuous figure in eloquence than it has hitherto attained; when we consider the enlightened, and, at the same time, the free and bold genius of the country, which seems not a little to favor oratory; and when we consider that, of all the polite nations, it alone possesses a popular government, or admits into the legislature, such numerous assemblies as can be supposed to lie under the dominion of eloquence. Notwithstanding this advantage, it must be confessed, that in most parts of eloquence, we are undoubtedly inferior, not only to the Greeks and Romans by many degrees, but also in some respects to the French. We have philosophers, eminent and conspicuous, perhaps, beyond any nation, in every branch of science. We have both taste and erudition, in a high degree. We have historians, we have poets of the greatest name; but of orators, or public speakers, how little have we to boast? And where are the monuments of their genius to be found? In every period we have had some who made a figure, by managing the debates in Parliament; but that figure was commonly owing to their wisdom or their experience in business, more than to their talent for oratory; and unless in some few instances, wherein the power of oratory has appeared, indeed, with much lustre, the art of parliamentary speaking rather obtained for several a temporary applause, than conferred upon any a lasting renown. At the bar, though questionless we have many able pleaders, yet few or none of their pleadings have been thought worthy to be transmitted to posterity, or have commanded attention any longer than the cause which was the subject of them interested the public; while in France, the pleadings of Patru, in the former age, and those of Cochin and D'Aguesseau, in later times, are read with pleasure, and are often quoted as examples of eloquence by the French critics. In the same manner, in the pulpit, the British divines have distinguished themselves by the most accurate and rational compositions which, perhaps, any nation can boast of. Many printed sermons we have, full of good sense, and of sound divinity and morality; but the eloquence to be found in them, the power of persuasion, of interesting and engaging the heart, which is, or ought to be, the great object of the pulpit, is far from bearing a suitable proportion to the excellence of the matter. There are few arts, in my opinion, further from perfection than that of preaching is among us; the reasons of which, I shall afterwards have occasion to discuss; in proof of the fact, it is sufficient to observe, that an English sermon, instead of being a persuasive, animated oration, seldom rises beyond the strain of correct and dry reasoning. Whereas, in the sermons of Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Fléchier, among the French, we see a much higher species of eloquence aimed at, and in a great measure attained, than the British preachers have in view.

In general, the characteristical difference between the state of eloquence in France and in Great Britain is, that the French have adopted higher ideas both

of pleasing and persuading by means of oratory, though, sometimes, in the execution, they fail. In Great Britain, we have taken up eloquence on a lower key; but in our execution, as was naturally to be expected, have been more correct. In France, the style of their orators is ornamented with bolder figures; and their discourse carried on with more amplification, more warmth, and elevation. The composition is often very beautiful; but sometimes, also, too diffuse, and deficient in that strength and cogency which renders eloquence powerful; a defect owing, perhaps, in part, to the genius of the people, which leads them to attend fully as much to ornament as to substance; and, in part, to the nature of their government, which, by excluding public speaking from having much influence on the conduct of public affairs, deprives eloquence of its best opportunity for acquiring nerves and strength. Hence the pulpit is the principal field which is left for their eloquence. The members, too, of the French Academy give harangues at their admission in which genius often appears; but, laboring under the misfortune of having no subject to discourse upon, they run commonly into flattery and panegyric, the most barren and insipid of all topics.

I observed before, that the Greeks and Romans aspired to a more sublime species of eloquence than is aimed at by the Moderns. Theirs was of the vehement and passionate kind, by which they endeavored to inflame the minds of their hearers, and hurry their imagination away; and, suitable to this vehemence of thought, was their vehemence of gesture and action; the "*supplicatio pedis*," the "*percussio frontis et femoris*," were, as we learn from Cicero's writings, usual gestures among them at the bar; though now they would be reckoned extravagant anywhere, except upon the stage. Modern eloquence is much more cool and temperate; and in Great Britain especially, has confined itself almost wholly to the argumentative and rational. It is much of that species which the ancient critics called the "*tenuis*," or "*subtilis*," which aims at convincing and instructing, rather than affecting the passions, and assumes a tone not much higher than common argument and discourse.

Several reasons may be given why modern eloquence has been so limited and humble in its efforts. In the first place, I am of opinion, that this change must in part be ascribed to that correct turn of thinking, which has been so much studied in modern times. It can hardly be doubted that in many efforts of mere genius the ancient Greeks and Romans excelled us; but, on the other hand, that, in accuracy and closeness of reasoning on many subjects, we have some advantage over them, ought, I think, to be admitted also. In proportion as the world has advanced, philosophy has made greater progress. A certain strictness of good sense has, in this island particularly, been cultivated and introduced into every subject. Hence we are more on our guard against the flowers of elocution; we are now on the watch; we are jealous of being deceived by oratory. Our public speakers are obliged to be more reserved than the Ancients in their attempts to elevate the imagination and warm the passions; and by the influence of prevailing taste, their own genius is sobered and chastened, perhaps, in too great a degree. It is likely, too, I confess, that what we fondly ascribe to our correctness and good sense, is owing, in a great measure, to our phlegm and natural coldness. For the vivacity and sensibility of the Greeks and Romans, more especially of the former, seems to have been much greater than ours, and to have given them a higher relish of all the beauties of oratory.

Besides these national considerations, we must, in the next place, attend to peculiar circumstances in the three great scenes of public speaking, which have proved disadvantageous to the growth of eloquence among us. Though the Parliament of Great Britain be the noblest field which Europe, at this day, affords to

a public speaker, yet eloquence has never been so powerful an instrument there as it was in the popular assemblies of Greece and Rome. Under some former reigns the high hand of arbitrary power bore a violent sway; and in latter times ministerial influence has generally prevailed. The power of speaking, though always considerable, yet has been often found too feeble to counterbalance either of these; and, of course, has not been studied with so much zeal and fervor as where its effect on business was irresistible and certain.

At the bar our disadvantage, in comparison with the Ancients, is great. Among them the judges were generally numerous; the laws were few and simple; the decision of causes was left, in a great measure, to equity and the sense of mankind. Here was an ample field for what they termed judicial eloquence. But among the Moderns the case is quite altered. The system of law is become much more complicated. The knowledge of it is thereby rendered so laborious an attainment as to be the chief object of a lawyer's education, and, in a manner, the study of his life. The art of speaking is but a secondary accomplishment, to which he can afford to devote much less of his time and labor. The bounds of eloquence, besides, are now much circumscribed at the bar; and, except in a few cases, reduced to arguing from strict law, statute, or precedent, by which means knowledge, much more than oratory, is become the principal requisite.

With regard to the pulpit, it has certainly been a great disadvantage that the practice of reading sermons, instead of repeating them from memory, has prevailed in England. This may, indeed, have introduced accuracy; but it has done great prejudice to eloquence; for a discourse read is far inferior to an oration spoken. It leads to a different sort of composition, as well as of delivery; and can never have an equal effect upon any audience. Another circumstance, too, has been unfortunate. The sectaries and fanatics, before the Restoration, adopted a warm, zealous, and popular manner of preaching; and those who adhered to them, in aftertimes, continued to distinguish themselves by somewhat of the same manner. The odium of these sects drove the established church from that warmth, which they were judged to have carried too far, into the opposite extreme of studied coolness and composure of manner. Hence, from the art of persuasion, which preaching ought always to be, it has passed, in England, into mere reasoning and instruction, which not only has brought down the eloquence of the pulpit to a lower tone than it might justly assume, but has produced this further effect, that by accustoming the public ear to such cool and dispassionate discourses, it has tended to fashion other kinds of public speaking upon the same model.

Thus I have given some view of the state of eloquence in modern times, and endeavored to account for it. It has, as we have seen, fallen below that splendor which it maintained in ancient ages; and from being sublime and vehement, has come down to be temperate and cool. Yet, still, in that region which it occupies it admits great scope; and, to the defect of zeal and application, more than to the want of capacity and genius, we may ascribe its not having hitherto attained higher distinction. It is a field where there is much honor yet to be reaped; it is an instrument which may be employed for purposes of the highest importance. The ancient models may still, with much advantage, be set before us for imitation; though, in that imitation, we must doubtless have some regard to what modern taste and modern manners will bear,—of which I shall afterwards have occasion to say more.

THE BAR AND PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES

THE ends of speaking at the bar, and in popular assemblies, are commonly different. In popular assemblies, the great object is persuasion; the orator aims at determining the hearers to some choice or conduct, as good, fit, or useful. For accomplishing this end, it is incumbent on him to apply himself to all the principles of action in our nature; to the passions and to the heart, as well as to the understanding. But, at the bar, conviction is the great object. There, it is not the speaker's business to persuade the judges to what is good or useful, but to show them what is just and true; and, of course, it is chiefly, or solely, to the understanding that his eloquence is addressed. This is a characteristic difference which ought ever to be kept in view.

In the next place, speakers at the bar address themselves to one or to a few judges, and these, too, persons generally of age, gravity, and authority of character. There they have not those advantages which a mixed and numerous assembly affords for employing all the arts of speech, even supposing their subject to admit them. Passion does not rise so easily; the speaker is heard more coolly; he is watched over more severely; and would expose himself to ridicule by attempting that high vehement tone which is only proper in speaking to a multitude.

In the last place, the nature and management of the subjects which belong to the bar require a very different species of oratory from that of popular assemblies. In the latter, the speaker has a much wider range. He is seldom confined to any precise rule; he can fetch his topics from a great variety of quarters, and employ every illustration which his fancy or imagination suggests. But, at the bar, the field of speaking is limited to precise law and statute. Imagination is not allowed to take its scope. The advocate has always lying before him the line, the square, and the compass. These, it is his principal business to be continually applying to the subjects under debate.

For these reasons, it is clear, that the eloquence of the bar is of a much more limited, more sober and chastened kind than that of popular assemblies; and for similar reasons, we must beware of considering even the judicial orations of Cicero or Demosthenes as exact models of the manner of speaking which is adapted to the present state of the bar. It is necessary to warn young lawyers of this; because, though these were pleadings spoken in civil or criminal causes, yet, in fact, the nature of the bar anciently, both in Greece and Rome, allowed a much nearer approach to popular eloquence than what it now does. This was owing chiefly to two causes:—

First, because in the ancient judicial orations, strict law was much less an object of attention than it is become among us. In the days of Demosthenes and Cicero, the municipal statutes were few, simple, and general; and the decision of causes was trusted, in a great measure, to the equity and common sense of the judges. Eloquence, much more than jurisprudence, was the study of those who were to plead causes. Cicero somewhere says, that three months' study was sufficient to make any man a complete civilian; nay, it was thought that one might be a good pleader at the bar, who had never studied law at all. For there were among the Romans a set of men called *pragmatici*, whose office it was to give the orator all the law knowledge which the cause he was to plead required, and which he put into that popular form, and dressed up with those colors of eloquence, that were best fitted for influencing the judges before whom he spoke.

We may observe next, that the civil and criminal judges, both in Greece and

Rome, were commonly much more numerous than they are with us, and formed a sort of popular assembly. The renowned tribunal of the Areopagus at Athens consisted of fifty judges at the least. Some make it to consist of a great many more. When Socrates was condemned, by what court it is uncertain, we are informed that no fewer than two hundred and eighty voted against him. In Rome, the pretor, who was the proper judge both in civil and criminal causes, named, for every cause of moment, the *judices selecti*, as they were called, who were always numerous, and had the office and power of both judge and jury. In the famous cause of Milo, Cicero spoke to fifty-one *judices selecti*, and so had the advantage of addressing his whole pleading, not to one or a few learned judges of the point of law, as is the case with us, but to an assembly of Roman citizens. Hence all those arts of popular eloquence, which we find the Roman orator so frequently employing, and probably with much success. Hence tears and commiseration are so often made use of as the instruments of gaining a cause. Hence certain practices, which would be reckoned theatrical among us, were common at the Roman bar; such as introducing not only the accused person dressed in deep mourning, but presenting to the judges his family, and his young children, endeavoring to move them by their cries and tears.

For these reasons, on account of the wide difference between the ancient and modern state of the bar, to which we may add also the difference in the turn of ancient and modern eloquence, which I formerly took notice of, too strict an imitation of Cicero's manner of pleading would now be extremely injudicious. To great advantage he may still be studied by every speaker at the bar. In the address with which he opens his subject, and the insinuation he employs for gaining the favor of the judges; in the distinct arrangement of his facts; in the gracefulness of his narration; in the conduct and exposition of his arguments, he may and he ought to be imitated. A higher pattern cannot be set before us; but one who should imitate him also in his exaggeration and amplifications, in his diffuse and pompous declamation, and in his attempts to raise passion, would now make himself almost as ridiculous at the bar, as if he should appear there in the *toga* of a Roman lawyer.

Before I descend to more particular directions concerning the eloquence of the bar, I must be allowed to take notice, that the foundation of a lawyer's reputation and success must always be laid in a profound knowledge of his own profession. Nothing is of such consequence to him, or deserves more his deep and serious study. For whatever his abilities as a speaker may be, if his knowledge of the law be reckoned superficial, few will choose to commit their cause to him. Besides previous study, and a proper stock of knowledge attained, another thing, highly material to the success of every pleader, is a diligent and painful attention to every cause with which he is intrusted, so as to be thoroughly master of all the facts and circumstances relating to it. On this, the ancient rhetoricians insist with great earnestness, and justly represent it as a necessary basis to all the eloquence that can be exerted in pleading. Cicero tells us (under the character of Antonius, in the second book "De Oratore") that he always conversed at full length with every client who came to consult him; that he took care there should be no witness to their conversation, in order that his client might explain himself more freely; that he was wont to start every objection, and to plead the cause of the adverse party with him, that he might come at the whole truth, and be fully prepared on every point of the business; and that after the client had retired, he used to balance all the facts with himself, under three different characters; his own, that of the judge, and that of the advocate on the opposite side. He censures very severely those of the profession who decline taking so much trouble; taxing them not only with shameful negligence,

out with dishonesty and breach of trust. To the same purpose Quintilian, in the eighth chapter of his last book, delivers a great many excellent rules concerning all the methods which a lawyer should employ for attaining the most thorough knowledge of the cause he is to plead; again and again recommending patience and attention in conversation with clients, and observing very sensibly: "*Non tam obstet audire supervacua, quam ignorare necessaria. Frequenter enim et vulnus, et remedium, in iis orator inveniet quæ litigatorie in neutram partem, habere momentum videbantur.*"

Supposing an advocate to be thus prepared, with all the knowledge which the study of the law in general, and of that cause which he is to plead in particular, can furnish him, I must next observe, that eloquence in pleading is of the highest moment for giving support to a cause. It were altogether wrong to infer, that because the ancient popular and vehement manner is now in a great measure superseded, there is, therefore, no room for eloquence at the bar, and that the study of it is become superfluous. Though the manner of speaking be changed, yet still there is a right and proper manner, which deserves to be studied as much as ever. Perhaps there is no scene of public speaking where eloquence is more necessary. For, on other occasions, the subject on which men speak in public is frequently sufficient by itself to interest the hearers. But the dryness and subtilty of the subjects generally agitated at the bar, require, more than any other, a certain kind of eloquence in order to command attention; in order to give proper weight to the arguments that are employed, and to prevent anything which the pleader advances from passing unregarded. The effect of good speaking is always very great. There is as much difference in the impression made upon the hearers by a cold, dry, and confused speaker, and that made by one who pleads the same cause with elegance, order, and strength, as there is between our conception of an object when it is presented to us in a dim light, and when we behold it in a full and clear one.

It is no small encouragement to eloquence at the bar, that of all the liberal professions, none gives fairer play to genius and abilities than that of the advocate. He is less exposed than some others to suffer by the arts of rivalry, by popular prejudices, or secret intrigues. He is sure of coming forward according to his merit; for he stands forth every day to view; he enters the list boldly with his competitors; every appearance which he makes is an appeal to the public, whose decision seldom fails of being just, because it is impartial. Interest and friends may set forward a young pleader with peculiar advantages beyond others at the beginning; but they can do no more than open the field to him. A reputation resting on these assistances will soon fall. Spectators remark, judges decide, parties watch; and to him will the multitude of clients never fail to resort, who gives the most approved specimens of his knowledge, eloquence, and industry.

It must be laid down for a first principle, that the eloquence suited to the bar, whether in speaking or in writing law papers, is of the calm and temperate kind, and connected with close reasoning. Sometimes a little play may be allowed to the imagination, in order to enliven a dry subject and to give relief to the fatigue of attention; but this liberty must be taken with a sparing hand; for a florid style, and a sparkling manner, never fail to make the speaker be heard with a jealous ear by the judge. They detract from his weight, and always produce a suspicion of his failing in soundness and strength of argument. It is purity and neatness of expression which is chiefly to be studied; a style perspicuous and proper, which shall not be needlessly overcharged with the pedantry of law terms, and where, at the same time, no affectation shall appear of avoiding these, when they are suitable and necessary.

Verbosity is a common fault, of which the gentlemen of this profession are accused, and into which the habit of speaking and writing so hastily, and with so little preparation, as they are often obliged to do, almost unavoidably betrays them. It cannot, therefore, be too much recommended to those who are beginning to practice at the bar, that they should early study to guard against this while as yet they have full leisure for preparation. Let them form themselves, especially in the papers which they write, to the habit of a strong and a correct style, which expresses the same thing much better in a few words than is done by the accumulation of intricate and endless periods. If this habit be once acquired, it will become natural to them afterwards when the multiplicity of business shall force them to compose in a more precipitate manner. Whereas, if the practice of a loose and negligent style has been suffered to become familiar, it will not be in their power, even upon occasions when they wish to make an unusual effort, to express themselves with energy and grace.

Distinctness is a capital property in speaking at the bar. This should be shown chiefly in two things: first, in stating the question; in showing clearly what is the point in debate; what we admit, what we deny; and where the line of division begins between us and the adverse party. Next, it should be shown in the order and arrangement of all the parts of the pleading. In every sort of oration a clear method is of the utmost consequence; but in those embroiled and difficult cases which belong to the bar, it is almost all in all. Too much pains, therefore, cannot be taken in previously studying the plan and method. If there be indistinctness and disorder there, we can have no success in convincing; we leave the whole cause in darkness.

With respect to the conduct of narration and argumentation, I shall hereafter make several remarks when I come to treat of the component parts of a regular oration. I shall at present only observe that the narration of facts at the bar should always be as concise as the nature of them will admit. Facts are always of the greatest consequence to be remembered during the course of the pleading; but, if the pleader be tedious in his manner of relating them, and needlessly circumstantial, he lays too great a load upon the memory. Whereas, by cutting off all superfluous circumstances in his recital, he adds strength to the material facts; he both gives a clearer view of what he relates, and makes the impression of it more lasting. In argumentation, again, I would incline to give scope to a more diffuse manner at the bar, than on some other occasions. For, in popular assemblies, where the subject of debate is often a plain question, arguments, taken from known topics, gain strength by their conciseness. But the obscurity of law points frequently requires the arguments to be spread out, and placed in different lights, in order to be fully apprehended.

When the pleader comes to refute the arguments employed by his adversary, he should be on his guard not to do them injustice by disguising, or placing them in a false light. The deceit is soon discovered; it will not fail of being exposed; and tends to impress the judge and the hearers with distrust of the speaker, as one who either wants discernment to perceive, or wants fairness to admit the strength of the reasoning on the other side. Whereas, when they see that he states, with accuracy and candor, the arguments which have been used against him before he proceeds to combat them, a strong prejudice is created in his favor. They are naturally led to think that he has a clear and full conception of all that can be said on both sides of the argument; that he has entire confidence in the goodness of his own cause, and does not attempt to support it by any artifice or concealment. The judge is thereby inclined to receive much more readily the impressions which are given him by a speaker who

appears both so fair and so penetrating. There is no part of the discourse in which the orator has greater opportunity of showing a masterly address than when he sets himself to represent the reasonings of his antagonists, in order to refute them.

Wit may sometimes be of service at the bar, especially in a lively reply, by which we may throw ridicule on something that has been said on the other side. But, though the reputation of wit be dazzling to a young pleader, I would never advise him to rest his strength upon this talent. It is not his business to make an audience laugh, but to convince the judge; and seldom, or never, did anyone rise to eminence in his profession by being a witty lawyer.

A proper degree of warmth in pleading a cause is always of use. Though, in speaking to a multitude, greater vehemence be natural; yet, in addressing ourselves even to a single man, the warmth which arises from seriousness and earnestness is one of the most powerful means of persuading him. An advocate personates his client; he has taken upon him the whole charge of his interests; he stands in his place. It is improper, therefore, and has a bad effect upon the cause, if he appear indifferent and unmoved; and few clients will be fond of trusting their interests in the hands of a cold speaker.

At the same time, he must beware of prostituting his earnestness and sensibility so much as to enter with equal warmth into every cause that is committed to him, whether it can be supposed really to excite his zeal or not. There is a dignity of character, which is of the utmost importance for every one in this profession to support. For it must never be forgotten, that there is no instrument of persuasion more powerful than an opinion of probity and honor in the person who undertakes to persuade. It is scarcely possible for any hearer to separate altogether the impression made by the character of him who speaks from the things that he says. However secretly and imperceptibly, it will be always lending its weight to one side or the other; either detracting from, or adding to, the authority and influence of his speech. This opinion of honor and probity must, therefore, be carefully preserved, both by some degree of delicacy in the choice of causes, and by the manner of conducting them. And though, perhaps, the nature of the profession may render it extremely difficult to carry this delicacy to its utmost length, yet there are attentions to this point, which, as every good man for virtue's sake, so every prudent man for reputation's sake, will find to be necessary. He will always decline embarking in causes that are odious and manifestly unjust; and, when he supports a doubtful cause, he will lay the chief stress upon such arguments as appear to his own judgment the most tenable; reserving his zeal and his indignation for cases where injustice and iniquity are flagrant.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT

I HAVE already treated of the eloquence of popular assemblies, and of the eloquence of the bar. The subject which remains for this lecture is, the strain and spirit of that eloquence which is suited to the pulpit.

Let us begin with considering the advantages and disadvantages which belong to this field of public speaking. The pulpit has plainly several advantages peculiar to itself. The dignity and importance of its subjects must be acknowledged superior to any other. They are such as ought to interest everyone, and can be brought home to every man's heart; and such as admit, at the same time, both the highest embellishment in describing, and the greatest vehemence and warmth

in enforcing them. The preacher has also great advantages in treating his subjects. He speaks not to one or a few judges, but to a large assembly. He is secure from all interruption. He is obliged to no replies or extemporaneous efforts. He chooses his theme at leisure, and comes to the public with all the assistance which the most accurate premeditation can give him.

But, together with these advantages, there are also peculiar difficulties that attend the eloquence of the pulpit. The preacher, it is true, has no trouble in contending with an adversary; but then, debate and contention enliven genius and procure attention. The pulpit orator is, perhaps, in too quiet possession of his field. His subjects of discourse are, in themselves, noble and important; but they are subjects trite and familiar. They have, for ages, employed so many speakers, and so many pens; the public ear is so much accustomed to them, that it requires more than an ordinary power of genius to fix attention. Nothing within the reach of art is more difficult than to bestow, on what is common, the grace of novelty. No sort of composition whatever is such a trial of skill, as where the merit of it lies wholly in the execution; not in giving any information that is new, not in convincing men of what they did not believe; but in dressing truths which they knew, and of which they were before convinced, in such colors as may most forcibly affect their imagination and heart. It is to be considered, too, that the subject of the preacher generally confines him to abstract qualities, to virtues and vices; whereas, that of other popular speakers leads them to treat of persons,—which is a subject that commonly interests the hearers more, and takes faster hold of the imagination. The preacher's business is solely to make you detest the crime; the pleader's, to make you detest the criminal. He describes a living person, and with more facility rouses your indignation. From these causes it comes to pass that though we have a great number of moderately good preachers, we have so few that are singularly eminent. We are still far from perfection in the art of preaching, and perhaps there are few things in which it is more difficult to excel. The object, however, is noble, and worthy, upon many accounts, of being pursued with zeal.

It may perhaps occur to some, that preaching is no proper subject of the art of eloquence. This, it may be said, belongs only to human studies and inventions; but the truths of religion, with the greater simplicity, and the less mixture of art they are set forth, are likely to prove the more successful. This objection would have weight, if eloquence were as the persons who make such an objection commonly take it to be, an ostentatious and deceitful art, the study of words and of plausibility, only calculated to please, and to tickle the ear. But against this idea of eloquence I have all along guarded. True eloquence is the art of placing truth in the most advantageous light for conviction and persuasion. This is what every good man who preaches the gospel not only may, but ought to have at heart. It is most intimately connected with the success of his ministry; and were it needful, as assuredly it is not, to reason any further on this head, we might refer to the discourses of the prophets and Apostles, as models of the most sublime and persuasive eloquence, adapted both to the imagination and the passions of men.

An essential requisite in order to preach well is to have a just, and at the same time, a fixed and habitual view of the end of preaching. For in no art can any man execute well who has not a just idea of the end and object of that art. The end of all preaching is to persuade men to become good. Every sermon, therefore, should be a persuasive oration. Not but that the preacher is to instruct and to teach, to reason and argue. All persuasion, as I showed formerly, is to be founded on conviction. The understanding must always be applied to in the first place in order to make a lasting impression on the heart; and he who would work on

men's passions, or influence their practice, without first giving them just principles and enlightening their minds is no better than a mere declaimer. He may raise transient emotions, or kindle a passing ardor, but can produce no solid or lasting effect. At the same time it must be remembered that all the preacher's instructions are to be of the practical kind, and that persuasion must ever be his ultimate object. It is not to discuss some abstruse point that he ascends the pulpit; it is not to illustrate some metaphysical truth, or to inform men of something which they never heard before; but it is to make them better men; it is to give them, at once, clear views and persuasive impressions of religious truth. The eloquence of the pulpit, then, must be popular eloquence. One of the first qualities of preaching is to be popular; not in the sense of accommodation to the humors and prejudices of the people (which tends only to make a preacher contemptible), but, in the true sense of the word, calculated to make impression on the people; to strike and seize their hearts. I scruple not, therefore, to assert that the abstract and philosophical manner of preaching, however it may have sometimes been admired, is formed upon a very faulty idea, and deviates widely from the just plan of pulpit eloquence. Rational, indeed, a preacher ought always to be; he must give his audience clear ideas on every subject and entertain them with sense, not with sound; but to be an accurate reasoner will be small praise if he be not a persuasive speaker also. . . .

The chief characteristics of the eloquence suited to the pulpit, as distinguished from the other kinds of public speaking, appear to me to be these two, gravity and warmth. The serious nature of the subjects belonging to the pulpit requires gravity; their importance to mankind requires warmth. It is far from being either easy or common to unite these characters of eloquence. The grave, when it is predominant, is apt to run into a dull uniform solemnity. The warm, when it wants gravity, borders on the theatrical and light. The union of the two must be studied by all preachers as of the utmost consequence, both in the composition of their discourses and in their manner of delivery. Gravity and warmth united form that character of preaching which the French call "*onction*"; the affecting, penetrating, interesting manner, flowing from a strong sensibility of heart in the preacher to the importance of those truths which he delivers, and an earnest desire that they make full impression on the hearts of his hearers. . . .

In a sermon, no points or conceits should appear, no affected smartness and quaintness of expression. These derogate much from the dignity of the pulpit, and give to a preacher the air of foppishness, which he ought, above all things, to shun. It is rather a strong, expressive style, than a sparkling one, that is to be studied. But we must beware of imagining that we render style strong or expressive by a constant and multiplied use of epithets. This is a great error. Epithets have often great beauty and force. But if we introduce them into every sentence, and string many of them together to one object, in place of strengthening, we clog and enfeeble style; in place of illustrating the image, we render it confused and indistinct. He that tells me "of this perishing, mutable, and transitory world," by all these three epithets does not give me so strong an idea of what he would convey as if he had used one of them with propriety. I conclude this head with an advice never to have what may be called a favorite expression, for it shows affectation and becomes disgusting. Let not any expression which is remarkable for its lustre or beauty occur twice in the same discourse. The repetition of it betrays a fondness to shine, and, at the same time, carries the appearance of a barren invention.

As to the question whether it be most proper to write sermons fully and commit them accurately to memory, or to study only the matter and thoughts and

trust the expression, in part, at least, to the delivery, I am of opinion that no universal rule can here be given. The choice of either of these methods must be left to preachers, according to their different genius. The expressions which come warm and glowing from the mind, during the fervor of pronunciation, will often have a superior grace and energy to those which are studied in the retirement of the closet. But then this fluency and power of expression cannot, at all times, be depended upon, even by those of the readiest genius; and by many, can at no time be commanded, when overawed by the presence of an audience. It is proper, therefore, to begin, at least, the practice of preaching with writing as accurately as possible. This is absolutely necessary in the beginning, in order to acquire the power and habit of correct speaking, nay, also, of correct thinking, upon religious subjects. I am inclined to go further and to say that it is proper not only to begin thus, but also to continue, as long as the habits of industry last, in the practice both of writing and committing to memory. Relaxation in this particular is so common, and so ready to grow upon most speakers in the pulpit, that there is little occasion for giving any cautions against the extreme of overdoing in accuracy.

The practice of reading sermons is one of the greatest obstacles to the eloquence of the pulpit in Great Britain, where alone this practice prevails. No discourse, which is designed to be persuasive, can have the same force when read as when spoken. The common people all feel this, and their prejudice against this practice is not without foundation in nature. What is gained hereby in point of correctness is not equal, I apprehend, to what is lost in point of persuasion and force. They whose memories are not able to retain the whole of a discourse might aid themselves considerably by short notes lying before them, which would allow them to preserve, in a great measure, the freedom and ease of one who speaks.

The French and English writers of sermons proceed upon very different ideas of the eloquence of the pulpit, and seem, indeed, to have split it betwixt them. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm, animated exhortation; an English one is a piece of cool, instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions; the English almost solely to the understanding. It is the union of these two kinds of composition,—of the French earnestness and warmth, with the English accuracy and reason,—that would form, according to my idea, the model of a perfect sermon. A French sermon would sound in our ears as a florid, and often, as an enthusiastic harangue. The censure which, in fact, the French critics pass on the English preachers is that they are philosophers and logicians, but not orators. The defects of most of the French sermons are these: from a mode that prevails among them of taking their text from the lesson of the day, the connection of the text with the subject is often unnatural and forced; their applications of Scripture are fanciful, rather than instructive; their method is stiff and cramped by their practice of dividing their subject always either into three, or two, main points; and their composition is in general too diffuse, and consists rather of a few thoughts spread out, and highly wrought up, than of a rich variety of sentiments. Admitting, however, all these defects, it cannot be denied that their sermons are formed upon the idea of a persuasive popular oration; and, therefore, I am of opinion they may be read with benefit.

Among the French Protestant divines, Saurin is the most distinguished; he is copious, eloquent, and devout, though too ostentatious in his manner. Among the Roman Catholics, the two most eminent are Bourdaloue and Massillon. It is a subject of dispute among the French critics, to which of these the preference is due, and each of them has his partisans. To Bourdaloue, they attribute more solidity and close reasoning; to Massillon, a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourda-

lous is, indeed, a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and earnestness; but his style is verbose, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the fathers, and he wants imagination. Massillon has more grace, more sentiment, and, in my opinion, every way more genius. He discovers much knowledge both of the world and of the human heart; he is pathetic and persuasive; and, upon the whole, is perhaps the most eloquent writer of sermons which modern times have produced. . . .

Though the writings of the English divines are very proper to be read by such as are designed for the church, I must caution them against making too much use of them, or transcribing large passages from them into the sermons they compose. Such as once indulge themselves in this practice, will never have any fund of their own. Infinitely better it is to venture into the pulpit with thoughts and expressions which have occurred to themselves, though of inferior beauty, than to disfigure their compositions by borrowed and ill-sorted ornaments, which to a judicious eye will be always in hazard of discovering their own poverty. When a preacher sits down to write on any subject, never let him begin with seeking to consult all who have written on the same text or subject. This, if he consult many, will throw perplexity and confusion into his ideas; and if he consults only one, will often warp him insensibly into that one's method, whether it be right or not. But let him begin with pondering the subject in his own thoughts; let him endeavor to fetch materials from within; to collect and arrange his ideas; and form some sort of a plan to himself, which it is always proper to put down in writing. Then, and not till then, he may inquire how others have treated the same subject. By this means, the method and the leading thoughts in the sermon are likely to be his own. These thoughts he may improve by comparing them with the track of sentiment which others have pursued; some of their sense he may, without blame, incorporate into his composition, retaining always his own words and style. This is fair assistance; all beyond is plagiarism.

On the whole, never let the capital principle with which we set out at first be forgotten,—to keep close in view the great end for which a preacher mounts the pulpit: even to infuse good dispositions into his hearers, to persuade them to serve God, and to become better men. Let this always dwell on his mind when he is composing, and it will diffuse through his compositions that spirit which will render them at once esteemed and useful. The most useful preacher is always the best, and will not fail of being esteemed so. Embellish truth only with a view to gain it the more full and free admission into your hearers' minds; and your ornaments will, in that case, be simple, masculine, natural. The best applause, by far, which a preacher can receive, arises from the serious and deep impressions which his discourse leaves on those who hear it. The finest encomium, perhaps, ever bestowed on a preacher, was given by Louis XIV. to the eloquent Bishop of Clermont, Father Massillon, whom I before mentioned with so much praise. After hearing him preach at Versailles, he said to him: "Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel; I have been highly pleased with them; but for you, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself; for I see more of my own character."

GEORGE CAMPBELL

(1719-1796)



REV. DR. GEORGE CAMPBELL, principal of Marischal College and author of "The Philosophy of Rhetoric," was born at Aberdeen, Scotland, December 25th, 1719. Educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh, he became principal of Marischal College in 1759, and four years later published his celebrated "Dissertation on Miracles" in reply to Hume. His "Philosophy of Rhetoric" appeared in 1776, and in 1778 he published a new translation of the Gospels, with critical and explanatory notes, which is said by critics to be in many respects his greatest work. He died March 31st, 1796. His writings on oratory, though they are no longer in general circulation in America, abound in good sense and sound learning.

HOW TO BE INTELLIGIBLE IN SPEAKING OR PREACHING

NOTHING is more natural than for a man to imagine that what is intelligible to him is so to everybody, or at least that he speaks with sufficient clearness, when he uses the same language and in equal plainness with that in which he hath studied the subject and been accustomed to read. But however safe this rule of judging may be in the barrister and the senator, who generally address their discourses to men of similar education with themselves, and of equal or nearly equal abilities and learning, it is by no means a proper rule for the preacher, one destined to be in spiritual matters a guide to the blind, a light to them who are in darkness, an instructor of the foolish, and a teacher of babes. Therefore, besides the ordinary rules of perspicuity in respect of diction, which, in common with every other public speaker, he ought to attend to, he must advert to this in particular, that the terms and phrases he employs in his discourse be not beyond the reach of the inferior ranks of people. Otherwise his preaching is, to the bulk of his audience, but beating the air; whatever the discourse may be in itself, the speaker is to them no better than a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. It is reported of Archbishop Tillotson, that he was wont, before preaching his sermons, to read them privately to an illiterate old woman of plain sense, who lived in the house with him, and wherever he found he had employed any word or expression that she did not understand, he instantly erased it, and substituted a plainer in its place, till he brought the style down to her level. The story is much to the prelate's honor; for however incompetent such judges might be of the composition, the doctrine, or the argument, they are certainly the most competent judges of what terms and phrases fall within the apprehension of the vulgar,—the class to which they belong. But though such an expedient would not answer in every situation, we ought at least to supply the want of it by making it more an object of attention than is commonly done, to dis-

cover what in point of language falls within, and what without, the sphere of the common people.

Before I dismiss this article of perspicuity, I shall mention briefly a few of those faults by which it is most commonly transgressed.

The first is pedantry, or an ostentation of learning, by frequent recourse to those words and phrases which are called technical, and which are in use only among the learned. This may justly be denominated the worst kind of obscurity, because it is always an intentional obscurity. In other cases a man may speak obscurely, without knowing it; he may on some subjects speak obscurely, and though he suspects it, may not have it in his power to remedy it; but the pedant affects obscurity. He is dark of purpose, that you may think him deep. The character of a profound scholar is his primary object. Commonly, indeed, he overshoots the mark, and with all persons of discernment loses this character by his excessive solicitude to acquire it. The pedant in literature is perfectly analogous to the hypocrite in religion. As appearance and not reality is the great study of each, both in mere exteriors far outdo the truly learned and the pious, with whom the reputation of learning and piety is but a secondary object at the most. The shallowness, however, of such pretenders rarely escapes the discovery of the judicious. But if falsehood and vanity are justly accounted mean and despicable, wherever they are found, when they dare to show themselves in the pulpit, a place consecrated to truth and purity, they must appear to every ingenuous mind perfectly detestable. It must be owned, however, that the pedantic style is not now so prevalent in preaching as it hath been in former times, and therefore needs not to be further enlarged on. There is, indeed, a sort of literary diction, which sometimes the inexperienced are ready to fall into insensibly, from their having been much more accustomed to the school and to the closet, to the works of some particular schemer in philosophy, than to the scenes of real life and conversation. This fault, though akin to the former, is not so bad, as it may exist without affectation, and when there is no special design of catching applause. It is, indeed, most commonly the consequence of an immoderate attachment to some one or other of the various systems of ethics or theology that have in modern times been published, and obtained a vogue among their respective partisans.

Thus the zealous disciple of Shaftesbury, Akenside, and Hutcheson, is no sooner licensed to preach the Gospel than with the best intentions in the world he harangues the people from the pulpit on the moral sense and universal benevolence,—he sets them to inquire whether there be a perfect conformity in their affections to the supreme symmetry established in the universe,—he is full of the sublime and beautiful in things, the moral objects of right and wrong, and the proportionable affection of a rational creature towards them. He speaks much of the inward music of the mind, the harmony and dissonance of the passions, and seems, by his way of talking, to imagine that if a man have this same moral sense, which he considers as the mental ear, in due perfection, he may tune his soul with as much ease as a musician tunes a musical instrument. The disciple of Doctor Clarke, on the contrary, talks to us in somewhat of a soberer strain and less pompous phrase, but not a jot more edifying, about unalterable reason and the eternal fitness of things,—about the conformity of our actions to their immutable relations and essential differences. All the various sects or parties in religion have been often accused of using a peculiar dialect of their own when speaking on religious subjects, which, though familiar to the votaries of the party, appears extremely uncouth to others. The charge, I am sensible, is not without foundation, though all parties are not in this respect equally guilty. We see, however, that the different systems of philosophy, especially that branch which comes

under the denomination of pneumatology, are equally liable to this imputation with systems of theology. I would not be understood, from anything I have said, to condemn in the gross either the books or systems alluded to. They have their excellencies as well as their blemishes; and as to many of the points in which they seem to differ from one another, I am satisfied that the difference is, like some of our theological disputes, more verbal than real. Let us read even on opposite sides, but still so as to preserve the freedom of our judgment in comparing, weighing, and deciding, so that we can with justice apply to ourselves, in regard to all human teachers, the declaration of the poet,—

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

And even in some cases, wherein we approve the thought in any of those authors, it may not be proper to adopt the language. The adage, which enjoins us to think with the learned, but speak with the vulgar, is not to be understood as enjoining us to dissemble; but not to make a useless parade of learning, particularly to avoid everything in point of language which would put the sentiments we mean to convey beyond the reach of those with whom we converse. It was but just now admitted that the different sects or denominations of Christians had their several and peculiar dialects. I would advise the young divine, in forming his style in sacred matters, to avoid as much as possible the peculiarities of each. The language of Holy Scripture and of common sense affords him a sufficient standard. And with regard to the distinguishing phrases, which our factions in religion have introduced, though these sometimes may appear to superficial people and half thinkers sufficiently perspicuous, the appearance is a mere illusion. The generality of men, little accustomed to reflection, are so constituted that what their ears have been long familiarized to, however obscure in itself, or unmeaning it be, seems perfectly plain to them. They are well acquainted with the terms, expressions, and customary application, and they look no further. A great deal of the learning in divinity of such of our common people as think themselves, and are sometimes thought by others, wonderful scholars, is of this sort. It is generally the fruit of much application, strong memory and weak judgment, and, consisting mostly of mere words and phrases, is of that kind of knowledge which puffeth up, gendereth self-conceit,—that species of it in particular known by the name of spiritual pride, captiousness, censoriousness, jealousy, malignity,—but by no means ministereth to the edifying of the hearers in love. This sort of knowledge I denominate learned ignorance,—of all sorts of ignorance the most difficult to be surmounted, agreeably to the observation of Solomon, “Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.” Would you avoid, then, feeding the vanity of your hearers, supplying them with words instead of sense, amusing them with curious questions and verbal controversies, instead of furnishing them with useful and practical instruction, detach yourselves from the artificial, ostentatious phraseology of every scholastic, or system builder in theology, and keep as close as possible to the pure style of Holy Writ, which the Apostle calls “the sincere or unadulterated milk of the word.” The things which the Holy Spirit hath taught by the prophets and Apostles give not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but in the words which the Holy Spirit teacheth,—a much more natural and suitable language. But be particularly attentive that the Scripture expressions employed be both plain and apposite. The word of God itself may be, and often is, handled unskillfully. Would the preacher carefully avoid this charge, let him first be sure that he hath himself a distinct meaning to everything he advanceth, and next examine whether the expression he intends to use be a clear and adequate enunciation

of that meaning. For if it is true that a speaker is sometimes not understood because he doth not express his meaning with sufficient clearness, it is also true that sometimes he is not understood because he hath no meaning to express.

The last advice I would give on the head of perspicuity is, in composing, to aim at a certain simplicity in the structure of your sentences, avoiding long, intricate, and complex periods. Remember always that the bulk of the people are unused to reading and study. They lose sight of the connection in very long sentences, and they are quite bewildered, when, for the sake of rounding a period, and suspending the sense till the concluding clause, you transgress the customary arrangement of the words. The nearer, therefore, your diction comes to the language of conversation, the more familiar to them it will be, and so the more easily apprehended. In this, too, the style of Scripture is an excellent model. So much for perspicuity.

The next quality I mentioned in the style, was, that it be affecting. Though this has more particularly a place in those discourses which admit and even require a good deal of the pathetic, yet, in a certain degree, it ought to accompany everything that comes from the pulpit. All from that quarter is conceived to be, mediately or immediately, connected with the most important interests of mankind. This gives a propriety to the affecting manner in a certain degree, whatever be the particular subject. It is this quality in preaching, to which the French critics have given the name of *onction*, and which they explain to be an affecting sweetness of manner which engages the heart. It is, indeed, that warmth and gentle emotion in the address and language, which serves to show that the speaker is much in earnest in what he says, and is actuated to say it from the tenderest concern for the welfare of his hearers. As this character, however, can be considered only as a degree of that which comes under the general denomination of pathetic, we shall have occasion to consider it more fully afterwards. It is enough here to observe, that as the general strain of pulpit expression ought to be seasoned with this quality, this doth necessarily imply that the language be ever grave and serious. The necessity of this results from the consideration of the very momentous effect which preaching was intended to produce, as the necessity of perspicuity, the first quality mentioned, results from the consideration of the character sustained by the hearers. That the effect designed by this institution, namely, the reformation of mankind, requires a certain seriousness, which, though occasionally requisite in other public speakers, ought uniformly to be preserved by the preacher, is a truth that will scarcely be doubted by any person who reflects. This may be said in some respect to narrow his compass in persuasion, as it will not permit the same free recourse to humor, wit, and ridicule, which often prove powerful auxiliaries to other orators at the bar and in the senate, agreeably to the observation of the poet,—

*"Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."*

Ridicule often decides important matters more readily than acute reasoning.

At the same time, I am very sensible that an air of ridicule in disproving or dissuading, by rendering opinions or practices contemptible, hath been attempted with approbation by preachers of great name. I can only say that when the contemptuous manner is employed (which ought to be very seldom) it requires to be managed with the greatest delicacy. For time and place and occupation seem all incompatible with the levity of ridicule; they render jesting impertinence, and laughter madness. Therefore anything from the pulpit which might provoke this

emotion would now be justly deemed an unpardonable offense against both piety and decorum. In order, however, to prevent mistakes, permit me here, in passing, to make a remark that may be called a digression, as it immediately concerns my own province only. The remark is, that in these prelections, I do not consider myself as limited by the laws of preaching. There is a difference between a school, even a theological school, and a church, a professor's chair and a pulpit; there is a difference between graduates in philosophy and the arts, and a common congregation. And though in some things, not in all, there be a coincidence in the subject, yet the object is different. In the former, it is purely the information of the hearers; in the latter, it is ultimately their reformation. I shall not, therefore, hesitate, in this place, to borrow aid from whatever may serve innocently to illustrate, enliven, or enforce any part of my subject, and keep awake the attention of my hearers, which is but too apt to flag at hearing the most rational discourse, if there be nothing in it which can either move the passions or please the imagination. The nature of my department excludes almost everything of the former kind, or what may be called pathetic. A little of the *onction* above explained is the utmost that here ought to be aspired to. There is the less need to dispense with what of the latter kind may be helpful for rousing attention. I hope, therefore, to be indulged the liberty, a liberty which I shall use very sparingly, of availing myself of the plea of the satirist,—

*"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"*

So much for the perspicuous and the affecting manner, qualities in the style which ought particularly to predominate in all discourses from the pulpit. There are other graces of elocution which may occasionally find a place there, such as the nervous, the elegant, and some others; but the former ought never to be wanting. The former, therefore, are characteristic qualities. The latter are so far from being such, that sometimes they are rather of an opposite tendency. The nervous style requires a conciseness that is often unfriendly to that perfect perspicuity which ought to predominate in all that is addressed to Christian people, and which leads a speaker rather to be diffuse in his expression, that he may the better adapt himself to ordinary capacities. Elegance, too, demands a certain polish that is not always entirely compatible with that artless simplicity with which, when the great truths of religion are adorned, they appear always to the most advantage, and in the truest majesty. They are "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

EDMUND BURKE

(c. 1729-1797)



EDMUND BURKE devotes Part V. of his "Philosophical Inquiry Into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" to eloquence as it attracts and sways us in oratory and poetry. Everything he writes is entitled to respectful study. He was himself the greatest orator of modern times, and he knew as much as anyone has known of the methods by which a great mind gains the power of sublime expression. There is a secret of his own eloquence which he does not tell, however, though he once suggested it, when, in a conversation with his friend, Philip Francis, he asserted that he had wetted with his tears the paper on which he wrote of Marie Antoinette as the repulsive scenes attending her death on the guillotine brought to his mind the time, when sixteen or seventeen years before, he had seen her in her fresh youth,—“just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.” Though Burke opposed to those who would have probed his weaknesses a lofty bearing which compelled them to feel their inferiority and keep their distance, he had a deep and tender soul, full of sympathy for everything living, as, in consequence, it was for everything beautiful and sublime in inanimate nature. He derived from the great classics of oratory and poetry,—from Homer and Virgil, not less than from Demosthenes and Cicero,—a most intimate knowledge of the art of expression. But his own greatest strength of expression,—his power of using melodious language, is associated with the tender sensitiveness of his sympathies. It does not seem probable in the nature of things that if anyone could wholly lack this gift, the gift of eloquent expression would be possible at all:—

“If you would make me grieve, go learn to weep!”

This is the fundamental rule of persuasion,—that we ourselves must feel all we wish our words to convey to others. But there is in the words of such an orator as Burke at his best, a sweet and lofty music which has a power and charm of its own, apart from the sense which inspired it. At such times his ear unerringly rejects every harsh and discordant sound. His words, when he expresses pathos, are as soft as Italian. He illustrates the fundamental law that the ear for the sweet and sublime concords of language is the ear for music. The ear, even when untrained, will catch and hold far more than the best-trained mind can analyze and define; and to read over and over aloud from Burke those passages in

which he shows himself most deeply moved, is to gain an idea of the possibilities of English prose which cannot be gained from analysis,—a new sense of the dignity of true oratory as the connecting link between the sublimest prose and the sublimest poetry.

Burke was born in Dublin about January 12th, 1729. This is the date according to a generally-accepted authority, though there has been a long controversy over it which is never likely to be settled. After graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, he studied law, but was soon diverted to literature and politics. In 1766, he made his first speech in Parliament and at once took his place as the greatest Whig orator of England,—a place he retained without a rival until his death, July 9th, 1797. His essay "On the Sublime and Beautiful" is, next to his speeches, his greatest work; but his speeches are incomparable.

RELATION OF ELOQUENCE TO THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL

NATURAL objects affect us by the laws of that connection which Providence has established between certain motions and configurations of bodies, and certain consequent feelings in our mind. Painting affects in the same manner, but with the superadded pleasure of imitation. Architecture affects by the laws of nature and the law of reason; from which latter result the rules of proportion, which make a work to be praised or censured, in the whole or in some part, when the end for which it was designed is, or is not, properly answered. But as to words: they seem to me to affect us in a manner very different from that in which we are affected by natural objects, or by painting or architecture; yet words have as considerable a share in exciting ideas of beauty and of the sublime as many of those, and sometimes a much greater than any of them; therefore an inquiry into the manner by which they excite such emotions is far from being unnecessary in a discourse of this kind.

Section I, Part V. "On the Sublime and Beautiful."

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE

THE common notion of the power of poetry and eloquence, as well as that of words in ordinary conversation, is, that they affect the mind by raising in it ideas of those things for which custom has appointed them to stand. To examine the truth of this notion, it may be requisite to observe that words may be divided into three sorts. The first are such as represent many simple ideas united by nature to form some one determinate composition, as man, horse, tree, castle, etc. These I call aggregate words. The second are they that stand for one simple idea of such compositions, and no more: as red, blue, round, square, and the like. These I call simple abstract words. The third are those which are formed by a union,—an arbitrary union,—of both the others, and of the various relations between them in greater or less degrees of complexity: as virtue, honor, persuasion, magistrate, and the like. These I call compound abstract words. Words, I am sensible, are capable of being classed into more curious distinctions; but these seem to be natural, and enough for our purpose; and they are disposed in that order in

which they are commonly taught, and in which the mind gets the ideas they are substituted for. I shall begin with the third sort of words: compound abstracts, such as virtue, honor, persuasion, docility. Of these I am convinced that whatever power they may have on the passions, they do not derive it from any representation raised in the mind of the things for which they stand. As compositions, they are not real essences, and hardly cause, I think, any real ideas. Nobody, I believe, immediately on hearing the sounds, virtue, liberty, or honor, conceives any precise notions of the particular modes of action and thinking, together with the mixed and simple ideas, and the several relations of them for which these words are substituted; neither has he any general idea compounded of them; for if he had, then some of those particular ones, though indistinct perhaps, and confused, might come soon to be perceived. But this, I take it, is hardly ever the case. For put yourself upon analyzing one of these words, and you must reduce it from one set of general words to another, and then into the simple abstracts and aggregates, in a much longer series than may be at first imagined, before any real idea emerges to light; before you come to discover anything like the first principles of such compositions; and when you have made such a discovery of the original ideas, the effect of the composition is utterly lost. A train of thinking of this sort is much too long to be pursued in the ordinary ways of conversation; nor is it at all necessary that it should. Such words are in reality but mere sounds; but they are sounds which, being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good, or suffer some evil, or see others affected with good or evil; or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events; and being applied in such a variety of cases that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterwards mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions. The sounds being often used without reference to any particular occasion, and carrying still their first impressions they at last utterly lose their connection with the particular occasions that give rise to them; yet the sound, without any annexed notion, continues to operate as before.

Section 2, Part V.

WORDS AND IDEAS

MR. LOCKE has somewhere observed, with his usual sagacity, that most general words,—those belonging to virtue and vice, good and evil, especially,—are taught before the particular modes of action to which they belong are presented to the mind; and with them the love of the one and the abhorrence of the other; for the minds of children are so ductile that a nurse, or any person about a child, by seeming pleased or displeased with anything, or even any word, may give the disposition of the child a similar turn. When, afterwards, the several occurrences in life come to be applied to these words, and that which is pleasant often appears under the name of evil; and what is disagreeable to nature is called good and virtuous, a strange confusion of ideas and affections arises in the minds of many, and an appearance of no small contradiction between their notions and their actions. There are many who love virtue and who detest vice, and this not from hypocrisy or affectation, who, notwithstanding, very frequently act ill and wickedly in particulars without the least remorse, because these particular occasions never came into view when the passions on the side of virtue were so warmly affected by certain words heated originally by the breath of others; and for this reason it is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though

owned by themselves inoperative, without being in some degree affected, especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them, as suppose,—

“Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.”

These words, by having no application, ought to be inoperative; but when words commonly sacred to great occasions are used, we are affected by them even without the occasions. When words which have been generally so applied are put together without any rational view, or in such a manner that they do not rightly agree with each other, the style is called bombast. And it requires in several cases much good sense and experience to be guarded against the force of such language; for when propriety is neglected, a greater number of these affecting words may be taken into the service, and a greater variety may be indulged in combining them.

Section 3, Part IV.

THE EFFECT OF WORDS

IF WORDS have all their possible extent of power, three effects arise in the mind of the hearer. The first is, the sound; the second, the picture, or representation of the thing signified by the sound; the third is the affection of the soul produced by one or by both of the foregoing. Compounded abstract words, of which we have been speaking (honor, justice, liberty, and the like), produce the first and the last of these effects, but not the second. Simple abstracts are used to signify some one simple idea, without much adverting to others which may chance to attend it, as blue, green, hot, cold, and the like; these are capable of affecting all three of the purposes of words, as the aggregate words, man, castle, horse, etc., are in a yet higher degree. But I am of opinion that the most general effect, even of these words, does not arise from their forming pictures of the several things they would represent in the imagination, because, on a very diligent examination of my own mind, and getting others to consider theirs, I do not find that once in twenty times any such picture is formed, and, when it is, there is most commonly a particular effort of the imagination for that purpose. But the aggregate words operate, as I said of the compound-abstracts, not by presenting any image to the mind, but by having from use the same effect on being mentioned that their original has when it is seen. Suppose we were to read a passage to this effect: “The river Danube rises in a moist and mountainous soil in the heart of Germany, where, winding to and fro, it waters several principalities, until, turning into Austria, and leaving the walls of Vienna, it passes into Hungary; there with a vast flood, augmented by the Saave and the Drave, it quits Christendom, and, rolling through the barbarous countries which border on Tartary, it enters by many mouths in the Black Sea.” In this description many things are mentioned, as mountains, rivers, cities, the sea, etc. But let anybody examine himself and see whether he has had impressed on his imagination any pictures of a river, mountain, watery soil, Germany, etc. Indeed, it is impossible, in the rapidity and quick succession of words in conversation, to have ideas, both of the sound of the word and of the thing represented; besides, some words, expressing real essences, are so mixed with others of a general and nominal import that it is impracticable to jump from sense to thought, from particulars to generals, from things to words, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of life; nor is it necessary that we should.

Section 4, Part V.

LANGUAGE AND IMAGINATION

I FIND it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them that in the ordinary course of conversation we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this, at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But, strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires a good deal of attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers, I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blessed with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man,—which cannot possibly be attributed to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part, very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of a higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has nor can possibly have any idea further than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colors; and this man taught others the theory of these ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But it is probable that the words, red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colors themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree, or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed, it must be owned he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words "every day" and "common discourse," I had no images in my mind of any succession of time, nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, or blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colors or the rays of light pass-

ing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading, it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage, with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I propose to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word summer is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word "next"; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one; and surely the man who says next summer has no images of such a succession and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only of these ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be formed, but even of particular, real beings that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination, as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our minds. Indeed, so little does poetry depend for its effect on the power of raising sensible images that I am convinced it would lose a very considerable part of its energy if this were the necessary result of all description. Because that union of affecting words, which is the most powerful of all poetical instruments, would frequently lose its force, along with its propriety and consistency, if the sensible images were always excited. There is not, perhaps, in the whole "Æneid" a more grand and labored passage than the description of Vulcan's cavern in Etna, and the works that are there carried on. Virgil dwells particularly on the formation of the thunder, which he describes unfinished under the hammers of the Cyclops. But what are the principles of this extraordinary composition?—

*"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosa
Addiderant; rutili tres ignis, et alitis austri:
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras."*

This seems to me admirably sublime; yet if we attend coolly to the kind of sensible images which a combination of ideas of this sort must form, the chimeras of madmen cannot appear more wild and absurd than such a picture: "Three rays of twisted showers, three of watery clouds, three of fire, and three of the winged south wind; then mixed they in the work terrific lightnings, and sound, and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames." This strange composition is formed into a gross body; it is hammered by the Cyclops, it is in part polished, and partly continues rough. The truth is, if poetry gives us a noble assemblage of words corresponding to many noble ideas which are connected by circumstances of time or place, or related to each other as cause and effect, or associated in any natural way, they may be molded together in any form and perfectly answer their end. The picturesque connection is not demanded, because no real picture is formed; nor is the effect of the description at all the less upon this account. What is said of Helen by Priam and the old men of his council is generally thought to give us the highest possible idea of that fatal beauty:—

“Οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 Τοῇ δ' ἄμφι γυναικὶ πολλὸν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
 Αἰνῶς δ' ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇς εἰς ὧπα ἔοικεν.”

“They cried, ‘No wonder such celestial charms
 For nine long years have set the world in arms;
 What winning graces! what majestic mien!
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.’”
 —Pope.

Here is not one word said of the particulars of her beauty; nothing which can in the least help us to any precise idea of her person; but yet we are much more touched by this manner of mentioning her than by those long and labored descriptions of Helen, whether handed down by tradition or formed by fancy, which are to be met with in some authors. I am sure it affects me much more than the minute description which Spenser has given of Belphebe; though I own that there are parts in that description, as there are in all the descriptions of that excellent writer, extremely fine and poetical. The terrible picture which Lucretius has drawn of religion, in order to display the magnanimity of his philosophical hero in opposing her, is thought to be designed with great boldness and spirit:—

*“Humana ante oculos fœdè cum vita jaceret,
 In terris, oppressa gravi sub religione,
 Quæ caput e calî regionibus ostendebat
 Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans;
 Primus Graïus homo mortales tollere contra
 Est oculos ausus.”*

What idea do you derive from so excellent a picture? None at all, most certainly: neither has the poet said a single word which might in the least serve to mark a single limb or feature of the phantom, which he intended to represent in all the horrors imagination can conceive. In reality, poetry and rhetoric do not succeed in exact description so well as painting does; their business is to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.

Section 5, Part V.

ART IN WORDS

HENCE we may observe that poetry, taken in its most general sense, cannot with strict propriety be called an art of imitation. It is, indeed, an imitation so far as it describes the manners and passions of men which their words can express; where *animi motus effert interprete lingua*. There it is strictly imitation, and all merely dramatic poetry is of this sort. But descriptive poetry operates chiefly by substitution; by the means of sounds, which by custom have the effect of realities. Nothing is an imitation further than as it resembles some other thing, and words undoubtedly have no sort of resemblance to the ideas for which they stand.

Section 6, Part V.

HOW WORDS INFLUENCE THE PASSIONS

Now, as words affect, not by any original power, but by representation, it might be supposed that their influence over the passions should be but light; yet it is quite otherwise; for we find by experience that eloquence and poetry are as capable, nay, indeed, much more capable, of making deep and lively impressions than any other arts, and even than nature itself in very many cases. And this arises chiefly from these three causes: First, that we take an extraordinary part in the passions of others, and that we are easily affected and brought into sympathy by any tokens which are shown of them; and there are no tokens which can express all the circumstances of most passions so fully as words; so that if a person speaks upon any subject he cannot only convey the subject to you, but likewise the manner in which he is himself affected by it. Certain it is that the influence of most things on our passions is not so much from the things themselves as from our opinions concerning them; and these, again, depend very much on the opinions of other men, conveyable for the most part by words only. Secondly, there are many things of a very affecting nature which can seldom occur in the reality, but the words that represent them often do; and thus they have an opportunity of making a deep impression and taking root in the mind, whilst the idea of the reality was transient; and to some, perhaps, never really occurred in any shape, to whom it is notwithstanding very affecting, as war, death, famine, etc. Besides, many ideas have never been at all presented to the senses of any men but by words, as God, angels, devils, heaven, and hell, all of which have, however, a great influence over the passions. Thirdly, by words we have it in our power to make such combinations as we cannot possibly do otherwise. By this power of combining, we are able, by the addition of well-chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object. In painting, we may represent any fine figure we please; but we never can give it those enlivening touches which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man winged; but what painting can furnish out anything so grand as the addition of one word, "the angel of the Lord"? It is true, I have here no clear idea; but these words affect the mind more than the sensible image did; which is all I contend for. A picture of Priam dragged to the altar's foot, and there murdered, if it were well executed, would undoubtedly be very moving; but there are very aggravating circumstances, which it could never represent: —

"Sanguine fœdantem quos ipse sacraverat ignes."

"Fouling with blood the fires which lately his prayers had hallowed."

As a further instance, let us consider those lines of Milton where he describes the travels of the fallen angels through their dismal habitation:

"— O'er many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death."

Here is displayed the force of union in

"Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades,"

which yet would lose the greatest part of their effect if they were not the

"Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades —
— of Death

This idea or this affection caused by a word, which nothing but a word could annex to the others, raises a very great degree of the sublime; and this sublime is raised yet higher by what follows, a "universe of Death." Here are again two ideas not presentable but by language, and a union of them great and amazing beyond conception; if they may properly be called ideas which present no distinct image to the mind, but still it will be difficult to conceive how words can move the passions which belong to real objects without representing these objects clearly. This is difficult to us, because we do not sufficiently distinguish, in our observations upon language, between a clear expression and a strong expression. These are frequently confounded with each other, though they are in reality extremely different. The former regards the understanding; the latter belongs to the passions. The one describes a thing as it is; the latter describes it as it is felt. Now, as there is a moving tone of voice, an impassioned countenance, an agitated gesture, which affect independently of the things about which they are exerted, so there are words, and certain dispositions of words, which being peculiarly devoted to passionate subjects, and always used by those who are under the influence of any passion, touch and move us more than those which far more clearly and distinctly express the subject-matter. We yield to sympathy what we refuse to description. The truth is, all verbal description, merely as naked description, though never so exact, conveys so poor and insufficient an idea of the thing described, that it could scarcely have the smallest effect, if the speaker did not call in to his aid those modes of speech that mark a strong and lively feeling in himself. Then, by the contagion of our passions, we catch a fire already kindled in another, which probably might never have been struck out by the object described. Words, by strongly conveying the passions, by those means which we have already mentioned, fully compensate for their weakness in other respects. It may be observed that very polished languages, and such as are praised for their superior clearness and perspicuity, are generally deficient in strength. The French language has that perfection and that defect, whereas the Oriental tongues, and in general the languages of most unpolished peoples, have a great force and energy of expression; and this is but natural. Uncultivated people are but ordinary observers of things, and not critical in distinguishing them; but, for that reason, they admire more, and are more affected with what they see, and, therefore, express themselves in a warmer and more passionate manner. If the affection be well conveyed, it will work its effect without any clear idea, often without any idea at all, of the thing which has originally given rise to it.

It might be expected from the fertility of the subject that I should consider poetry, as it regards the sublime and beautiful, more at large; but it must be observed that in this light it has been often and well handled already. It was not my design to enter into the criticism of the sublime and beautiful in any art, but to attempt to lay down such principles as may tend to ascertain, to distinguish, and to form a sort of standard for them; which purposes I thought might be best effected by an inquiry into the properties of such things in nature as raise love and astonishment in us, and by showing in what manner they operated to produce these passions. Words were only so far to be considered as to show upon what principle they were capable of being the representatives of these natural things, and by what powers they were able to affect us often as strongly as the things they represent, and sometimes much more strongly.

Complete. Part V. of the essay "On the Sublime and Beautiful."

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735-1803)



JAMES BEATTIE was born in Laurencekirk, Scotland, October 25th, 1735. He was educated at Aberdeen, and from 1760 to his death, August 18th, 1803, he was professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was a poet of very considerable natural ability, and his perception of the laws of melody underlying expressions in prose as well as in verse, led him to write an essay on expression which is of value to students of oratory. The extract here made is from his essay "On Poetry and Music" (1778).

ON EXPRESSION

GOOD language is determinate and absolute. We know it wherever we meet with it; we may learn to speak and write it from books alone. Whether pronounced by a clown or a hero, a wise man, or an idiot, language is still good, if it be according to rule. But natural language is something not absolute, but relative, and can be estimated by those only who have studied men as well as books, and who attend to the real or supposed character of the speaker as well as to the import of what is spoken.

There are several particulars relating to the speaker which we must attend to, before we can judge whether his expression be natural. It is obvious that his temper must be taken into the account. From the fiery and passionate we expect one sort of language, from the calm and moderate, another. That impetuosity which is natural in Achilles would in Sarpedon or Ulysses be quite the contrary, as the mellifluent copiousness of Nestor would ill become the blunt rusticity of Ajax. Those diversities of temper which make men think differently on the same occasion will also make them speak the same thoughts in a different manner. And as the temper of the same man is not always uniform, but is variously affected by youth and old age, and by the prevalence of temporary passions, so neither will that style which is most natural to him be always uniform, but may be energetic or languid, abrupt or equable, figurative or plain, according to the passions or sentiments that may happen to predominate in his mind. And hence, to judge whether his language be natural, we must attend not only to the habitual temper but also to the present passions, and even to the age of the speaker. Nor should we overlook his intellectual peculiarities. If his thoughts be confused or indistinct, his style must be unmethodical and obscure; if the former be much diversified, the latter will be equally copious. The external circumstances of the speaker, his rank and fortune, his education and company, particularly the two last, have no little influence in characterizing his style. A clown and a man of learning, a pedantic and a polite scholar, a husbandman and a soldier, a mechanic and a seaman, reciting

the same narrative, will each of them adopt a peculiar mode of expression, suitable to the ideas that occupy his mind and to the language he has been accustomed to speak and hear; and if a poet who had occasion to introduce these characters in a comedy were to give the same uniform color of language to them all, the style of that comedy, however elegant, would be unnatural. Our language is also affected by the very thoughts we utter. When these are lofty or groveling, there is a correspondent elevation or meanness in the language. The style of a great man is generally simple, but seldom fails to partake of the dignity and energy of his sentiments. In Greece and Rome, the corruption of literature was a consequence of the corruption of manners, and the manly simplicity of the old writers disappeared as the nation became effeminate and servile. Horace and Longinus scruple not to ascribe the decline of eloquence in their days to a littleness of mind, the effect of avarice and luxury. The words of Longinus are remarkable: "The truly eloquent," says he, "must possess an exalted and noble mind, for it is not possible for those who have all their lives been employed in servile pursuits to produce anything worthy of immortal renown or general admiration." In fact, our words not only are the signs but may be considered as the pictures of our thoughts. The same glow or faintness of coloring, the same consistency or incoherence, the same proportions of great and little, the same degrees of elevation, the same light and shade that distinguish the one will be found to characterize the other; and from such a character as Achilles or Othello we as naturally expect a bold, nervous, and animated phraseology as a manly voice and commanding gesture . . .

May we not infer from what has been said, that "Language is, then, according to nature, when it is suitable to the supposed condition of the speaker"?—meaning by the word "condition" not only the outward circumstances of fortune, rank, employment, sex, age, and nation, but also the internal temperature of the understanding and passions, as well as the peculiar nature of the thoughts that may happen to occupy the mind. Horace seems to have had this in view, when he said, that "if what is spoken on the stage shall be unsuitable to the fortunes of the speaker, both the learned and unlearned part of the audience will be sensible of the impropriety. For that it is of great importance to the poet to consider, whether the person speaking be a slave or a hero; a man of mature age, or warm with the passions of youth; a lady of rank, or a bustling nurse; a luxurious Assyrian, or a cruel native of Colchis; a mercantile traveler, or a stationary husbandman; an acute Argive, or a dull Bœotian."

But Horace's remark, it may be said, refers more immediately to the style of the drama; whereas we would extend it to poetry, and even to composition in general. And it may be thought, that in those writings wherein the imitation of human life is less perfect, as in the epic poem, or wherein the style is uniformly elevated and pure, as in history and tragedy, this rule of language is not attended to. In what respect, for example, can the style of Livy or Homer be said to be suitable to the condition of the speaker? Have we not, in each author, a great variety of speeches, ascribed to men of different nations, ranks, and characters, who are all, notwithstanding, made to utter a language that is not only grammatical, but elegant and harmonious? Yet no reader is offended; and no critic ever said that the style of Homer and Livy is unnatural.

The objection is plausible. But a right examination of it will be found not to weaken, but to confirm and illustrate the present doctrine. I say, then, that language is natural, when it is suited to the supposed condition and circumstances of the speaker. Now, in history, the speaker is no other than the historian himself, who claims the privilege of telling his tale in his own way, and of expressing the thoughts of other men, where he has occasion to record them, in his own


language. All this we must allow to be natural, if we suppose him to be serious. For every man who speaks without affectation, has a style and a manner peculiar to himself. A person of learning and eloquence, recapitulating on any solemn occasion the speech of a clown, would not be thought in earnest if he did not express himself with his wonted propriety. It would be difficult, perhaps he would find it impossible, to imitate the hesitation, barbarisms, and broad accent of the poor man; and if he were to do so, he would affront his audience, and, instead of being thought a natural speaker, or capable of conducting important business, would prove himself a mere buffoon. Now, an historian is a person who assumes a character of great dignity, and addresses himself to a most respectable audience. He undertakes to communicate information, not to his equals only, or inferiors, but to the greatest and most learned men upon earth. He wishes them to listen to him, and to listen with pleasure; to believe his testimony, and treasure up his sayings as lessons of wisdom to direct them in the conduct of life, and in the government of kingdoms. In so awful a presence, and with views so elevated, what style is it natural for him to assume? A style uniformly serious and elegant, clear, orderly, and emphatical, set off with modest ornaments to render it pleasing, yet plain and simple, and such as becomes a man whose chief concern it is to know and deliver the truth. The moralist and the preacher are in familiar circumstances, and will naturally adopt a familiar style; only a more sublime and more pathetic energy, and language still plainer than that of the historian, though not less pure, will with reason be expected from those who pronounce the dictates of divine wisdom, and profess to instruct the meanest as well as the greatest of mankind in matters of everlasting importance. . . .

We may, therefore, repeat, and lay it down as a maxim, "That language is natural when it is suited to the speaker's condition, character, and circumstances." And as, for the most part, the images and sentiments of serious poetry are copied from the images and sentiments, not of real, but of improved, nature; so the language of serious poetry must (as hinted already) be a transcript, not of the real language of nature, which is often dissonant and rude, but of natural language improved as far as may be consistent with probability, and with the supposed character of the speaker. If this be not the case, if the language of poetry be such only as we hear in conversation, or read in history, it will, instead of delight, bring disappointment; because it will fall short of what we expect from an art which is recommended rather by its pleasurable qualities, than by its intrinsic utility; and to which, in order to render it pleasing, we grant higher privileges than to any other kind of literary composition, or any other mode of human language.

From his "Essays," Dublin, 1778.

WILLIAM ENFIELD

(1741-1797)

 WILLIAM ENFIELD was born at Sudbury, England, March 29th, 1741, and educated for the ministry of the Unitarian Church. He was celebrated as a pulpit orator and teacher, and the University of Edinburgh gave him the honorary degree of LL.D. He wrote "Institutes of Natural Philosophy, Theoretical and Experimental" (1783), and published other works which added to his reputation. It is, however, by virtue of his modest little "Speaker," published in 1775, that he survives his century. It passed through many editions, and is still bought by collectors of works on oratory and rhetoric. The taste it shows is of a high order, and in the essay on "Elocution," prefixed to it, Enfield may be said to have founded the modern science of voice culture. He died at Norwich, November 3d, 1797.

AN ESSAY ON ELOCUTION

— "*Id affert ratio, docent literæ, confirmat consuetudo legendi et loquendi.*"

— Cicero.

MUCH declamation has been employed to convince the world of a very plain truth, that to be able to speak well is an ornamental and useful accomplishment. Without the labored panegyrics of ancient or modern orators, the importance of a good elocution is sufficiently obvious. Everyone will acknowledge it to be of some consequence, that what man has hourly occasion to do, should be done well. Every private company, and almost every public assembly, afford opportunities of remarking the difference between a just and graceful, and a faulty and unnatural, elocution; and there are few persons who do not daily experience the advantages of the former and the inconveniences of the latter. The great difficulty is, not to prove that it is a desirable thing to be able to read and speak with propriety, but to point out a practicable and easy method by which this accomplishment may be acquired.

Follow nature, is certainly the fundamental law of oratory, without regard to which all other rules will only produce affected declamation, not just elocution. And some accurate observers, judging, perhaps, from a few unlucky specimens of modern eloquence, have concluded that this is the only law which ought to be prescribed; that all artificial rules are useless; and that good sense and a cultivated taste are the only requisites to form a good public speaker. But it is true in the art of speaking, as well as in the art of living, that general precepts are of little use till they are unfolded and applied to particular cases. To discover and correct those tones and habits of speaking which are gross deviations from nature,

and, as far as they prevail, must destroy all propriety and grace of utterance; and to acquire a habit of reading, or speaking, upon every occasion, in a manner suited to the nature of the subject, and the kind of discourse or writing to be delivered, whether it be narrative, didactic, argumentative, oratorical, colloquial, descriptive, or pathetic, must be the result of much attention and labor. And there can be no reason to doubt that, in passing through that course of exercise which is necessary in order to attain this end, much assistance may be derived from instruction. What are rules or lessons for acquiring this or any other art, but the observations of others, collected into a narrow compass, and digested in a natural order, for the direction of the inexperienced and unpracticed learner? And what is there in the art of speaking which should render it incapable of receiving aid from precepts?

Presuming, then, that the acquisition of the art of speaking, like all other practical arts, may be facilitated by rules, I shall lay before my readers, in a plain, didactic form, such rules respecting elocution as appear best adapted to form a correct and graceful speaker.

LET YOUR ARTICULATION BE DISTINCT AND DELIBERATE

A good articulation consists in giving a clear and full utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of the sounds, therefore, ought to be well understood; and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation, which, though often ascribed to to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example.

Some persons find it difficult to articulate the letter *l*; others, the simple sounds expressed by *r*, *s*, *th*, *sh*; but the instance of defective articulation which is most common, and, therefore, requires particular notice, is the omission of the aspirate, *h*. Through several counties in England this defect almost universally prevails, and sometimes occasions ludicrous, and even serious mistakes. This is an omission which materially affects the energy of pronunciation; the expression of emotions and passions often depending, in a great measure, upon the vehemence with which the aspirate is uttered. The *h* is sometimes perversely enough omitted where it ought to be sounded, and sounded where it ought to be omitted; the effect of which will be easily perceived in the following examples: "He had learned the whole art of angling by heart;" "Heat the soup." These and other similar faults may be corrected by daily reading sentences so contrived as frequently to repeat the sounds which are incorrectly uttered; and especially by remarking them whenever they occur in conversation.

Other defects in articulation regard the complex sounds, and consist in a confused and clattering pronunciation of words. The most effectual methods of conquering this habit are: to read aloud passages chosen for the purpose, such, for instance, as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together; and to read, at certain stated times, much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons who have not studied the art of speaking have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly that this latter exercise ought generally to be made use of for a considerable time at first; for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution.

Aim at nothing higher till you can read distinctly and deliberately.—

Learn to speak slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

LET YOUR PRONUNCIATION BE BOLD AND FORCIBLE

AN INSIPID flatness and languor are almost universal faults in reading. Even public speakers often suffer their words to drop from their lips with such a faint and feeble utterance that they appear neither to understand nor feel what they say themselves, nor to have any desire that it should be understood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental fault; a speaker without energy is a lifeless statue.

In order to acquire a forcible manner of pronouncing your words, inure yourself, while reading, to draw in as much air as your lungs can contain with ease, and to expel it with vehemence in uttering those sounds which require an emphatical pronunciation; read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command; preserve your body in an erect attitude while you are speaking; let all the consonant sounds be expressed with a full impulse or percussion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the vowel sounds have a full and bold utterance. Continue these exercises with perseverance till you have acquired strength and energy of speech.

But, in observing this rule, beware of running into the extreme of vociferation. This fault is chiefly found among those who, in contempt and despite of all rule and propriety, are determined to command the attention of the vulgar. These are the speakers who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "offend the judicious hearer to the soul, by tearing a passion to rags, to very tatters, to split the ears of the groundlings." Cicero compares such speakers to cripples, who get on horseback because they cannot walk; they bellow because they cannot speak.

ACQUIRE COMPASS AND VARIETY IN THE HEIGHT OF YOUR VOICE

THE monotony so much complained of in public speakers is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They commonly content themselves with one certain key, which they employ on all occasions, and upon every subject; or if they attempt variety, it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the place in which they speak; imagining, that speaking in a high key is the same thing as speaking loud; and not observing, that whether a speaker shall be heard or not depends more upon the distinctness and force with which he utters his words than upon the height of the key in which he speaks.

Within a certain compass of notes, above or below which articulation would be difficult, propriety of speaking requires variety in the height, as well as in the strength and tone of the voice. Different kinds of speaking require different heights of voice. Nature instructs us to relate a story, to support an argument, to command a servant, to utter exclamations of rage or anger, and to pour forth lamentations and sorrows, not only with different tones, but with different elevations of voice. Men, at different ages of life, and in different situations, speak in very different keys. The vagrant, when he begs; the soldier, when he gives the word of command; the watchman, when he announces the hour of the night; the sovereign, when he issues his edict; the senator, when he harangues; the lover, when he whispers his tender tale, do not differ more in the tones which they use than in the key in which they speak. Reading and speaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expression in real life are copied, must have continual variations in the height of the voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key in which you speak at pleasure, accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the lowest to the highest

notes on which you can articulate distinctly. Many of these would neither be proper nor agreeable in speaking; but the exercise will give you such a command of voice as is scarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated this experiment till you can speak with ease at several heights of the voice, read, as exercises on this rule, such compositions as have a variety of speakers, or such as relate dialogues; observing the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavoring to change it as nature directs.

In the same composition there may be frequent occasion to alter the height of the voice, in passing from one part to another, without any change of person. This is the case, for example, in Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage," etc., and in his description of the Queen of the Fairies.

PRONOUNCE YOUR WORDS WITH PROPRIETY AND ELEGANCE

IT is not easy to fix upon any standard by which the propriety of pronunciation may be determined. A rigorous adherence to etymology, or to analogy, would often produce a pedantic pronunciation of words, which in a polite circle would appear ridiculous. The fashionable world has, in this respect, too much caprice and affectation to be implicitly followed. If there be any true standard of pronunciation, it must be sought for among those who unite the accuracy of learning with the elegance of polite conversation. An attention to such models, and a free intercourse with the world, afford the best guard against the peculiarities and vulgarisms of provincial dialects.

The faults in pronunciation which belong to this class are too numerous to be completely specified. Except the omission of the aspirate already mentioned, one of the most common is, the interchange of the sounds belonging to the letters *v* and *w*. One who had contracted this habit would find some difficulty in pronouncing these words: "I like white wine vinegar with veal very well." Other provincial improprieties of pronunciation are: the changing of *ow* into *er*, or of *aw* into *or*, as in *fellow*, *window*, the *law* of the land; that of *ou* or *ow* into *oo*, as in *house*, *town*; *i* into *oi*, as in *my*; *e* into *a*, as in *sincere*, *tea*; and *s* into *z*, as in *Somerset*. These faults, and all others of the same nature, must be avoided in the pronunciation of a gentleman, who is supposed to have seen too much of the world to retain the peculiarities of the district in which he was born.

PRONOUNCE EVERY WORD CONSISTING OF MORE THAN ONE SYLLABLE WITH ITS PROPER ACCENT

AS, WHEN any stringed musical instrument receives a smart percussion its vibrations at first produce a loud and full sound, which gradually becomes soft and faint, although the note, during the whole vibration, remains the same, so any articulate sound may be uttered with different degrees of strength, proportioned to the degree of exertion with which it is spoken. In all words consisting of more syllables than one, we give some one syllable a more forcible utterance than the rest. This variety of sound, which is called accent,* serves

* "Accent" in the classical languages (as in Chinese) is the musical rise and fall of the voice. The English ear cannot appreciate it without special training. In the word "pity," the natural English accent on the first syllable is acute. Both syllables can be short "by position" but the word is naturally a "trochee,"—that is a long syllable followed by a short (—v).

to distinguish from each other the words of which a sentence is composed; without it the ear would perceive nothing but an unmeaning succession of detached syllables. Accent may be applied either to long or to short syllables, but does not, as some writers have supposed, change their nature; for accent implies not an extension of time, but an increase of force. In the words *pity*, *enemy*, the first syllable, though accented, is still short. Syllables may be long, which are not accented; as appears in the words *empire*, *exile*. Accent affects every part of the syllable, by giving additional force to the utterance of the whole complex sound, but does not lengthen or change the vowel sound. In the words *habit*, *specimen*, *proper*, as they are pronounced by Englishmen, the first syllable, though accented, is not long. Some words, consisting of several syllables, admit of two accents, one more forcible than the other, but both sufficiently distinguishable from the unaccented parts of the word; as in the words *monumental*, *manifestation*, *naturalization*.

In accenting words, care should be taken to avoid all affected deviations from common usage. There is the greater occasion for this precaution, as a rule has been arbitrarily introduced upon this subject which has no foundation either in the structure of the English language, or in the principles of harmony: that in words consisting of more than two syllables, the accent should be thrown as far backward as possible. This rule has occasioned much pedantic and irregular pronunciation; and has, perhaps, introduced all the uncertainty which attends the accenting of several English words.

IN EVERY SENTENCE, DISTINGUISH THE MORE SIGNIFICANT WORDS BY A NATURAL, FORCIBLE, AND VARIED EMPHASIS

THERE are in every sentence certain words which have a greater share in conveying the speaker's meaning than the rest; and are, on this account, distinguished by the forcible manner in which they are uttered. Thus in the sentence, "Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity," the principal stress is laid upon certain substantives, adjectives, and verbs; and the rest of the sentence is spoken with an inferior degree of exertion. This stress, or emphasis, serves to unite words, and form them into sentences. By giving the several parts of a sentence their proper utterance, it discovers their mutual dependence, and conveys their full import to the mind of the hearer. It is in the power of emphasis to make long and complex sentences appear intelligible and perspicuous. But for this purpose it is necessary that the reader should be perfectly acquainted with the exact construction and full meaning of every sentence which he recites. Without this it is impossible to give those inflections and variations to the voice which nature requires; and it is for want of this previous study, more, perhaps, than from any other cause, that we so often hear persons read with an improper emphasis, or with no emphasis at all; that is, with a stupid monotony. Much study and pains are necessary in acquiring the habit of just and forcible pronunciation; and it can only be the effect of close attention and long practice, to be able, with a mere glance of the eye, to read any piece with good emphasis and good discretion.

It is another office of emphasis to express the opposition between the several parts of a sentence, where the ideas are contrasted or compared; as in the following sentences: "When our vices leave us, we fancy that we leave them." "A count'nance more in sorrow, than in anger;" "A custom more honor'd in the breach, than in the observance."

In some sentences the antithesis is double, and even treble; this must be expressed in reading by a corresponding combination of emphasis. The following instances are of this kind: "Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools;" "To err is human; to forgive, divine;" "An angry man who suppresses his passion, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks;" "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n."

"He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down."

When any term, or phrase, is used to express some particular meaning, not obviously arising from the words, it should be marked by a strong emphasis; as, "TO BE, contents his natural desire;" "SIR Balaam now, he lives like other folks;" "Then you will pass into Africa; WILL pass, did I say?"

In expressing any maxim, or doctrine, which contains much meaning in a few words, the weight of the sentiment should be accompanied with a correspondent energy of pronunciation. For example: "One truth is clear; Whatever is, is right." The principal words which serve to mark the divisions of a discourse should be distinguished in the same manner.

Emphasis may also serve to intimate some allusion, to express surprise, or to convey an oblique hint. For example:—

"While expletives their feeble aid do join."

"He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas WHITE."

"And Brutus is an HONORABLE man."

Lastly, emphasis is of use in determining the sense of doubtful expressions. The following short sentence admits of three different meanings, according to the place of the emphasis: "Do you intend to go to London this summer?"

For want of attending to the proper emphasis, the following passage of Scripture is often misunderstood: "If therefore the light that is IN thee be darkness, how great is THAT darkness!"

In order to acquire a habit of speaking with a just and forcible emphasis, nothing more is necessary than previously to study the construction, meaning, and spirit of every sentence, and to adhere as nearly as possible to the manner in which we distinguish one word from another in conversation; for in familiar discourse we scarcely ever fail to express ourselves emphatically, or to place the emphasis properly. With respect to artificial helps, such as distinguishing words or clauses of sentences by particular characters or marks, I believe it will be found, upon trial, that, except where they may be necessary as a guide to the sense, not leaving the reader at full liberty to follow his own understanding and feelings, they rather mislead than assist him.

The most common faults respecting emphasis are, laying so strong an emphasis upon one word as to leave no power of giving a particular force to other words, which, though not equally, are in a certain degree emphatical; and placing the greatest stress on conjunctive particles, and other words of secondary importance. This latter fault is humorously ridiculed by Churchill, in his censure of Mossop:—

"With studied improprieties of speech
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach."

To epithets allots emphatic state,
 While principals, ungrac'd, like lackeys wait.
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables.
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
 To stamp new vigor on the nervous line;
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul."

Emphasis is often destroyed by an injudicious attempt to read melodiously. In reading verse, this fault sometimes arises from a false notion of the necessity of preserving an alternate succession of unaccented and accented syllables; a kind of uniformity which the poet probably did not intend; and which, if he had, would certainly, at least in a poem of considerable length, become insufferably tiresome. In reading prose, this fondness for melody is, perhaps, more commonly the effect of indolence, or affectation, than of real taste; but to whatever cause it may be ascribed, it is certainly unfavorable to true oratory. Agreeable inflections and easy variations of the voice, as far as they arise from, or are consistent with, just speaking, may deserve attention; but to substitute one unmeaning tune in the room of all the proprieties and graces of elocution, and then to applaud this manner under the appellation of musical speaking, implies a perversion of judgment which can admit of no defense. If public speaking must be musical, let the words be set to music in recitative, that these melodious speakers may no longer lie open to the sarcasm: "Do you read or sing? if you sing, you sing very ill." It is much to be wondered at, that a kind of reading which has so little merit considered as music, and none at all considered as speaking, should be so studiously practiced, and so much admired. Can a method of reading, which is so entirely different from the usual manner of conversation, be natural or right? Or is it possible, that all the varieties of sentiment which a public speaker has occasion to introduce, should be properly expressed in one melodious tone and cadence, employed alike on all occasions, and for all purposes?

ACQUIRE A JUST VARIETY OF PAUSE AND INFLECTION

PAUSES are not only necessary in order to enable the speaker to take breath without inconvenience, and hereby preserve the command of his voice, but in order to give the hearer a distinct perception of the construction and meaning of each sentence, and a clear understanding of the whole. An uninterrupted rapidity of utterance is one of the worst faults in elocution. A speaker who has this fault may be compared to an alarm bell, which, when once put in motion, clatters on till the weight that moves it is run down. Without pauses the spirit of what is delivered must be lost, and the sense must appear confused, and may even be misrepresented in a manner most absurd and contradictory. There have been reciters who have made Douglas say to Lord Randolph: "We fought and conquer'd ere a sword was drawn."

In executing this part of the office of a speaker, it will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses which ought to be made in speaking. A mechanical attention to these resting places has, perhaps, been one cause of monotony, by leading the reader to a uniform cadence at every full period. The primary use of points is to assist the reader in discerning the grammatical construction; and it is only indirectly that

they regulate his pronunciation. In reading, it may often be proper to make a pause where the printer has made none. Nay, it is very allowable, for the sake of pointing out the sense more strongly, preparing the audience for what is to follow, or enabling the speaker to alter the tone or height of the voice, sometimes to make a very considerable pause where the grammatical construction requires none at all. In doing this, however, it is necessary that upon the word immediately preceding the pause the voice be suspended in such a manner as to intimate to the hearer that the sense is not completed. The power of suspending the voice at pleasure is one of the most useful attainments in the art of speaking; it enables the speaker to pause as long as he chooses, and still keep the hearer in expectation of what is to follow.

In order to perceive the manner in which this effect is produced, it is necessary to consider pauses as connected with those inflections of the voice which precede them. These are of two kinds: one of which conveys the idea of continuation; the other, that of completion; the former may be called the suspending, the latter the closing, pause. Thus in the sentence,—“Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread,”—the first and second pauses give the hearer an expectation of something further to complete the sense; the third pause denotes that the sense is completed.

There are, indeed, cases in which, though the sense is not completed, the voice takes the closing rather than the suspending pause. Thus, where a series of particulars are enumerated, the closing pause is, for the sake of variety, admitted in the course of the enumeration; but in this case the last word or clause of the series takes the suspending pause, to intimate to the hearer the connection of the whole series with what follows. For example: “Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.” On the contrary, interrogative sentences are terminated by the suspending pause, as in the following example: “Hold you the watch to-night?—We do, my lord.—Arm’d, say you?—Arm’d, my lord.—From top to toe?—My lord, from head to foot.” Except that where an interrogative pronoun or adverb begins a sentence it is usually ended with the closing pause, as: “Why should that name be sounded more than yours?” and that, where two questions are united in one sentence, and connected by the conjunction *or*, the first takes the suspending, the second the closing, pause, as: “Would you have been Cæsar, or Brutus?” It may, notwithstanding, be received as a general rule, that the suspending pause is used where the sense is incomplete, and the closing where it is finished.

The closing pause must not be confounded with that fall of the voice, or cadence, with which many readers uniformly finish a sentence. Nothing can be more destructive of all propriety and energy than this habit. The tones and heights at the close of a sentence ought to be diversified according to the general nature of the discourse, and the particular construction and meaning of the sentence. In plain narrative, and especially in argumentation, the least attention to the manner in which we relate a story, or maintain an argument in conversation, will show that it is more frequently proper to raise the voice than to fall it at the end of a sentence. Some sentences are so constructed that the last words require a stronger emphasis than any of the preceding; while others admit of being closed with a soft and gentle sound. Where there is nothing in the sense which requires the last sound to be elevated or emphatical, an easy fall, sufficient to show that the sense is finished, will be proper. And in pathetic pieces, especially those of the plaintive, tender, or solemn kind, the tone of the passion

will often require a still greater cadence of the voice. But before a speaker can be able to fall his voice with propriety and judgment at the close of a sentence, he must be able to keep it from falling, and to raise it with all the variation which the sense requires. The best method of correcting a uniform cadence is frequently to read select sentences in which the style is pointed, and frequent antitheses are introduced, and argumentative pieces, or such as abound with interrogatives.

ACCOMPANY THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS WHICH YOUR WORDS EXPRESS BY CORRESPONDENT TONES, LOOKS, AND GESTURES

THERE is unquestionably a language of emotions and passions, as well as a language of ideas. Words are the arbitrary signs by which our conceptions and judgments are communicated, and for this end they are commonly sufficient; but we find them very inadequate to the purpose of expressing our feelings. If any one need a proof of this, let him read some dramatic speech expressive of strong passion (for example, Shakespeare's speech of Hamlet to the Ghost) in the same unimpassioned manner in which he would read an ordinary article of intelligence. Even in the silent reading, where the subject interests the passions, everyone who is not destitute of feeling, while he understands the meaning of the words, conceives the expression that would accompany them, if it were spoken.


The language of passion is uniformly taught by nature, and is everywhere intelligible. It consists in the use of tones, looks, and gestures. When anger, fear, joy, grief, love, or any other passion is raised within us, we naturally discover it by the manner in which we utter our words, by the features of the face, and by other well-known signs. The eyes and countenance, as well as the voice, are capable of endless variety of expression, suited to every possible diversity of feeling, and with these the general air and gesture naturally accord. The use of this language is not confined to the more vehement passions. Upon every subject and occasion on which we speak, some kind of feeling accompanies the words; and this feeling, whatever it be, has its proper expression.

It is an essential part of elocution to imitate this language of nature. No one can deserve the appellation of a good speaker, much less of a complete orator, who does not, to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, and just pronunciation, accent, and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotions and passions. But in this part of his office precept can afford him little assistance. To describe in words the particular expression which belongs to each emotion and passion, is, perhaps, wholly impracticable. All attempts to enable men to become orators, by teaching them, in written rules, the manner in which the voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed in expressing the passions, must, from the nature of the thing, be exceedingly imperfect, and consequently ineffectual.

Upon this head I shall, therefore, only lay down the following general precept: Observe the manner in which the several passions and feelings are expressed in real life, and when you attempt to express any passion, inspire yourself with that secondary kind of feeling which imagination is able to excite, and follow your feelings with no other restraint than "this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

JEAN SIFFREIN MAURY

(1746-1817)

 JEAN SIFFREIN MAURY, Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris, was the author of an essay on "Pulpit Eloquence" (*Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*), and of a work on the "Principles of Eloquence" (*Principes de l'Eloquence*), which were, and still are accepted, in France as standard works on the subject of oratory.

He was born at Valréas, June 26th, 1746, and educated at Avignon. As a result of the publication of his essay on eloquence and also of a celebrated sermon delivered before the Academy, he was elected to the Academy in 1785. Entering politics soon afterwards, he became an active champion of the church and the king against the Revolution. On the fall of the Bourbon monarchy he was obliged to flee from Paris.

Being considered a martyr by the opponents of the Revolution, he was made bishop of Montefiascone, in Italy, and he remained in that city until driven out by the French in 1796. On his return to Paris, under Napoleon, he was made an archbishop, and again received into the Academy,—only to be expelled on the restoration of the Bourbons. Driven into exile once more, he went to Rome, where he died May 11th, 1817.

THE ORATOR AND HIS AUDIENCE

IT is absolutely necessary for the orator to keep one man in view amidst the multitude that surround him; and, while composing, to address himself to that one man whose mistakes he laments, and whose foibles he discovers. This man is to him as the genius of Socrates, standing continually at his side, and by turns interrogating him, or answering his questions. This is he whom the orator ought never to lose sight of in writing, till he obtain a conquest over his prepossessions. The arguments which will be sufficiently persuasive to overcome his opposition, will equally control a large assembly.

The orator will derive still further advantages from a numerous concourse of people, where all the impressions made at the time will convey the finest triumphs of the art, by forming a species of action and reaction between the auditory and the speaker. It is in this sense that Cicero is right in saying, "That no man can be eloquent without a multitude to hear him."

The auditor came to hear a discourse; the orator attacks him, accuses him, makes him abashed; addresses him at one time as his confidant, at another as his mediator or his judge. See with what address he unveils his most concealed passions; with what penetration he shows him his most intimate thoughts; with what energy he annihilates his best-framed excuses! The culprit repents. Profound attention, consternation, confusion, remorse, all announce that the orator has pene-

trated, in his retired meditations, into the recesses of the heart. Then, provided no ill-timed sally of wit follow to blunt the strokes of Christian eloquence, there may be in the church two thousand auditors, yet there will be but one thought, but one opinion; and all those individuals united, form that ideal man whom the orator had in view while composing his discourse.

But, you may ask, where is this ideal man, composed of so many different traits, to be found, unless we describe some chimerical being? Where shall we find a phantom like this, singular but not *outré*, in which every individual may recognize himself, although it resembles not any one? Where shall we find him? In your own heart. Often retire there. Survey all its recesses. There you will trace both the pleas for those passions which you will have to combat, and the source of those false reasonings which you must point out. To be eloquent we must enter within ourselves. The first productions of a young orator are generally too far fetched. His mind, always on the stretch, is making continual efforts, without his ever venturing to commit himself to the simplicity of nature, until experience teaches him that, to arrive at the sublime, it is, in fact, less necessary to elevate his imagination, than to be deeply impressed with his subject.

If you have studied the sacred books; if you have observed men; if you have attended to writers on morals, who serve you instead of historians; if you have become familiar with the language of orators, make trial of your eloquence upon yourself, become, so to speak, the auditor of your own discourses; and thus, by anticipating the effect which they ought to produce, you will easily delineate true characters; you will perceive that, notwithstanding the shades of difference which distinguish them, all men bear an interior resemblance to one another, and that their vices have a uniformity, because they always proceed either from weakness or interest. In a word, your descriptions will not be indeterminate; and the more thoroughly you shall have examined what passes within your own breast, with more ability will you unfold the hearts of others.

THE SEVERITY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE

IT is unquestionably to be wished that he who devotes himself to the arduous labor which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompense. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love, and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator. Tell me, then, what is this you call eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?"

Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles? of rounding periods? of tormenting one's self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art which disdains frivolous ornaments,—which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory? You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No; these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great. How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! And you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendations from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet. Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

(1767-1848)



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, sixth President of the United States, was a remarkable example of what careful education can do in developing the talent of persuasion through public speaking. He had by nature nothing of the enthusiasm which impels the Mirabeaus and Dantons of revolutionary oratory, but he became by study one of the most finished public speakers of his generation,—able to give his thought not only its full value, but also, perhaps, to make it appear at times stronger and more important than it really was. He was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767. His father educated him in the best schools of America and Europe. Before his election to the Presidency he held various high positions in the diplomatic service, and after leaving the White House he returned to Congress, and was a member of the House of Representatives at his death, February 23rd, 1848. He was often referred to by his admirers as "The Old Man Eloquent." He wrote extensively in prose and occasionally in verse. His "Diary" and "Memoirs," in twelve volumes, were edited by his son and published in 1874-1877. His "Lectures" on oratory delivered while Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard, were published in 1810.

ORATORY AS AN ART

AMONG the causes which have contributed thus to depress the oratory of modern times must be numbered the indifference with which it has been treated as an article of education. The Ancients had fostered an opinion that this talent was, in a more than usual degree, the creature of discipline; and it is one of the maxims, handed down to us as the result of their experience, that men must be born to poetry and bred to eloquence; that the bard is always the child of nature, and the orator always the issue of instruction. The doctrine seems to be not entirely without foundation, but was by them carried in both its parts to an extravagant excess.

The foundations for the oratorical talent, as well as those of the poetical faculty, must be laid in the bounties of nature; and as the Muse in Homer, impartial in her distribution of good and evil, struck the bard with blindness when she gave him the powers of song, her sister not unfrequently, by a like mixture of tenderness and rigor, bestows the blessing of wisdom, while she refuses the readiness of utterance. Without entering, however, into a disquisition which would lead me far beyond the limits of this occasion, I may remark that the modern Europeans have run into the adverse extreme, and appear, during a considerable period in their system of public education, to have passed upon eloquence a sentence of proscription.

Even when they studied rhetoric as a theory, they neglected oratory as an art; and while assiduously unfolding to their pupils the bright displays of Greek and Roman eloquence, they never attempted to make them eloquent themselves. . . .

Oratory, then, is an art. This point has not been seriously controverted in modern times, though among the Ancients it was debated with great warmth and ingenuity. A more important question, however, which has been agitated in all ages, and will, perhaps, never be placed altogether beyond the reach of controversy, is whether oratory can be numbered among the useful arts? Whether its tendencies are not as strong to the perversion as to the improvement of men? Whether it has not more frequently been made an engine of evil than of good to the world? Or whether at best it is not one of those frivolous arts, which consists more in arbitrary, multifarious subdivisions and hard words than in any real, practical utility. The question is to you, my friends, of so much importance that in justice to you, to myself, and to the institution under which I address you, I think a more ample consideration of its merits proper and necessary. Your time and your talents are precious, not only to yourselves, but to your connections and to your country. They ought, therefore, not to be wasted upon any trifling or unprofitable, and much less to be misspent upon any mischievous, pursuit. In the observations which I shall now submit to you, it is my intention to suggest the peculiar utility of the art in the situation of this country, and its adaptation to circumstances which may probably call upon many of you for its exercise in the progress of your future lives.

In the state of society which exists among us some professional occupation is, to almost every man in the community, the requisition of necessity, as well as of duty. None of us liveth to himself; and as we live to our families, by the several relations and employments of domestic life, to our friends by the intercourse of more intimate society and mutual good offices, so we live to our country and to mankind in general, by the performance of those services and by the discharge of those labors which belong to the profession we have chosen as the occupation of our lives. Whatsoever it is incumbent upon a man to do, it is surely expedient to do well. Now, of the three learned professions which more especially demand the preparatory discipline of a learned education, there are two whose most important occupations consist in the act of public speaking. And who can doubt but that in the sacred desk, or at the bar, the man who speaks well will enjoy a larger share of reputation, and be more useful to his fellow creatures, than the divine or the lawyer of equal learning and integrity, but unblest with the talent of oratory?

PULPIT ORATORY

THE pulpit is especially the throne of modern eloquence. There it is that speech is summoned to realize the fabled wonders of the Orphean lyre. The preacher has no control over the will of his audience other than the influence of his discourse. Yet, as the ambassador of Christ, it is his great and awful duty to call sinners to repentance. His only weapon is the voice, and with this he is to appall the guilty and to reclaim the infidel; to rouse the indifferent and to shame the scorner. He is to inflame the lukewarm, to encourage the timid, and to cheer the desponding believer. He is to pour the healing balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of sorrow, and to soothe with celestial hope the very agonies of death. Now tell me who it is that will best possess and most effectually exercise these more than magic powers. Who is it that will most effectually stem the torrent of human passions and calm the raging waves of human vice and folly? Who is it

that, with the voice of a Joshua, shall control the course of nature herself in the perverted heart, and arrest the luminaries of wisdom and virtue in their rapid revolutions round this little world of man? Is it the cold and languid speaker, whose words fall in such sluggish and drowsy motion from his lips that they can promote nothing but the slumbers of his auditory, and administer opiates to the body, rather than stimulants to the soul? Is it the unlettered fanatic, without method, without reason, with incoherent raving, and vociferous ignorance, calculated to fit his hearers, not for the kingdom of heaven, but for a hospital of lunatics? Is it even the learned, ingenious, and pious minister of Christ, who, by neglect or contempt of the oratorical art, has contracted a whining, monotonous sing-song of delivery to exercise the patience of his flock at the expense of their other Christian graces? Or is it the genuine orator of heaven, with a heart sincere, upright, and fervent; a mind stored with that universal knowledge, required as the foundation of the art; with a genius for the invention, a skill for the disposition, and a voice for the elocution of every argument to convince and of every sentiment to persuade? If, then, we admit that the art of oratory qualifies the minister of the Gospel to perform in higher perfection the duties of his station, we can no longer question whether it be proper for his cultivation. It is more than proper; it is one of his most solemn and indispensable duties. If—

Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use,

more especially is the obligation of exerting every talent, of improving every faculty, incumbent upon him who undertakes the task of instructing, of reforming, and of guiding in the paths of virtue and religion, his fellow mortals.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR

THE practitioner at the bar, having a just idea of his professional duties, will consider himself as the minister of justice among men, and feel it his obligation to maintain and protect the rights of those who intrust their affairs to his charge, whether they be rights of person or of property; whether public or private; whether of civil or of criminal jurisdiction. The litigation of these rights in the courts of justice often requires the exertion of the most exalted intellectual powers; and it is by public speaking alone that they can be exerted. For the knowledge of the law the learning of the closet may suffice; for its application to the circumstances of the individual case, correct reasoning and a sound judgment will be competent. But when an intricate controversy must be unfolded in a perspicuous manner to the mind of the judge, or a tangled tissue of blended facts and law must be familiarly unraveled to a jury; that is, at the very crisis, when the contest is to be decided by the authority of the land, learning and judgment are of no avail to the client or his' counsel without the assistance of an eloquent voice to make them known. Then it is that all the arts of the orator are called into action, and that every part of a rhetorical discourse finds its place for the success of the cause. The diamond in the mine is no brighter than the pebble upon the beach. From the hand of the lapidary must it learn to sparkle in the solar beam, and to glitter in the imperial crown. The crowd

of clients, the profits of practice, and the honors of reputation will all inevitably fly to him who is known to possess not only the precious treasures of legal learning, but the keys which alone can open them to the public eye. Hence if personal utility, the acquisition of wealth, of honor, and of fame, is the pursuit of the lawyer, the impulse of eloquence can alone speed him in his course. If relative utility, the faculty of discharging in the utmost perfection the duties of his station, and the means of being most serviceable to his fellow creatures, is the nobler object of his ambition, still he can soar to that elevated aim only upon the pinions of eloquence.

THE ANCIENT MASTERS OF ELOQUENCE

THE Grecian philosophers first conceived, and Plato has largely expatiated upon, what they call the beautiful and the good, in the abstract. Beauty and goodness are properties, and, as to any object perceptible to the senses, neither of them can exist without some substance in which they may exist. A good man, or a beautiful woman, is perceptible to the eye and to the reason of us all; but the qualities themselves we cannot readily discern without the aid of imagination. But as imperfection is stamped upon every work of nature, the imagination is able to conceive of goodness and beauty more perfect than they can be found in any of the works of nature, or of man. This creature of the imagination Plato designates by the name of the good and fair; that is, goodness and beauty, purified from all the dross of natural imperfection. And then, by one step more of the imagination, we are required to personify these sublime abstractions, and call up to the eye of fancy images in which goodness and beauty would appear, if they could assume a human shape. This principle was applied to the fine arts, as well as to morals; and the painters and sculptors, in imitating the productions of nature, improved upon them by these ideal images, and created those wonders of art which still excite the astonishment of every beholder. The antique statues of the Apollo and Venus have thus been considered, for nearly three thousand years, the perfect models of human beauty. Such exquisite proportions, such an assemblage of features was never found in any human form. But the idea was in the mind of the artist, and his chisel has given it a local habitation in the minds of others. It was the conception and the pursuit of this ideal beauty which produced all the wonders of Grecian art. Cicero applied it to eloquence. It appears to have been the study of his whole life to form an idea of a perfect orator, and of exhibiting his image to the world. In this treatise he has concentrated the result of all his observation, experience, and reflection. It is the idealized image of a speaker, in the mind of Cicero; what a speaker should be; what no speaker ever will be; but what every speaker should devote the labors of his life to approximate.

Let it be remembered, that this inflexible, unremitting pursuit of ideal and unattainable excellence is the source of all the real excellence which the world has ever seen. It is the foundation of everything great and good of which man can boast. It is one of the proofs that the soul of man is immortal; and it is at the foundation of the whole doctrine of Christianity. It is the root of all real excellence in religion, in morals, and in taste. It was so congenial to the mind of Cicero, that in the treatise of which I am now speaking, he took the most elaborate pains, and the most exquisite pleasure, in setting it forth. He addressed it to his friend Brutus, at whose desire it was written; and in

one of the familiar epistles Cicero declares that he wishes this work to be considered as the test of his capacity; that it contains the quintessence of all his faculties.

The principal difficulty of the subject was to settle a standard of eloquence; for the original controversy between the rival Asiatic and Attic schools, was so far from being decided that it had given rise to a third system, partaking of both the others, and usually known by the name of the Rhodian manner. Cicero, therefore, determines that there are subjects peculiarly fitted to each of these three modes of speaking, and that the perfection of the orator consists in the proper use and variation of them all, according to the occasion. The most remarkable example of which, he thinks, is to be found in the famous oration of Demosthenes for Ctesiphon, commonly called the "Oration On the Crown." In the distinction which he draws between the schools of Isocrates and of Aristotle, we find the true criterion for judging their respective pretensions. The first he pronounces to have been the cradle of eloquence. Its florid colors, its dazzling splendors, its studied and laborious decorations, he thinks peculiarly adapted to representation, and not to action; to the first essays of youth, and not to the serious labors of manhood. But it is in judicial controversies, where the conflict of rights must be decided by the conflict of talents, that the manhood, the highest energies of the art, must be exerted. Here all the resources of invention, of selection, of arrangement, of style, and of action, must successively be applied, and here alone can the highest perfection of the art be found.

To professional speakers, "The Orator" of Cicero is a work which they should familiarize and master at the very threshold of their studies. It contains a lively image of what they ought to be, and a specific indication of what they ought to do. It is in many passages a comment upon the writer's own orations. It points out the variations of his style and manner in many of those eloquent discourses, and gives you the reasons which inspired his sublime, indignant vehemence in the accusation of Verres and of Catiline; his temperate, insinuating elegance upon the Manilian law and the solicitations for Ligarius; and his close and irresistible cogency of argument in disclosing and elucidating the intricate cause of Cæcina. I would particularly recommend it to those of you, who may hereafter engage in the profession of the law, to read over these orations, and compare the management of the cause with this account, given by the author, of his motives for proceeding as he did in each of them.

But to whatever occupation your future inclinations or destinies may direct you, that pursuit of ideal excellence, which constituted the plan of Cicero's orator, and the principle of Cicero's life, if profoundly meditated, and sincerely adopted, will prove a never-failing source of virtue and of happiness. I say profoundly meditated, because no superficial consideration can give you a conception of the real depth and extent of this principle. I say sincerely adopted, because its efficacy consists not in resolutions, much less in pretensions; but in action. Its affectation can only disclose the ridiculous coxcomb, or conceal the detestable hypocrite; nor is it in occasional, momentary gleams of virtue and energy, preceded and followed by long periods of indulgence or inaction, that this sublime principle can be recognized. It must be the steady purpose of a life maturely considered, deliberately undertaken, and inflexibly pursued through all the struggles of human opposition, and all the vicissitudes of fortune. It must mark the measure of your duties in the relations of domestic, of social, and of public life; must guard from presumption your rapid moments of prosperity, and nerve with fortitude your lingering hours of misfortune; it must mingle with you in the busy murmurs of the city, and retire in silence with

you to the shades of solitude. Like hope it must "travel through, nor quit you when you die." Your guide amid the dissipations of youth; your counsellor in the toils of manhood; your companion in the leisure of declining age. It must, it will, irradiate the darkness of dissolution; will identify the consciousness of the past with the hope of futurity; will smooth the passage from this to a better world, and link the last pangs of expiring nature with the first rapture of never-ending joy.

ON DELIBERATIVE ORATORY

THE principles of deliberative oratory are important also in another point of view, inasmuch as they are applicable to the ordinary concerns of life.

Whoever in the course human affairs is called to give advice, or to ask a favor of another, must apply to the same principles of action as those which the deliberative orator must address. The arguments which persuade an assembly are the same which are calculated to persuade an individual; and in speaking to a deliberative body the orator can often employ no higher artifice, than to consider himself as discoursing to a single man.

The objects of deliberative eloquence, then, are almost coextensive with human affairs. They embrace everything which can be a subject of advice, of exhortation, of consolation, or of petition. The most important scenes of deliberative oratory, however, in these States are the Congress of the Union, and the State legislature. The objects of their deliberation affect the interests of individuals and of the nation, in the highest degree. In seeking the sources of deliberative argument, I shall, therefore, so modify the rules generally to be observed, as to bear constant reference to them. They include all the subjects of legislation, of taxation, of public debt, public credit, and public revenue; of the management of public property; of commerce; treaties and alliances; peace and war.

Suppose yourself, then, as a member of a deliberative assembly, deliberating upon some question involving these great and important concerns; desirous of communicating your own sentiments, and of influencing the decision of the body you are to address. Your means of persuasion are to be derived from three distinct general sources having reference respectively, first, to the subject of deliberation; secondly, to the body deliberating; and thirdly, to yourself, the speaker.

1. In considering the subject of deliberation, your arguments may result from the circumstances of legality, of possibility, of probability, of facility, of necessity, or of contingency.

The argument of legality must always be modified by the extent of authority with which the deliberating body is invested. In its nature it is an argument only applicable to the negative side of the question. It is an objection raised against the measure under consideration as being contrary to law. It can, therefore, have no weight in cases where the deliberating body itself has the power of changing the law. Thus, in a town meeting it would be a decisive objection against any measure proposed, that it would infringe a law of the State. But in the legislature of the commonwealth this would be no argument, because that body is empowered to change the law. Again, in the State legislature a measure may be assailed as contrary to a law of the Union; and the objection, if well founded, must be fatal to the measure proposed, though it could have no influence

upon a debate in Congress. There, however, the same argument may be adduced in a different form, if the proposition discussed interferes with any stipulation by treaty or with the Constitution of the United States. The argument of illegality, therefore, is equivalent to denial of the powers of the deliberating body. It is of great and frequent use in all deliberative discussions; but it is not always that which is most readily listened to by the audience. Men are seldom inclined to abridge their own authority; and the orator who questions the competency of his hearers to act upon the subject in discussion must be supported by proof strong enough to control their inclinations, as well as to convince their reason.

The arguments of possibility and of necessity are those which first command the consideration of the speaker whose object is persuasion. Since, if impossibility on the one hand, or necessity on the other, be once ascertained, there is no room left for further deliberation. But, although nothing more can be required for dissuasion than to show that the intended purpose is impracticable, barely to show its possibility can have very little influence in a debate; and it becomes the province of the speaker to consider its probability and facility, insisting upon every circumstance which contributes to strengthen these.

It is to be remarked, that the task of dissuasion or opposition is much easier to the orator than that of persuasion, because, for the rejection of a measure, it is sufficient to show either that it is impracticable or inexpedient. But for its adoption, both its possibility and its expediency must be made to appear. The proposer of the measure must support both the alternatives; the opponent needs only to substantiate one of them.

In discussing the probabilities and facilities of a measure, the speaker often indulges himself in the use of amplification, which here consists in the art of multiplying the incidents favorable to his purpose, and presenting them in such aspects as to give each other mutual aid and relief. As in the arguments of impossibility and necessity, he borrows from demonstrative oratory the art of approximation, and represents as impossible that which is only very difficult, or, as absolutely necessary, that which is of extreme importance.

The argument of contingency, or, as it is styled by the ancient rhetoricians, the argument from the event, derives a recommendation of the measure in debate from either alternative of a successful issue or of failure. An admirable instance of this kind of argument is contained in that advice of Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell:—

“Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.”

2. With regard to the deliberating body, there are two views in which they must be presented to the speaker's reflections, as accessible to persuasion, the motives by which they are to be stimulated, and their own manners and character. As motives of persuasion, an orator may address himself to the sense of duty, of honor, of interest, or of passion; motives which I have here arranged according to the comparative weight which they ought respectively to carry, but which, in the influence which they really possess over most deliberative assemblies, should be ranked in precisely an inverted order.

Of the sense of duty may be observed what I have already said of arguments pointed against the power of the audience. They are, indeed, only different modifications of the same thing. To call upon the auditory to perform a duty is to

speak the language of command; it virtually denies the power of deliberation; and, although the force and efficacy of the appeal may be admitted, it is seldom listened to with pleasure, and always rather controls than persuades the will.

THE ART OF PERSUASION

THE most proper and the most powerful arguments which are usually employed for the purposes of persuasion are those addressed to the sense of honor and of interest. But in the choice and management of these you are to consult in a special manner the character of your audience; for one class of men will be most powerfully swayed by motives of honor, while another will most readily yield to the impulse of interest. "The discourse must be accommodated," I am now speaking the words of Cicero, "not only to the truth, but to the taste of the hearers. Observe then, first of all, that there are two different descriptions of men: the one rude and ignorant, who always set profit before honor; the other polished and civilized, who prefer honor to everything. Urge, then, to the latter of these classes considerations of praise, of honor, of glory, of fidelity, of justice,—in short, of every virtue. To the former present images of gain, of emolument, of thrift; nay, in addressing this kind of men, you must even allure them with the bait of pleasure. Pleasure, always hostile to virtue, always corrupting by fraudulent imitation the very nature of goodness herself, is yet most eagerly pursued by the worst of men; and by them often preferred, not only to every instigation of honor, but even to the dictates of necessity. Remember, too, that mankind are more anxious to escape evil than to obtain good; less eager to acquire honor than to avoid shame. Who ever sought honor, glory, praise, or fame of any kind, with the same ardor that we fly from those most cruel of afflictions,—ignominy, contumely, and scorn? Again, there is a class of men, naturally inclined to honorable sentiments, but corrupted by evil education and vitiated opinions. Is it your purpose, then, to exhort or persuade? Remember that the task before you is that of teaching how to obtain good and eschew evil. Are you speaking to men of liberal education? Enlarge upon topics of praise and honor; insist with the keenest earnestness upon those virtues which contribute to the common safety and advantage of mankind. But if you are discoursing to gross, ignorant, untutored minds, to them hold up profit, lucre, money-making, pleasure, and escape from pain. Deter them also by the prospect of shame and ignominy, for no man, however insensible to positive glory, is made of such impenetrable stuff as not to be vehemently moved by the dread of infamy and disgrace." This passage of Cicero, extracted from the dialogue between himself and his son, I recommend to your meditations as the truly paternal advice of a father to his child. You will find it not only a most useful guide in the practice of deliberative oratory, but, if properly applied, it will furnish you a measure for many an audience and many a speaker. It is, however, proper to remind you that arguments of interest are in some degree purified of their dross by the constitution of our principal deliberative assemblies. They are representative bodies. Their measures operate upon their constituents more than upon themselves. The interests to which you appeal in arguing to them are not their individual interests, but those of the nation. They are, therefore, often identified with the more elevated topics of honor; since to promote the interest of the people is the highest honor of the legislator. This, however, is sufficiently understood by most of our deliberative orators. As for you, my young friends, whenever you may be called to deliberate upon the concerns of your country, I trust you will feel that the honor, as well as the inter-

est of the public, is the object of your pursuit; and, without ever forgetting the sacred regard to the general interest which becomes a virtuous citizen, you will still perceive the immeasurable distance between those regions of the soul which are open only to the voice of honor and those which are trodden by the foot of avarice.

In all numerous assemblies the characters, opinions, and prejudices of the auditors will be various; a certain proportion of them will belong to each of the classes enumerated by Cicero. In such cases the deliberative orator will find it advisable to introduce a variety of arguments; some addressed to the generous, and some to the selfish, feelings; some to the coarsest, and some to the most refined, principles of action. But I cannot, with Quintilian, discuss the question, how far an orator may exert his talents of persuasion for base and dishonorable purposes, or urge his hearers to actions which he himself would detest or despise. In judicial controversies, where the discussion relates to time and actions irretrievably past, it may often be the fortune of the orator to defend what he cannot justify; and in the most rigorous court of justice or of honor, he may say, like Shakespeare's Isabella,—

"I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, whom I dearly love."

But of deliberative eloquence the first principle is sincerity. No honest man would advise what he cannot approve; and a counsellor should disdain to recommend that which he would not join in executing himself. And this leads me to the third general head, from which the means of persuasion are to be drawn in deliberative oratory,—the speaker himself.

3. The eloquence of deliberation will necessarily take much of its color from the orator himself. He must be careful to suit his discourse to his own character and situation. In early life he may endeavor to make strong impression by the airy splendor of his style, contrasted with the unaffected modesty of his address. If advanced in years, and elevated in reputation and dignity, the gravity of his manner and the weight of sentiment should justly correspond with the reverence due to his station. It is in deliberative assemblies, more than upon any other stage of public speaking, that the good opinion of his auditory is important to the speaker. The demonstrative orator, the lawyer at the bar, derive great advantage from a fair reputation and the good will of their hearers; but the peculiar province of the deliberative speaker is to advise; and what possible effect can be expected from advice, where there is no confidence in the adviser? This subject, however, is so important and so copious, that I shall reserve it for a separate lecture, in which I propose to consider those qualities of the heart and of the mind, which are, or ought to be, best adapted to acquire that benevolence of the auditory which is so powerful an auxiliary to the power of speech.

In treating this part of the subject, Aristotle, according to his usual custom, has pursued his train of analysis to its deepest root, and to its minutest ramification. Assuming, as a fundamental position, that utility, that is, the attainment of good or avoidance of evil, is the ultimate object of all deliberation, he proceeds to enumerate a catalogue of everything considered as a blessing by human beings. These blessings he divides into two classes: first, of those universally recognized and positive; and second, of those which are only relative and subject to controversy. Among the former he includes virtue, health, beauty, riches, eloquence, arts, and sciences. Among the latter are the least of two evils: the contrary to what your enemy desires; the esteem of the wise; what multitudes desire; and specific

objects to individual men. The forms of government also modify the prevailing estimate of good and evil. The end of civil government, under a democracy, is liberty; under an obligarchy, property; under an aristocracy, law; and under a monarchy, security. These are all positive blessings for all mankind. But their relative importance is greatly enhanced where they constitute the basis of the social compact. The deliberative orator, whose appeal must always be to the sentiments of good and evil rooted in the minds of his auditory, must always adapt his discourse to that standard measure of the land.

DECLAMATION, COMPOSITION, AND DELIVERY

THE ancient practice of declamation was an ingenious and useful exercise, for improving in the art of deliberative oratory. A character and a situation, generally known in history, were assumed; and the task of the declaimed was to compose and deliver a discourse suitable to them. The Greek and Roman historians introduce speeches of this kind in the midst of their narratives; and among them are so many examples of the most admirable eloquence, that we regret the cold accuracy of modern history which has discarded this practice, without providing any adequate substitute in its stead.

As amplification has been said to be the favorite resort of demonstrative oratory, the allegation of examples is the most effectual support of deliberative discourses. There is nothing new under the sun. The future is little more than a copy of the past. What hath been shall be again. And to exhibit an image of the past is often to present the clearest prospect of the future. The examples, which are adduced successfully by the deliberative speaker, are of two kinds: first, fictitious inventions of his own; second, real events borrowed from historical fact. The first of these are called by Aristotle fables, and the second parables. The fable, which may be invented at the pleasure of the speaker, is more easily applied to his purpose; but the parable, always derived from matter of fact, makes a deeper impression upon the minds of the audience. In the rude ages or society, and among the uncultivated class of mankind, the power of fable, and still more of parable, to influence the will is scarcely conceivable upon mere speculative investigation. But it is demonstrated by the uniform tenor of all human experience. The fable of Menenius Agrippa stands conspicuous in the Roman annals. It pacified one of the most dangerous insurrections which ever agitated that turbulent but magnanimous people. The Scriptures of the Old Testament bespeak the efficacy of these instruments in a manner no less energetic. But their unrivaled triumph is in the propagation of the Christian Gospel, whose exalted founder, we are told, "needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in man," and who delivered his incomparable system of morality-altogether through the medium of fables and parables, both of which, in the writings of the Evangelists, are included in the latter term. "And with many parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it; but without a parable spake he not unto them."

The principal feature in the style of deliberative oratory should be simplicity. Not that it disdains, but that it has seldom occasion for decoration. The speaker should be much more solicitous for the thought than for the expression. This constitutes the great difference between the diction proper for this, and that which best suits the two other kinds of oratory. Demonstrative eloquence, intended for show, delights in ostentatious ornament. The speaker is expected to have made previous

preparation. His discourse is professedly studied, and all the artifices of speech are summoned to the gratification of the audience. The heart is cool for the reception, the mind is at leisure for the contemplation of polished periods, oratorical numbers, coruscations of metaphor, profound reflection, and subtle ingenuity. But deliberative discussions require little more than prudence and integrity. Even judicial oratory supposes a previous painful investigation of his subject by the speaker, and exacts an elaborate, methodical conduct of the discourse. But deliberative subjects often arise on a sudden, and allow of no premeditation. Hearers are disinclined to advice which they perceive the speaker has been dressing up in his closet. Ambitious ornament should, then, be excluded rather than sought. Plain sense, clear logic, and above all, ardent sensibility,—these are the qualities needed by those who give, and those who take, counsel. A profusion of brilliancy betrays a speaker more full of himself than of his cause; more anxious to be admired than believed. The stars and ribands of princely favor may glitter on the breast of the veteran hero at a birthday ball; but, exposed to the rage of battle, they only direct the bullet to his heart. A deliberative orator should bury himself in his subject. Like a superintending providence, he should be visible only in his mighty works. Hence that universal prejudice, both of ancient and modern times, against written, deliberative discourses; a prejudice which bade defiance to all the thunders of Demosthenes. In the midst of their most enthusiastic admiration of his eloquence, his countrymen nevertheless remarked, that his orations “smelt too much of the lamp.”

Let it, however, be observed, that upon great and important occasions the deliberative orator may be allowed a more liberal indulgence of preparation. When the cause of ages and the fate of nations hangs upon the thread of a debate, the orator may fairly consider himself as addressing not only his immediate hearers, but the world at large, and all future times. Then it is, that, looking beyond the moment in which he speaks, and the immediate issue of the deliberation, he makes the question of an hour a question for every age and every region; takes the vote of unborn millions upon the debate of a little senate, and incorporates himself and his discourse with the general history of mankind. On such occasions and at such times, the oration naturally and properly assumes a solemnity of manner and a dignity of language commensurate with the grandeur of the cause. Then it is that deliberative eloquence lays aside the plain attire of her daily occupation, and assumes the port and purple of the queen of the world. Yet even then she remembers that majestic grandeur best comports with simplicity. Her crown and sceptre may blaze with the brightness of the diamond, but she must not, like the kings of the gorgeous East, be buried under a shower of barbaric pearls and gold.

RICHARD WHATELY

(1787-1863)



RICHARD WHATELY was born in London, February 1st, 1787, and educated for the church at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1814, six years after his graduation, he published his "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," which soon became celebrated. For many years he was a professor at Oxford, but in 1831 he became Archbishop of Dublin, and died in that city October 8th, 1863. His works on theology, metaphysics, and political economy are numerous, but the treatise on "The Elements of Rhetoric," published in 1828, has probably exceeded the total circulation of all the rest.

THE ART OF PERSUASION

IN ORDER that the will may be influenced, two things are requisite; *viz.* (1) that the proposed object should appear desirable, and (2) that the means suggested should be proved to be conducive to the attainment of that object; and this last evidently must depend on a process of reasoning. In order, for example, to induce the Greeks to unite their efforts against the Persian invader, it was necessary both to prove that co-operation could alone render their resistance effectual, and also to awaken such feelings of patriotism and abhorrence of a foreign yoke as might prompt them to make these combined efforts. For it is evident, that however ardent their love of liberty, they would make no exertions if they apprehended no danger; or if they thought themselves able, separately, to defend themselves, they would be backward to join the confederacy; and, on the other hand, that if they were willing to submit to the Persian yoke, or valued their independence less than their present ease, the fullest conviction that the means recommended would secure their independence would have had no practical effect.

Persuasion, therefore, depends on, first, argument (to prove the expediency of the means proposed), and, secondly, what is usually called exhortation, that is, the excitement of men to adopt those means, by representing the end as sufficiently desirable. It will happen, indeed, not unfrequently, that the one or the other of these objects will have been already, either wholly or in part, accomplished; so that the other shall be the only one that it is requisite to insist on; *viz.*, sometimes the hearers will be sufficiently intent on the pursuit of the end, and will be in doubt only as to the means of attaining it; and sometimes, again, they will have no doubt on that point, but will be indifferent, or not sufficiently ardent, with respect to the proposed end, and will need to be stimulated by exhortations. Not sufficiently ardent, I have said, because it will not so often happen that the object in question will be one to which they are totally indifferent, as that they will, practically at least, not reckon it, or not feel it to be worth the requisite pains. No one is abso-

lutely indifferent about the attainment of a happy immortality; and yet a great part of the preacher's business consists in exhortation, that is, endeavoring to induce men to use those exertions which they themselves know to be necessary for the attainment of it.

Aristotle and many other writers have spoken of appeals to the passions as an unfair mode of influencing the hearers, in answer to which Dr. Campbell has remarked that there can be no persuasion without an address to the passions; and it is evident, from what has been just said, that he is right, if under the term passion be included every active principle of our nature. This, however, is a greater latitude of meaning than belongs even to the Greek *πάθη*, though the signification of that is wider than, according to ordinary use, that of our term "passions." But Aristotle by no means overlooked the necessity with a view to persuasion, properly so termed, of calling into action some motive that may influence the will; it is plain that whenever he speaks with reprobation of an appeal to the passions, his meaning is, the excitement of such feelings as ought not to influence the decision of the question in hand. A desire to do justice may be called, in Dr. Campbell's wide acceptation of the term, a passion; this is what ought to influence a judge; and no one would ever censure a pleader for striving to excite and heighten this desire; but if the decision be influenced by an appeal to anger, pity, etc., the feelings thus excited being such as ought not to have operated, the judge must be allowed to have been unduly biased; and that this is Aristotle's meaning is evident from his characterizing the introduction of such topics as "foreign to the matter in hand." And it is evident that as the motives which ought to operate will be different in different cases, the same may be objectionable and not fairly admissible in one case, which in another would be perfectly allowable. An instance occurs in Thucydides, in which this is very judiciously and neatly pointed out; in the debate respecting the Mityleneans, who had been subdued after a revolt, Cleon is introduced contending for the justice of inflicting on them capital punishment, to which Diodotus is made to reply that the Athenians are not sitting in judgment on the offenders, but in deliberation as to their own interest, and ought, therefore, to consider not the right they may have to put the revoltors to death, but the expediency or in expediency of such a procedure.

In judicial cases, on the contrary, any appeal to the personal interests of the judge, or even to public expediency, would be irrelevant. In framing laws, indeed, and (which comes to the same thing) giving those decisions which are to operate as precedents, the public good is the object to be pursued; but in the mere administering of the established laws it is inadmissible.

There are many feelings, again, which it is evident should in no case be allowed to operate; as envy, thirst for revenge, etc., the excitement of which by the orator is to be reprobated as an unfair artifice; but it is not the less necessary to be well acquainted with their nature, in order to allay them when previously existing in the hearers, or to counteract the efforts of an adversary in producing or directing them. It is evident, indeed, that all the weaknesses, as well as the powers of the human mind, and all the arts by which the sophist takes advantage of these weaknesses, must be familiarly known by a perfect orator; who, though he may be of such a character as to disdain employing such arts, must not want the ability to do so, or he would not be prepared to counteract them. An acquaintance with the nature of poisons is necessary to him who would administer antidotes.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

IT is not always advisable to enter into a direct detail of circumstances, which would often have the effect of wearying the hearer beforehand with the expectation of a long description of something in which he probably does not as yet feel much interest; and would also be likely to prepare him too much, and forewarn him, as it were, of the object proposed,—the design laid against his feelings. It will often, therefore, have a better effect to describe obliquely (if I may so speak), by introducing circumstances connected with the main object or event, and affected by it, but not absolutely forming a part of it. And circumstances of this kind may not unfrequently be selected so as to produce a more striking impression of anything that is in itself great and remarkable, than could be produced by a minute and direct description; because in this way the general and collective result of a whole, and the effects produced by it on other objects, may be vividly impressed on the hearer's mind; the circumstantial detail of collateral matters not drawing off the mind from the contemplation of the principal matter as one and complete. Thus, the woman's application to the King of Samaria, to compel her neighbor to fulfil the agreement of sharing with her the infant's flesh, gives a more frightful impression of the horrors of the famine than any more direct description could have done; since it presents to us the picture of that hardening of the heart to every kind of horror, and that destruction of the ordinary state of human sentiment, which is the result of long continued and extreme misery. Nor could any detail of the particular vexations suffered by the exiled Jews for their disobedience convey so lively an idea of them as that description of their result contained in the denunciation of Moses: "In the evening thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! and in the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were evening!"

In the poem of "Rokeby," a striking exemplification occurs of what has been said. Bertram, in describing the prowess he had displayed as a buccaneer, does not particularize any of his exploits, but alludes to the terrible impression they had left:—

"Panama's maids shall long look pale,
When Risingham inspires the tale;
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name."

The first of dramatists, who might have been perhaps the first of orators, has offered some excellent exemplifications of this rule; especially in the speech of Antony over Cæsar's body.

THE NECESSITY OF BEING UNDERSTOOD

IT is sufficiently evident (though the maxim is often practically disregarded) that the first requisite of style not only in rhetorical, but in all compositions, is perspicuity; since, as Aristotle observes, language which is not intelligible, or not clearly and readily intelligible, fails, in the same proportion, of the purpose for which language is employed. And it is equally self-evident, though this truth is still more frequently overlooked, that perspicuity is a relative quality, and consequently cannot properly be predicated of any work, without a tacit reference to the class of readers or hearers for whom it is designed. Nor is it enough that the style be such as they are capable of under-

standing if they bestow their utmost attention; the degree and the kind of attention which they have been accustomed, or are likely to bestow, will be among the circumstances that are to be taken into the account and provided for. I say the kind, as well as the degree of attention, because some hearers and readers will be found slow of apprehension indeed, but capable of taking in what is very copiously and gradually explained to them; while others, on the contrary, who are much quicker at catching the sense of what is expressed in a short compass, are incapable of long attention, and are not only wearied, but absolutely bewildered by a diffuse style.

When a numerous and very mixed audience is to be addressed, much skill will be required in adapting the style both in this, and in other respects, and, indeed, the arguments also, and the whole structure of the discourse, to the various minds which it is designed to impress; nor can the utmost art and diligence prove, after all, more than partially successful in such a case; especially when the diversities are so many and so great as exist in the congregations to which most sermons are addressed, and in the readers for whom popular works of an argumentative, instructive, and hortatory character are intended. It is possible, however, to approach indefinitely to an object which cannot be completely attained; and to adopt such a style, and likewise such a mode of reasoning, as shall be level to the comprehension of the greater part, at least, even of a promiscuous audience, without being distasteful to any.

It is obvious, and has often been remarked, that extreme conciseness is ill suited to hearers or readers whose intellectual powers and cultivation are but small; the usual expedient, however, of employing a prolix style by way of accommodation to such minds is seldom successful; most of those who could have comprehended the meaning, if more briefly expressed, and many of those who could not do so, are likely to be bewildered by tedious expansion; and being unable to maintain a steady attention to what is said, they forget part of what they have heard before the whole is completed. Add to which, that the feebleness produced by excessive dilution (if such an expression may be allowed) will occasion the attention to languish; and what is imperfectly attended to, however clear in itself, will usually be but imperfectly understood. Let not an author, therefore, satisfy himself by finding that he has expressed his meaning so that, if attended to, he cannot fail to be understood; he must consider also (as was before remarked) what attention is likely to be paid to it. If, on the one hand, much matter is expressed in very few words to an unreflecting audience, or if, on the other hand, there is a wearisome prolixity, the requisite attention may very probably not be bestowed.

The best general rule for avoiding the disadvantages both of conciseness and of prolixity, is to employ repetition; to repeat, that is, the same sentiment and argument in many different forms of expression; each in itself brief, but all together affording such an expansion of the sense to be conveyed, and so detaining the mind upon it, as the case may require. Cicero among the Ancients, and Burke among the modern writers, afford, perhaps, the most abundant practical exemplifications of this rule. The latter sometimes shows a deficiency in correct taste, and lies open to Horace's censure of an author,—"*Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam*,"—but it must be admitted that he seldom fails to make himself thoroughly understood, and does not often weary the attention, even when he offends the taste of his readers.

Care must of course be taken that the repetition may not be too glaringly apparent; the variation must not consist in the mere use of other synonymous words, but what has been expressed in appropriate terms may be repeated in

metaphorical; the antecedent and consequent of an argument, or the parts of an antithesis, may be transposed; or several different points that have been enumerated, presented in a varied order, etc.

It is not necessary to dwell on that obvious rule laid down by Aristotle, to avoid uncommon, and, as they are vulgarly called, hard words,—that is, those which are such to the person addressed; but it may be worth remarking that to those who wish to be understood by the lower orders, one of the best principles of selection is to prefer terms of Saxon origin, which will generally be more familiar to them than those derived from the Latin (either directly or through the medium of the French), even when the latter are more in use among persons of education. Our language being, with very trifling exceptions, made up of these elements, it is very easy for anyone, though unacquainted with Saxon, to observe this precept if he have but a knowledge of French or of Latin; and there is a remarkable scope for such a choice as I am speaking of from the multitude of synonyms derived, respectively, from those two sources. The compilers of our Liturgy being anxious to reach the understandings of all classes, at a time when our language was in a less settled state than at present, availed themselves of this circumstance in employing many synonymous, or nearly synonymous, expressions, most of which are of the description just alluded to. Take, as an instance, the Exhortation: “acknowledge” and “confess”; “dissemble” and “cloke”; “humble” and “lowly”; “goodness” and “mercy”; “assemble” and “meet together.” And here it may be observed that, as in this last instance, a word of French origin will very often not have a single word of Saxon derivation corresponding to it, but may find an exact equivalent in a phrase of two or more words, for example, “constitute,” “go to make up”; “arrange,” “put in order”; “substitute,” “put in the stead,” etc.

In adapting the style to the comprehension of the illiterate, a caution is to be observed against the ambiguity of the word “plain,” which is opposed sometimes to obscurity, and sometimes to ornament; the vulgar require a perspicuous, but by no means a dry and unadorned style; on the contrary, they have a taste rather for the over-florid, tawdry and bombastic; nor are the ornaments of style by any means necessarily inconsistent with perspicuity; metaphor, which is among the principal of them, is, indeed, in many cases, the clearest mode of expression that can be adopted; it being usually much easier for uncultivated minds to comprehend a similitude or analogy than an abstract term. And hence the language of savages, as has often been remarked, is highly metaphorical; and such appears to have been the case with all languages in their earlier, and consequently ruder and more savage state; all terms relating to the mind and its operations being, as appears from the etymology of most of them, originally metaphorical, though by long use they have ceased to be so; for example, the words “ponder,” “deliberate,” “reflect,” and many other such, are evidently drawn by analogy from external, sensible, bodily actions.

OF ELEGANCE AND STRENGTH

ELEGANCE requires that all homely and coarse words and phrases should be avoided, even at the expense of circumlocution, though they may be the most apt and forcible that language can supply. And elegance implies a smooth and easy flow of words in respect of the sound of the sentences; though a more harsh and abrupt mode of expression may often be at least equally energetic.

Accordingly, many are generally acknowledged to be forcible writers, to whom no one would give the credit of elegance; and many others, who are allowed to be elegant, are yet by no means reckoned among the vigorous and energetic.

When the two excellences of style are at variance, the general rule to be observed by the orator is to prefer the energetic to the elegant. Sometimes, indeed, a plain, or even a somewhat homely expression, may have even a more energetic effect from that very circumstance, than one of more studied refinement; since it may convey the idea of the speaker's being thoroughly in earnest, and anxious to convey his sentiments where he uses an expression that can have no other recommendation; whereas a strikingly elegant expression may sometimes convey a suspicion that it was introduced for the sake of its elegance; which will greatly diminish the force of what is said.

Universally, a writer or speaker should endeavor to maintain the appearance of expressing himself, not, as if he wanted to say something, but as if he had something to say: that is, not as if he had a subject set him, and was anxious to compose the best essay or declamation on it that he could, but as if he had some ideas to which he was anxious to give utterance; not as if he wanted to compose, for instance, a sermon, and was desirous of performing that task satisfactorily, but as if there was something in his mind which he was desirous of communicating to his hearers. This is probably what Bishop Butler means when he speaks of a man's writing "with simplicity and in earnest." His manner has this advantage, though it is not only inelegant, but often obscure. Dr. Paley's is equally earnest, and very perspicuous; and though often homely, is more impressive than that of many of our most polished writers. It is easy to discern the prevalence of these two different manners in different authors, respectively, and to perceive the very different effects produced by them; it is not so easy for one who is not really writing "with simplicity and in earnest," to assume the appearance of it. But certainly nothing is more adverse to this appearance than over-refinement. Any expression, indeed, that is vulgar, in bad taste, and unsuitable to the dignity of the subject, or of the occasion, is to be avoided; since, though it might have, with some hearers, an energetic effect, this would be more than counterbalanced by the disgust produced in others; and where a small accession of energy is to be gained at the expense of a great sacrifice of elegance, the latter will demand a preference. But still, the general rule is not to be lost sight of by him who is in earnest aiming at the true ultimate end of the orator, to which all others are to be made subservient, *viz.*, not the amusement of his hearers, nor their admiration of himself, but their conviction or persuasion. It is from this view of the subject that I have dwelt most on that quality of style which seems most especially adapted to that object. Perspicuity is required in all compositions; and may even be considered as the ultimate end of a scientific writer, considered as such; he may, indeed, practically increase his utility by writing so as to excite curiosity, and recommend his subject to general attention; but in doing so, he is, in some degree, superadding the office of the orator to his own; as a philosopher, he may assume the existence in his reader of a desire for knowledge, and has only to convey that knowledge in language that may be clearly understood. Of the style of the orator (in the wide sense in which I have been using this appellation, as including all who are aiming at conviction), the appropriate object is to impress the meaning strongly upon men's minds. Of the poet, as such, the ultimate end is to give pleasure; and accordingly elegance or beauty, in the most extensive sense of those terms, will be the appropriate qualities of his language.

THE STRENGTH OF NATURAL DELIVERY

THE advantage of the natural manner (that is, the manner which one naturally falls into who is really speaking in earnest, and with a mind exclusively intent on what he has to say), may be estimated from this consideration; that there are few who do not speak so as to give effect to what they are saying. Some, indeed, do this much better than others; some have, in ordinary conversation, an indistinct or incorrect pronunciation, an embarrassed and hesitating utterance, or a bad choice of words; but hardly anyone fails to deliver, when speaking earnestly, what he does say so as to convey the sense and the force of it much more completely than even a good reader would, if those same words were written down and read. The latter might, indeed, be more approved; but that is not the present question, which is, concerning the impression made on the hearers' minds. It is not the polish of the blade that is to be considered, or the grace with which it is brandished, but the keenness of the edge, and the weight of the stroke.

On the contrary, it can hardly be denied that the elocution of most readers, when delivering their own compositions, is such as to convey the notion, at the very best, not that the preacher is expressing his own real sentiments, but that he is making known to his audience what is written in the book before him; and, whether the composition be professedly the reader's own or not, the usual mode of delivery, though grave and decent, is so remote from the energetic style of real natural speech as to furnish, if one may so speak, a kind of running comment on all that is uttered, which says: "I do not mean, think, or feel, all this; I only mean to recite it with propriety and decorum"; and what is usually called fine reading only superadds to this (as has been above remarked) a kind of admonition to the hearers that they ought to believe, to feel, and to admire, what is read. . . .

The principles here laid down may help to explain a remarkable fact which is usually attributed to other than the true causes. The powerful effects often produced by some fanatical preachers, not superior in pious and sincere zeal, and inferior in learning, in good sense, and in taste, to men who are listened to with comparative apathy, are frequently considered as a proof of superior eloquence, though an eloquence tarnished by barbarism and extravagant mannerism. But may not such effects result, not from any superior powers in the preacher, but merely from the intrinsic beauty and sublimity, and the measureless importance of the subject? Why, then, it may be replied, does not the other preacher, whose subject is the very same, produce the same effect? The answer is, because he is but half attended to. The ordinary measured cadence of reading is not only in itself dull, but is what men are familiarly accustomed to. Religion itself, also, is a subject so familiar, in a certain sense (familiar, that is, to the ear), as to be trite, even to those who know and think little about it. Let but the attention be thoroughly roused, and intently fixed on such a stupendous subject, and that subject itself will produce the most overpowering emotion. And not only unaffected earnestness of manner, but, perhaps, even still more, any uncouth oddity, and even ridiculous extravagance, will, by the stimulus of novelty, have the effect of thus rousing the hearers from their ordinary lethargy. So that a preacher of little or no real eloquence will sometimes, on such a subject, produce the effects of the greatest eloquence by merely forcing the hearers (often, even by the excessively glaring faults of his style and delivery) to attend to a subject which no one can really attend to unmoved.

From the "Elements of Rhetoric."



Engraved by H. B. Hall

JOHN HALL

THE VISCOUNT DE CORMENIN

(LOUIS MARIE DE LA HAYE, VICOMTE DE CORMENIN)

(1788-1868)



CORMENIN'S "Book of Orators" (*Livre des Orateurs*), is better known to English readers as the "Orators of France." It appeared in 1838, and was soon afterwards translated into English. The American edition of 1854 had prefixed to it J. T. Headley's essay on the "Oratory of the French Revolution." Cormenin, who was a distinguished French jurist and publicist, was born at Paris, January 6th, 1788, and educated for the bar. In 1810 Napoleon appointed him auditor of the Council of State, and he held office also under the Bourbons, after the Restoration. In 1828 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, where he attacked the abuses of government under Charles X. During the various changes which followed up to the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon he was active in politics, and he was a member of the Council of State under the second empire. In 1868 he became commander of the French Legion of Honor. It is said that he "established more charitable institutions than any layman of his time in France." He died at Paris, May 6th, 1868.

MIRABEAU'S STYLE AND METHODS

ONE is surprised and recoils affrighted before the gigantic works accomplished by Mirabeau during the two years of his parliamentary life. Elaborate discourses, apostrophes, replies, motions, addresses, letters to constituents, newspaper controversy, reports, morning sessions, evening sessions, committee business,—he participates in all, superintends all. Nothing for him was too great, nothing too little; nothing too complex and nothing too simple. He bears upon his shoulders a world of labors, and seems, in that herculean career, to experience neither fatigue or distaste. He unraveled with perfect ease the most complicated difficulties, and his restless activity exhausted the whole circle of subjects without being able to satisfy itself. He kept occupied all at the same time his numerous friends, his constituents, his agents, his secretaries. He conversed, debated, listened, dictated, read, compiled, wrote, declaimed, maintained a correspondence with all France. He digested the labors of others, assimilating them so as that they became his own. He used to receive notes as he ascended the tribune, in the tribune even, and pass them, without pausing, into the texture of his discourse. He retouched the harangues and reports of which he had given the frame, the plan, the idea. He chastened them with his practiced judgment, colored them with his vivid expressions, strengthened them with his vigorous thought. This sublime plagiarist, this grand master, employed his aids and his pupils to extract the marble from the quarry and chip off the grosser parts, like

the statuary who, when the block is rough-hewn, approaches, takes his chisel, gives it respiration and life and makes it a hero or a god.

Mirabeau had a perfect understanding of the mechanism and the rights of a deliberative body. He knew how far it may go and where it should stop. His disciplinary formulas have passed into our rules, his maxims into our laws, his counsels into our policy. His words were law. He presided as he spoke, with a grave dignity, and used to reply to the several deputations with such fertility of eloquence and felicity of language that it may be truly said the Constituent Assembly has never been better represented than by Mirabeau, whether in the chair of the president or in the tribune of the orator. What a grand conception he formed of the national representation when saying: "Every deputation from the people astounds my courage." It was with these holy emotions he approached the tribune.

Mirabeau used to premeditate most of his discourses; his comparison of the Gracchi, his allusion to the Tarpeian rock, his apostrophe to Sieyès, his famous speeches on the constitution, on the right of war and peace, the royal veto, the property of the clergy, the lottery, the mines, bankruptcy, the assignats, slavery, national education, the law of successions, where he displays such treasures of science and profound elaboration of thought,—all these are written pieces.

His manner as an orator is that of the great masters of antiquity, with an admirable energy of gesture and a vehemence of diction which perhaps they had never reached. He is strong, because he does not diffuse himself; he is natural, because he uses no ornaments; he is eloquent, because he is simple; he does not imitate others because he needs but to be himself; he does not surcharge his discourse with a baggage of epithets, because they would retard it; he does not run into digressions, for fear of wandering from the question. His exordiums are sometimes abrupt, sometimes majestic, as it comports with the subject. His narration of facts is clear. His statement of the question is precise and positive. His ample and sonorous phraseology much resembles the spoken phraseology of Cicero. He unrolls, with a solemn slowness, the folds of his discourse. He does not accumulate his enumerations as ornaments, but as proofs. He seeks not the harmony of words, but the concatenation of ideas. He does not exhaust a subject to the dregs, he takes but the flower. Would he dazzle, the most brilliant images spring up beneath his steps; would he touch, he abounds in raptures of emotion, in tender persuasions, in oratorical transports which do not conflict with, but sustain, which are never confounded with, but follow, each other, which seem to produce one another successively and flow with a happy disorder from that fine and prolific nature.

But when he comes to the point in debate, when he enters the heart of the question, he is substantial, nervous, logical as Demosthenes. He advances in a serried and impenetrable order. He reviews his proofs, disposes the plan of attack, and arrays them in order of battle. Mailed in the armor of dialectics, he sounds the charge, rushes upon the adversaries, seizes and prostrates them; nor does he loose his hold till he compels them, knee on neck, to avow themselves vanquished. If they retreat, he pursues, attacks them front and rear, presses upon them, drives them, and brings them inevitably within the imperial circle which he had designated for their destruction,—like those who, upon the deck of a narrow vessel, captured by boarding her, place a hopeless enemy between their sword and the ocean.

How his language must have surprised by its novelty and thrilled the popular heart, when he drew this picture of a legal constitution:—

"Too often are bayonets the only remedy applied to the convulsions of oppression and want. But bayonets never re-establish but the peace of terror, the silence of despotism. Ah! the people are not a furious herd which must be kept in chains!

Always quiet and moderate when they are truly free, they are violent and unruly but under those governments where they are systematically debased in order to have a pretext to despise them. When we consider what must result to the happiness of twenty-five millions of men, from a legal constitution in place of ministerial caprices; from the consent of all the wills and the co-operation of all the lights of the nation in the improvement of our laws; from the reform of abuses; from the reduction of taxes; from economy in the finances; from the mitigation of the penal laws; from regularity of procedure in the tribunals; from the abolition of a multitude of servitudes which shackle industry and mutilate the human faculties,—in a word, from that grand system of liberty, which, planted on the firm basis of freely-elected municipalities, rises gradually to the provincial administrations, and receives its completion from the annual recurrence of the States-General; when we weigh all that must result from the restoration of this vast empire, who does not feel that the greatest of crimes, the darkest outrage against humanity, would be to offer opposition to the rising destiny of our country and thrust her back into the depths of the abyss, there to hold her oppressed beneath the burthen of all her chains.”

With what accuracy, with what nicety of observation he enumerates the difficulties of the civil and military administration of Bailly and Lafayette when he proposes to vote them the thanks of the Assembly:—

“What an administration! what an epoch, where all is to be feared and all to be braved! when tumult begets tumult, when an affray is produced by the very means taken to prevent it; when moderation is unceasingly necessary, and moderation appears pusillanimity, timidity, treason; when you are beset with a thousand counsels, and yet must take your own; when all persons are to be dreaded, even citizens whose intentions are pure, but whom distrust, excitement, exaggeration, render almost as formidable as conspirators; when one is obliged, even in critical circumstances, to yield up his wisdom, to lead anarchy in order to repress it, to assume an employment glorious, it is true, but environed with the most harassing alarms; when it is necessary, besides, in the midst of such and so many difficulties, to show a serene countenance, to be always calm, to enforce order even in the smallest details, to offend no one, to heal all jealousies, to serve incessantly and seek to please, but without the appearance of being a servant!”

When M. Neckar, minister of finance, asked the Assembly for a vote of confidence, Mirabeau, in order to carry it by storm, displayed all the irony of his eloquence and all the might of his logic; and when he saw the auditory shaken, he hurled against bankruptcy the following fulminations:—

“Oh! if declarations less solemn did not guarantee our respect for the public faith, our horror of the infamous word bankruptcy, I should say to those who familiarize themselves, perhaps, with the idea of repudiating the public engagements, through fear of excessive sacrifices, through terror of taxation: ‘What, then, is bankruptcy, if it is not the cruelest, the most iniquitous, the most disastrous of imposts? My friends, listen to me, a word, a single word!’

“(Two centuries of depredation and robbery have excavated the abyss wherein the kingdom is on the verge of being engulfed. This frightful gulf it is indispensable to fill up. Well, here is a list of the proprietors. Choose from among the richest, so as to sacrifice the smallest number of the citizens. But choose! for is it not expedient that a small number perish to save the mass of the people? Come,—these two thousand notables possess wherewith to supply the deficit. Restore order to our finances, peace and prosperity to the kingdom. Strike, and immolate pitilessly these melancholy victims, precipitate them into the abyss; it is about to close. . . . What, you recoil with horror! . . .

Inconsistent, pusillanimous men! And do you not see that in decreeing bankruptcy, or, what is more odious still, in rendering it inevitable without decreeing, you disgrace yourselves with an act a thousand times more criminal; for, in fact, that horrible sacrifice would remove the deficiency. But do you imagine, that because you refuse to pay, you shall cease to owe? Do you think the thousands, the millions of men who will lose in an instant by the dreadful explosion or its revulsions, all that constituted the comfort of their lives, and perhaps their sole means of subsistence, will leave you in the peaceable enjoyment of your crime? Stoical contemplators of the incalculable woes which this catastrophe will scatter over France; unfeeling egotists, who think these convulsions of despair and wretchedness will pass away like so many others,—and pass the more rapidly as they will be the more violent,—are you quite sure that so many men without bread will leave you tranquilly to luxuriate amid the viands which you will have been unwilling to curtail in either variety or delicacy? . . . No, you will perish; and in the universal conflagration, which you do not tremble to kindle, the loss of your honor will not save you a single one of your detestable luxuries! Vote, then, this extraordinary subsidy, and may it prove sufficient! Vote it, because the class most interested in the sacrifice which the government demands, is you yourselves! Vote it, because the public exigencies allow of no evasion, and that you will be responsible for every delay! Beware of asking time; misfortune never grants it. What! gentlemen, in reference to a ridiculous movement of the Palais-Royal, a ludicrous insurrection which had never any consequence except in the weak imaginations or the wicked purposes of a few designing men, you have heard not long since these insane cries: Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and you deliberate. And assuredly, there was around you neither Catiline, nor danger, nor factions, nor Rome. . . . But to-day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there before you. It threatens to consume you, your country, your property, your honor! . . . And you deliberate!''

This is as beautiful as it is antique.

Mirabeau, in his premeditated discourses, was admirable. But what was he not in his extemporaneous effusions? His natural vehemence, of which he repressed the flights in his prepared speeches, broke down all barriers in his improvisations. A sort of nervous irritability gave then to his whole frame an almost preternatural animation and life. His breast dilated with an impetuous breathing. His lion face became wrinkled and contorted. His eyes shot forth flame. He roared, he stamped, he shook the fierce mass of his hair, all whitened with foam; he trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master, and the imperial air of a king. What an interesting spectacle to behold him, momentarily, erect and exalt himself under the pressure of obstacle! To see him display the pride of his commanding brow! To see him, like the ancient orator, when, with all the powers of his unchained eloquence, he was wont to sway to and fro in the forum the agitated waves of the Roman multitude! Then would he throw by the measured notes of his declamation, habitually grave and solemn. Then would escape him broken exclamations, tones of thunder, and accents of heart-rending and terrible pathos. He concealed with the flesh and color of his rhetoric the sinewy arguments of his dialectics. He transported the Assembly, because he was himself transported. And yet, so extraordinary was his force, he abandoned himself to the torrent of his eloquence without wandering from his course; he mastered others by its sovereign sway, without losing for an instant his own self-control.

His improvisations, whether from rapid exhaustion or rather instinct of his art, were brief. He knew that strong emotions lose their effect by duration; that it is

unwise to leave the enthusiasm of friends the time to cool, or the objections of adversaries time for preparation; that people soon come to laugh at the thunder which rumbles in the air without producing a bolt, and that an antagonist should be struck down promptly, as with the cannon ball which kills at a blow.

It was contended the Assembly ought not to have the initiative in the impeachment of the ministers. Mirabeau replied on the spot:—

"You forget that the people to whom you oppose the limitation of the three powers is the source of all the powers, and that it alone can delegate them. You forget that it is to the sovereign you would deny the control of his own administrators! You forget, in short, that we, the representatives of the sovereign,—in presence of whom stand suspended all the powers of the state, those even of the chief of the nation in case of conflict,—you forget that we by no means pretend to place or displace ministers by virtue of our decrees, but solely to manifest the opinion of our constituents respecting such or such a minister. What! you would refuse us the simple right of declaration; you who accord us that of accusing, of prosecuting, and of creating a tribunal to punish these fabrications of iniquity, the machinations of which, by a palpable contradiction, you would have us to contemplate in a respectful silence! Do you not see, then, how much a better lot I would insure our governors than you, how much I exceed you in moderation? You allow no interval between a boding silence and a sanguinary denunciation. To say nothing or to punish, to obey or to strike,—such is your system. And for me, I would notify before denouncing, I would remonstrate before casting reproach."

He frequently used, by inspiration, those vivid figures which transport, of a sudden, men, objects, and places on the stage, and make them hear, speak, and act as if they were really present. The Assembly was about to plunge imprudently into religious quarrels. Mirabeau, to cut the matter short, rose and said: "Recollect, that from this place, from the very tribune where I now speak, I can see the window of the palace through which factious miscreants, uniting temporal interests with the most sacred interests of religion, had fired by the hand of a king of the French the fatal gun which was to be the signal of the massacre of the Huguenots."

A deputation of the Assembly was preparing to wait upon the king to request the dismissal of the troops, already three times refused. The indignant Mirabeau, unable to contain himself, addresses the committee:—

"Say to the king,—say to him, that the hordes of foreigners by whom we are invested have received yesterday the visit of the princes, of the princesses, of the favorites, male and female, also their caresses, and their exhortations, and their presents! Say to him that the whole night these foreign satellites, gorged with gold and wine, have been predicting in their impious songs the enslavement of France, and invoking with their brutal vows the destruction of the National Assembly! Say to him, that in his very palace the courtiers have led their dances to the sound of this barbarous music, and that such was the prelude of the Saint Bartholomew!"

In his fine discourse on the "right of peace and war," Mirabeau had arrived, after some confusion of ideas, at a precise solution of the difficulty by means of ministerial responsibility and the refusal of the supplies on the part of the legislative power. But as soon as he had uttered these closing words,—*"Fear not that a rebel king, abdicating of himself his sceptre, will expose himself to the peril of running from victory to the scaffold,"*—he was interrupted with violent murmurs. D'Esprémenil moved that he be called to order for having attacked the inviolability of the king. "You have all," replied Mirabeau at the instant, "heard my sup-

position of a despotic and revolted king, who should come with an army of Frenchmen, to conquer the position of a tyrant. But a king in this position is no longer a king." [General applause.] Mirabeau proceeds: "It is the tocsin of necessity alone which can give the signal when the moment is come for fulfilling the imprescriptible duty of resistance,—a duty always imperative whenever the Constitution is violated, always triumphant when the resistance is just and truly national."

Are not these words the prophetic and living picture of the Revolution of July?

In the same effusion and a little after, Mirabeau, in a celebrated adjuration, introduces on the stage the Abbé Sieyès: "I will not conceal," said he, "my deep regret that the man who has laid the foundations of the Constitution, that the man who has revealed to the world the true principles of representative government, who condemns himself to a silence which I deplore, which I think culpable, that the Abbé Sieyès—I ask his pardon for naming him—does not come forward to insert himself in his constitution, one of the most important springs of the social order. This occasions me the more pain that, crushed beneath a weight of labor beyond my intellectual forces, unceasingly hurried off from self-collection and meditation, which are the principal sources of mental power, I had not myself turned attention to this question of the completion of my work, accustomed as I was to repose upon that great thinker. I have pressed him, conjured, implored in the name of the friendship with which he honors me, in the name of patriotism,—that sentiment far more energetic and holy,—to endow us with the treasure of his ideas, not to leave a blank in the Constitution. He has refused me; I denounce him to you! I conjure you, in my turn, to obtain his opinion, which ought not to be a secret, to rescue, in fine, from discouragement a man whose silence and seclusion I regard as a public calamity."

I have remarked that what has raised Mirabeau incomparably beyond other orators, is the profundity and breadth of his thoughts, the solidity of his reasoning, the vehemence of his improvisations; but it is especially the unexampled felicity of his repartees. In fact, the auditors, and principally the rival orators, hold themselves on their guard against premeditated speeches. As they know that the orator has spread in advance his toils to surprise them, they prepare accordingly in advance to elude him. They search for, they divine, they discover, they dispose for themselves, with more or less of ability, the arguments which he must employ, his facts, his proofs, his insinuations, and sometimes even his figures and happiest movements. They have thus, all ready to meet him, their objections. They shut the air-and-eye holes of their helmet, they cover the weak points of their cuirass where his lance might penetrate; and when the orator crosses the barrier, and rushes impetuous to the conflict, he encounters before him an enemy armed cap-a-pie, who bars his way and disputes valiantly the victory. But a happy oratorical retort astonishes and delights even your adversaries; it produces the effect of things unexpected. It is a startling counterplot, which cuts the gordian knots of the play and precipitates the catastrophe. It is the lightning flash amid the darkness of night. It is the arm which strikes in the buckler of the enemy, who draws it instantly and returns it to pierce the bosom of him who had launched it. The repartee shakes the irresolute and floating masses of an assembly. It comes upon you, as the eagle, concealed in the hollow of a rock, makes a stoop at its prey and carries it off all palpitating in its talons, before it even has emitted a cry. It arouses, by the stimulant of its novelty, the thick-skulled, phlegmatic, and drowsy deputies who were falling asleep. It sends a sudden and softening thrill to the soul. It fires the audience to cry, To arms! to arms! It wrings from the bosom exclamations of wrath. It provokes laughter inextinguishable. It compels the adversary—offi-

cer or soldier—to go hide his shame in the ranks of his company, who open them to receive him but with pity and derision. It resolves with a word the question in a debate. It signifies an event. It reveals a character. It paints a situation. It absolves, it condemns, a party. It makes a reputation, or it unmakes it. It glorifies, it stigmatizes, it dejects, it cheers, it unbinds, it reattaches, it saves, it slays. It attracts, it suspends magically, as by a golden chain, an entire assembly from the lips of a single man. It concentrates at the same time its whole attention upon a single point, for a moment produces unanimity, and may decide of a sudden the loss or the gain of a parliamentary battle.

Never did Mirabeau shrink from an objection or an adversary. He drew himself up to his full height under the menace of his enemies, and burst by sledge-blows the nail which it was intended he should draw. In the tribune he braved the prejudices, the dumb objurgations and muttering impatience of the Assembly. Immovable as a rock, he crossed his arms and awaited silence. He retorted instantly, blow after blow, upon all opponents and on all subjects, with a rapidity of action and a nicety of pertinence really surprising. He painted men and things with a manner and words entirely his own. How energetically did he describe France, "an unconstituted aggregation of disunited people." He used to say in his monarchical language: "The monarch is the perpetual representative of the people, and the deputies are the temporary representatives." Member of the Directory of Paris, he expressed himself thus before the king: "A tall tree covers with its shade a large surface. Its roots shoot wide and deep through the soil and entwine themselves around eternal rocks. To pull it down, the earth itself must be up-torn. Such, sire, is the image of constitutional monarchy." Assailed impertinently by M. de Faucigny, he words the reprimand in these terms: "The Assembly, satisfied with the repentance you testify, remits you, sir, the penalty which you have incurred."

What vivacity, what actuality, what nobleness in all these repartees! what keen and chivalrous irony! what vigor!

LORD MACAULAY

(THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, BARON MACAULAY)

(1800-1859)



MACAULAY's essay "On the Athenian Orators" is the result of extensive study and the subject is one with which he was thoroughly familiar. He loved oratory as an art, and for its own sake, aside from any possible results to be achieved from it. He became, largely through such studies, one of the most celebrated orators of the first half of the nineteenth century; but a result of still greater importance was the formation of his prose style on that of Cicero. He is probably the best English representative of Cicero's method of "amplification" by adding clause to clause, balancing one against the other, to make cumulative the force of meaning in a sentence. It is a fact of the highest artistic and practical importance that both in Macaulay and in Cicero, such clauses have a governing impulse of rhythm under which they seek to balance each other in musical time, as do the verses of a quatrain or the sextette of a sonnet. No one ever becomes a great writer of prose without developing this subconscious faculty of perception for "quantity" in language.

What Macaulay says of Quintilian should be accepted with reserve. Conceding all that could be said of his faults of taste and judgment, Quintilian would still remain secure in his rightful place at the side of Cicero as one of the greatest essayists and critics of Rome, with a knowledge of the fundamental melodic laws of language from which the most learned and scientific of modern philologists and prosodists have yet much to borrow before they can reach an adequate idea of classical art in the handling of words in prose and verse.

ON THE ATHENIAN ORATORS

To the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and thundered over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

—Milton.

THE celebrity of the great classical writers is confined within no limits, except those which separate civilized from savage man. Their works are the common property of every polished nation. They have furnished subjects for the painter, and models for the poet. In the minds of the educated classes throughout Europe, their names are indissolubly associated with the endearing

recollections of childhood, — the old schoolroom, — the dog-eared grammar, — the first prize, — the tears so often shed and so quickly dried. So great is the veneration with which they are regarded, that even the editors and commentators, who perform the lowest menial offices to their memory are considered, like the equerries and chamberlains of sovereign princes, as entitled to a high rank in the table of literary precedence. It is, therefore, somewhat singular that their productions should so rarely have been examined on just and philosophical principles of criticism.

The ancient writers themselves afford us but little assistance. When they particularize, they are commonly trivial; when they would generalize, they become indistinct. An exception must, indeed, be made in favor of Aristotle. Both in analysis and in combination, that great man was without a rival. No philosopher has ever possessed, in an equal degree, the talent either of separating established systems into their primary elements, or of connecting detached phenomena in harmonious systems. He was the great fashioner of the intellectual chaos; he changed its darkness into light, and its discord into order. He brought to literary researches the same vigor and amplitude of mind to which both physical and metaphysical science are so greatly indebted. His fundamental principles of criticism are excellent. To cite only a single instance: the doctrine which he established, that poetry is an imitative art, when justly understood, is to the critic what the compass is to the navigator. With it he may venture upon the most extensive excursions. Without it he must creep cautiously along the coast, or lose himself in a trackless expanse, and trust, at best, to the guidance of an occasional star. It is a discovery which changes a caprice into a science.

The general propositions of Aristotle are valuable. But the merit of the superstructure bears no proportion to that of the foundation. This is partly to be ascribed to the character of the philosopher, who, though qualified to do all that could be done by the resolving and combining powers of the understanding, seems not to have possessed much of sensibility or imagination. Partly, also, it may be attributed to the deficiency of materials. The great works of genius which then existed were not either sufficiently numerous or sufficiently varied to enable any man to form a perfect code of literature. To require that a critic should conceive classes of composition which had never existed, and then investigate their principles, would be as unreasonable as the demand of Nebuchadnezzar, who expected his magicians first to tell him his dream, and then to interpret it.

With all his deficiencies, Aristotle was the most enlightened and profound critic of antiquity. Dionysius was far from possessing the same exquisite subtlety, or the same vast comprehension. But he had access to a much greater number of specimens, and he had devoted himself, as it appears, more exclusively to the study of elegant literature. His particular judgments are of more value than his general principles. He is only the historian of literature. Aristotle is its philosopher.

Quintilian applied to general literature the same principles by which he had been accustomed to judge of the declamations of his pupils. He looks for nothing but rhetoric, and rhetoric not of the highest order. He speaks coldly of the incomparable works of Æschylus. He admires, beyond expression, those inexhaustible mines of commonplaces, the plays of Euripides. He bestows a few vague words on the poetical character of Homer. He then proceeds to consider him merely as an orator. An orator Homer doubtless was, and a great orator. But surely nothing is more remarkable in his admirable works than the art with which his oratorical powers are made subservient to the purposes of poetry.

Nor can I think Quintilian a great critic in his own province. Just as are many of his remarks, beautiful as are many of his illustrations, we can perpetually detect in his thoughts that flavor which the soil of despotism generally communicates to all the fruits of genius. Eloquence was, in his time, little more than a condiment which served to stimulate in a despot the jaded appetite for panegyric, an amusement for the traveled nobles and the bluestocking matrons of Rome. It is, therefore, with him rather a sport than a war; it is a contest of foils, not of swords. He appears to think more of the grace of the attitude than of the direction and vigor of the thrust. It must be acknowledged in justice to Quintilian, that this is an error to which Cicero has too often given the sanction both of his precept and his example.

Longinus seems to have had great sensibility but little discrimination. He gives us eloquent sentences, but no principles. It was happily said that Montesquieu ought to have changed the name of his book from "*L'esprit de Lois*" to "*L'esprit sur les Lois*." In the same manner the philosopher of Palmyra ought to have entitled his famous work, not "*Longinus on the Sublime*," but "*The Sublimities of Longinus*." The origin of the sublime is one of the most curious and interesting subjects of inquiry that can occupy the attention of a critic. In our own country it has been discussed with great ability, and, I think, with very little success, by Burke and Dugald Stewart. Longinus dispenses himself from all investigations of this nature by telling his friend Terentianus that he already knows everything that can be said upon the question. It is to be regretted that Terentianus did not impart some of his knowledge to his instructor, for from Longinus we learn only that sublimity means height, or elevation. This name, so commodiously vague, is applied indifferently to the noble prayer of Ajax in the "*Iliad*," and to a passage of Plato about the human body, as full of conceits as an ode of Cowley. Having no fixed standard, Longinus is right only by accident. He is rather a fancier than a critic.

Modern writers have been prevented by many causes from supplying the deficiencies of their classical predecessors. At the time of the revival of literature no man could, without great and painful labor, acquire an accurate and elegant knowledge of the ancient languages. And, unfortunately, those grammatical and philological studies, without which it was impossible to understand the great works of Athenian and Roman genius, have a tendency to contract the views and deaden the sensibility of those who follow them with extreme assiduity. A powerful mind which has been long employed in such studies, may be compared to the gigantic spirit in the Arabian tale, who was persuaded to contract himself to small dimensions in order to enter within the enchanted vessel, and, when his prison had been closed upon him, found himself unable to escape from the narrow boundaries to the measure of which he had reduced his stature. When the means have long been the objects of application, they are naturally substituted for the end. It was said by Eugene of Savoy, that the greatest generals have commonly been those who have been at once raised to command and introduced to the great operations of war without being employed in the petty calculations and manœuvres which employ the time of an inferior officer. In literature the principle is equally sound. The great tactics of criticism will, in general, be best understood by those who have not had much practice in drilling syllables and particles.

I remember to have observed among the French Anas a ludicrous instance of this. A scholar, doubtless of great learning, recommends the study of some long Latin treatise,—of which I now forget the name,—on the religion, manners, government, and language of the early Greeks. "For there," says he, "you will learn

everything of importance that is contained in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' without the trouble of reading two such tedious books." Alas! it had not occurred to the poor gentleman that all the knowledge to which he had attached so much value was useful only as it illustrated the great poems which he despised, and would be as worthless for any other purpose as the mythology of Caffraria or the vocabulary of Otaheite.

Of those scholars who have disdained to confine themselves to verbal criticism, few have been successful. The ancient languages have, generally, a magical influence on their faculties. They were "fools called into a circle by Greek invocations." The "Iliad" and "Æneid" were to them not books, but curiosities, or rather relics. They no more admired those works for their merits than a good Catholic venerates the house of the virgin at Loretto for its architecture. Whatever was classical was good. Homer was a great poet, and so was Callimachus. The epistles of Cicero were fine, and so were those of Phalaris. Even with respect to questions of evidence they fell into the same error. The authority of all narrations, written in Greek or Latin, was the same with them. It never crossed their minds that the lapse of five hundred years, or the distance of five hundred leagues, could affect the accuracy of a narration; that Livy could be a less veracious historian than Polybius; or that Plutarch could know less about the friends of Xenophon than Xenophon himself. Deceived by the distance of time, they seem to consider all the classics as contemporaries; just as I have known people in England, deceived by the distance of place, take it for granted that all persons who live in India are neighbors, and ask an inhabitant of Bombay about the health of an acquaintance at Calcutta. It is to be hoped that no barbarian deluge will ever again pass over Europe. But should such a calamity happen, it seems not improbable that some future Rollin or Gillies will compile a history of England from Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," Miss Lee's "Recess," and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's "Memoirs."

It is surely time that ancient literature should be examined in a different manner, without pedantical prepossessions, but with a just allowance, at the same time, for the difference of circumstances and manners. I am far from pretending to the knowledge or ability which such a task would require. All that I mean to offer is a collection of desultory remarks upon a most interesting portion of Greek literature.

It may be doubted whether any compositions which have ever been produced in the world are equally perfect in their kind with the great Athenian orations. Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of cotton and molasses. The supply adjusts itself to the demand. The quantity may be diminished by restrictions and multiplied by bounties. The singular excellence to which eloquence attained at Athens is to be mainly attributed to the influence which it exerted there. In turbulent times, under a constitution purely democratic, among a people educated exactly to that point at which men are most susceptible of strong and sudden impressions, acute, but not sound reasoners, warm in their feelings, unfixed in their principles, and passionate admirers of fine composition, oratory received such encouragement as it has never since obtained.

The taste and knowledge of the Athenian people was a favorite object of the contemptuous derision of Samuel Johnson,—a man who knew nothing of Greek literature beyond the common schoolbooks, and who seems to have brought to what he had read scarcely more than the discernment of a common schoolboy. He used to assert, with that arrogant absurdity which, in spite of his great abilities and virtues, renders him, perhaps, the most ridiculous character in literary history, that Demosthenes spoke to a people of brutes,—to a barbarous people,—that there could

have been no civilization before the invention of printing. Johnson was a keen but a very narrow-minded observer of mankind. He perpetually confounded their general nature with their particular circumstances. He knew London intimately. The sagacity of his remarks on its society is perfectly astonishing. But Fleet Street was the world to him. He saw that Londoners who did not read were profoundly ignorant, and he inferred that a Greek who had few or no books must have been as uninformed as one of Mr. Thrale's draymen.

There seems to be, on the contrary, every reason to believe that in general intelligence the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed. It must be considered that to be a citizen was to be a legislator, a soldier, a judge,—one upon whose voice might depend the fate of the wealthiest tributary state, of the most eminent public man. The lowest offices, both of agriculture and of trade, were in common performed by slaves. The commonwealth supplied its meanest members with the support of life, the opportunity of leisure, and the means of amusement. Books were, indeed, few, but they were excellent, and they were accurately known. It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined. A man of letters must now read much that he soon forgets, and much from which he learns nothing worthy to be remembered. The best works employ, in general, but a small portion of his time. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed, six times, the "History" of Thucydides. If he had been a young politician of the present age, he might in the same space of time have skimmed innumerable newspapers and pamphlets. I do not condemn that desultory mode of study which the state of things in our day renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes on which the admirers of modern institutions delight to dwell have improved our condition as much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know how Rumford's proposition was received; but to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume.

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves in thought to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates, in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands,—the terrible,—the murderous,—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward, with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying, "Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made,—"Who wishes to speak?" There is a shout, and a clapping of hands; Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

Knowledge thus acquired, and opinions thus formed, were, indeed, likely to be, in some respects, defective. Propositions which are advanced in discourse gen-

erally result from a partial view of the question, and cannot be kept under examination long enough to be corrected. Men of great conversational powers almost universally practice a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment, both themselves and their auditors. Thus we see doctrines, which cannot bear a close inspection, triumph perpetually in drawing-rooms, in debating societies, and even in legislative or judicial assemblies. To the conversational education of the Athenians, I am inclined to attribute the great looseness of reasoning which is remarkable in most of their scientific writings. Even the most illogical of modern writers would stand perfectly aghast at the puerile fallacies which seem to have deluded some of the greatest men of antiquity. Sir Thomas Lethbridge would stare at the political economy of Xenophon, and the author of "*Soirées de Petersbourg*" would be ashamed of some of the metaphysical arguments of Plato. But the very circumstances which retarded the growth of science, were peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of eloquence. From the early habit of taking a share in animated discussion, the intelligent student would derive that readiness of resource, that copiousness of language, and that knowledge of the temper and understanding of an audience, which are far more valuable to an orator than the greatest logical powers.

Horace has prettily compared poems to those paintings of which the effect varies as the spectator changes his stand. The same remark applies with at least equal justice to speeches. They must be read with the temper of those to whom they were addressed, or they must necessarily appear to offend against the laws of taste and reason, as the finest picture, seen in a light different from that for which it was designed, will appear fit only for a sign. This is perpetually forgotten by those who criticise oratory. Because they are reading at leisure, pausing at every line, reconsidering every argument, they forget that the hearers were hurried from point to point too rapidly to detect the fallacies through which they were conducted; that they had no time to disentangle sophisms, or to notice slight inaccuracies of expression; that elaborate excellence, either of reasoning or of language, would have been absolutely thrown away. To recur to the analogy of the sister art, these connoisseurs examine a panorama through a microscope, and quarrel with a scene painter because he does not give to his work the exquisite finish of Gérard Dow.

Oratory is to be estimated on principles different from those which are applied to other productions. Truth is the object of philosophy and history. Truth is the object even of those works which are peculiarly called works of fiction, but which, in fact, bear the same relation to history which algebra bears to arithmetic. The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth,—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors. The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion. The admiration of the multitude does not make Moore a greater poet than Coleridge, or Beattie a greater philosopher than Berkeley. But the criterion of eloquence is different. A speaker who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition, but he is not an orator. If he miss the mark, it makes no difference whether he have taken aim too high or too low.

The effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been, in a great measure, to destroy this distinction, and to leave among us little of what I call oratory proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers. At Athens, the case was different; there the only object of the speaker was immediate conviction and persuasion. He, therefore, who would justly appreciate the merit of the Grecian orators, should place himself, as nearly as possible, in the situation of their auditors; he should

divest himself of his modern feelings and acquirements, and make the prejudices and interests of the Athenian citizens his own. He who studies their works in this spirit will find that many of those things which, to an English reader, appear to be blemishes,—the frequent violation of those excellent rules of evidence, by which our courts of law are regulated; the introduction of extraneous matter; the reference to considerations of political expediency in judicial investigations; the assertions, without proof, the passionate entreaties, the furious invectives,—are really proofs of the prudence and address of the speakers. He must not dwell maliciously on arguments or phrases, but acquiesce in his first impressions. It requires repeated perusal and reflection to decide rightly on any other portion of literature. But with respect to works of which the merit depends on their instantaneous effect, the most hasty judgment is likely to be best.

The history of eloquence at Athens is remarkable. From a very early period great speakers had flourished there. Pisistratus and Themistocles are said to have owed much of their influence to their talents for debate. We learn, with more certainty, that Pericles was distinguished by extraordinary oratorical powers. The substance of some of his speeches is transmitted to us by Thucydides, and that excellent writer has doubtless faithfully reported the general line of his arguments. But the manner, which in oratory is of at least as much consequence as the matter, was of no importance to his narration. It is evident that he has not attempted to preserve it. Throughout his work, every speech on every subject, whatever may have been the character or the dialect of the speaker, is in exactly the same form. The grave King of Sparta, the furious demagogue of Athens, the general encouraging his army, the captive supplicating for his life, all are represented as speakers in one unvaried style,—a style, moreover, wholly unfit for oratorical purposes. His mode of reasoning is singularly elliptical,—in reality most consecutive, yet in appearance often incoherent. His meaning, in itself sufficiently perplexing, is compressed into the fewest possible words. His great fondness for antithetical expression has not a little conduced to this effect. Everyone must have observed how much more the sense is condensed in the verses of Pope and his imitators, who never ventured to continue the same clause from couplet to couplet, than in those of poets who allow themselves that license. Every artificial division which is strongly marked, and which frequently recurs, has the same tendency. The natural and perspicuous expression which spontaneously rises to the mind, will often refuse to accommodate itself to such a form. It is necessary either to expand it into weakness, or to compress it into almost impenetrable density. The latter is generally the choice of an able man, and was assuredly the choice of Thucydides.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such speeches could never have been delivered. They are, perhaps, among the most difficult passages in the Greek language, and would, probably, have been scarcely more intelligible to an Athenian auditor than to a modern reader. Their obscurity was acknowledged by Cicero, who was as intimate with the literature and language of Greece as the most accomplished of its natives, and who seems to have held a respectable rank among the Greek authors. The difficulty to a modern reader lies, not in the words, but in the reasoning. A dictionary is of far less use in studying them than a clear head and a close attention to the context. They are valuable to the scholar, as displaying, beyond almost any other compositions, the powers of the finest languages; they are valuable to the philosopher, as illustrating the morals and manners of a most interesting age; they abound in just thought and energetic expression; but they do not enable us to form any accurate opinion on the merits of the early Greek authors.

Though it cannot be doubted that, before the Persian wars, Athens had produced eminent speakers, yet the period during which eloquence most flourished among her citizens was by no means that of her greatest power and glory. It

commenced at the close of the Peloponnesian War. In fact, the steps by which Athenian oratory approached to its finished excellence seem to have been almost contemporaneous with those by which the Athenian character and the Athenian empire sunk to degradation. At the time when the little commonwealth achieved those victories which twenty-five eventful centuries have left unequaled, eloquence was in its infancy. The deliverers of Greece became its plunderers and oppressors. Unmeasured exaction, atrocious vengeance, the madness of the multitude, the tyranny of the great, filled the Cyclades with tears, and blood, and mourning. The sword unpeopled whole islands in a day. The plow passed over the ruins of famous cities. The imperial republic sent forth her children by thousands to pine in the quarries of Syracuse, or to feed the vultures of Ægospotami. She was at length reduced by famine and slaughter to humble herself before her enemies, and to purchase existence by the sacrifice of her empire and her laws. During these disastrous and gloomy years oratory was advancing towards its highest excellence. And it was when the moral, the political, the military character of the people was most utterly degraded; it was when the viceroy of a Macedonian sovereign gave law to Greece, that the courts of Athens witnessed the most splendid contest of eloquence that the world has ever known.

The causes of this phenomenon it is not, I think, difficult to assign. The division of labor operates on the productions of the orator as it does on those of the mechanic. It was remarked by the Ancients that the Pentathlete who divided his attention between several exercises, though he could not vie with a boxer in the use of a cestus, or with one who had confined his attention to running in the contest of the stadium, yet enjoyed far greater general vigor and health than either. It is the same with the mind. The superiority in technical skill is often more than compensated by the inferiority in general intelligence. And this is peculiarly the case in politics. States have always been best governed by men who have taken a wide view of public affairs, and who have rather a general acquaintance with many sciences than a perfect mastery of one. The union of the political and military departments in Greece contributed not a little to the splendor of its early history. After their separation more skillful generals and greater speakers appeared,—but the breed of statesmen dwindled and became almost extinct. Themistocles or Pericles would have been no match for Demosthenes in the assembly, or Iphicrates in the field. But surely they were incomparably better fitted than either for the supreme direction of affairs.

There is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence between the progress of the art of war and that of the art of oratory among the Greeks. They both advanced to perfection by contemporaneous steps and from similar causes. The early speakers, like the early warriors of Greece, were merely a militia. It was found that in both employments practice and discipline gave superiority. Each pursuit, therefore, became first an art and then a trade. In proportion as the professors of each became more expert in their particular craft, they became less respectable in their general character. Their skill had been obtained at too great expense to be employed only from disinterested views. Thus, the soldiers forgot that they were citizens and the orators that they were statesmen. I know not to what Demosthenes and his famous contemporaries can be so justly compared as to those mercenary troops, who, in their time, overran Greece; or those who, from similar causes, were, some centuries ago, the scourge of the Italian republics,—perfectly acquainted with every part of their profession, irresistible in the field, powerful to defend or to destroy, but defending without love and destroying without hatred. We may despise the characters of these political *Condottieri*, but it is impossible to examine the system of their tactics without being amazed at its perfection.

From his miscellaneous essays.

EPES SARGENT

(1812-1880)



EPES SARGENT, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and compiler of a series of "Speakers," which showed taste and judgment of a high order, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, September 27th, 1812. He was a journalist by profession and was for several years editor of the Boston Transcript. Retiring from it to devote himself to literature he published numerous works, original and compiled. Among his compilations his "Cyclopædia of English and American Poetry" shows the same admirable taste which he illustrated in compiling his "Speakers." His "ear" for melody and rhythm in language made his judgment of oratory invaluable, and his "Speakers," though now out of print, still command good prices. He died in Boston, December 31st, 1880.

ORATORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN

ORATORY, which has its derivation from the Latin verb *oro*, signifying to plead, to beseech, may be defined as the art of producing persuasion or conviction by means of spoken discourse. The word eloquence, in its primary signification, as its etymology implies, had a single reference to public speaking; but it is applied by Aristotle, as well as by modern writers, to compositions not intended for public delivery. A similar extension of meaning has been given to the word rhetoric, which, in its etymological sense, means the art of the orator, but now comprehends the art of prose composition generally.

It is apparent, from the speeches attributed by Homer to the chiefs of the "Iliad," as well as by the commendations which he bestows on Nestor and Ulysses for their eloquence, that the art of oratory was early understood and honored in Greece. But it was not till Demosthenes appeared that Grecian eloquence reached its perfection. Demosthenes, who, by the consent of all antiquity, was the prince of orators, still maintains his pre-eminence. Of his style, Hume has happily said: "It is rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning, without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument; and of all human productions, the orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection." It is related of this great orator that, in his first address to the people, he was laughed at and interrupted by their clamors. He had a weakness of voice and a stammering propensity which rendered it difficult for him to be understood. By immense labor, and an undaunted perseverance, he overcame these defects; and subsequently, by the spell of his eloquence, exercised an unparalleled sway over that same people who had jeered at him when they first heard him speak in public. The speeches of Demosthenes were not extemporaneous. There were no writers of shorthand in his days, and what was written could only come from the author himself.

After the time of Demosthenes, Grecian eloquence, which was coeval with Grecian liberty, declined with the decay of the latter. In Rome, the military spirit, so incompatible with a high degree of civil freedom, long checked the growth of that popular intelligence which is the only element in which the noblest eloquence is nurtured. Rhetoricians were banished from the country as late as the year of the city 592. A few years subsequent to this period the study of oratory was introduced from Athens; and it at length found a zealous disciple and a consummate master in Cicero, whose fame is second only to that of his Athenian predecessor. The main causes to which the extraordinary perfection of ancient oratory is to be ascribed are the great pains bestowed on the education of the young in this most difficult art, and the practice among speakers of preparing nearly all their finest orations before delivery.

In modern times, oratory has not been cultivated with so much care as among the Ancients. The diffusion of opinions and arguments by means of the press has, perhaps, contributed in some degree to its neglect. A speaker is now mainly known to the public through the press, and it is often more important to him to be read than heard. Still, the power of oratory in republican countries must always be immense, and the importance of its cultivation must be proportionate. We see it flourish or decay according to the degree of freedom among the people, and it is a bad sign for a republic when oratory is slighted or undervalued. It was not till France began to throw off the trammels of her monarchical system that she produced a Mirabeau. Her parliamentary annals will show that the eloquence of her National Assembly has been in proportion to the predominance of the element of constitutional freedom in her government.

The struggle against incipient despotism in England, which resulted in the execution of King Charles I., was productive of some great bursts of eloquence from Vane, Pym, Eliot, and other champions of popular rights, whose speeches, however, have been strangely slighted by the majority of English critics. The latter part of the eighteenth century was illumined by the genius of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Grattan, all of whom were roused to some of their most brilliant efforts by the arbitrary course of government towards our ancestors of the American colonies. Ireland is well represented in this immortal list. Her sons have ever displayed a true genius for oratory.

The little opportunity afforded for the cultivation of forensic or senatorial eloquence by the different governments of Germany has almost entirely checked its growth in that country; and we may say the same of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and most of the other countries of Europe. To the pulpit oratory of France the illustrious names of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon have given enduring celebrity; and in forensic and senatorial eloquence France has not been surpassed by any modern nation. But it is only in her intervals of freedom that her senatorial eloquence reaches its high note.

The growth of eloquence in the United States has been such as to inspire the hope that the highest triumphs of oratory are here to be achieved. Already we have produced at least two orators, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, to whom none, since Demosthenes, in the authority, majesty, and amplitude of their eloquence can be pronounced superior. In proportion to the extent of our cultivation of oratory as an art worthy our entire devotion, must be our success in enriching it with new and precious contributions. And of the power of a noble oratory, beyond its immediate circle of hearers, who can doubt? "Who doubts?" asks Mr. Webster, "that in our own struggle for freedom and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Barré, had influence on our fortunes in America? They tended to diminish the

confidence of the British ministry in their hopes to subject us. There was not a reading man who did not struggle more boldly for his rights when those exhilarating sounds, uttered in the two houses of Parliament, reached him from across the seas."

SUCCESS IN ORATORY

FOR the attainment of the highest and most beneficent triumphs of the orator, no degree of labor can be regarded as idly bestowed. Attention, energy of will, daily practice, are indispensable to success in this high art. The author of "Self Formation" remarks: "Suppose a man, by dint of meditation on oratory, and by his consequent conviction of its importance, to have wrought himself up to an energy of will respecting it,—this is the life and soul of his enterprise. To carry this energy into act, he should begin with a few sentences from any speech or sermon; he should commit them thoroughly, work their spirit into his mind, and then proceed to evolve that spirit by recitation. Let him assume the person of the original speaker,—put himself in his place, to all intents and purposes. Let him utter every sentence, and every considerable member of it—if it be a jointed one—distinctly, sustainedly, and unrespiringly; suiting, of course, everywhere his tone and emphasis to the spirit of the composition. Let him do this till the exercise shall have become a habit, as it were, a second nature, till it shall seem unnatural to him to do otherwise, and he will then have laid his corner stone."

Quintilian tells us that it is the good man only who can become a great orator. Eloquence, the selectest boon which Heaven has bestowed on man, can never ally itself, in its highest moods, with vice. The speaker must be himself thoroughly sincere, in order to produce a conviction of his sincerity in the minds of others. His own sympathies must be warm and genial, if he would reach and quicken those of his hearers. Would he denounce oppression? His own heart must be free from every quality that contributes to make a tyrant. Would he invoke mercy in behalf of a client? He must himself be humane, generous, and forgiving. Would he lash the guilty? His own life and character must present no weak points, to which the guilty may point in derision. And not only the great orator, but the pupil who would fittingly interpret the great orator, and declaim what has fallen from his lips, must aim at similar qualifications of mind and heart.

DIVISIONS OF ORATORY

THE Greeks divided discourses according to their contents, as relating to precept, manners, and feelings; and as, therefore, intended to instruct, to please, and to move. But, as various styles may oftentimes be introduced into the same discourse, it is difficult to make a strictly accurate classification. The modern division,—into the eloquence of the pulpit, the bar, and the senate,—is hardly more convenient and comprehensive.

Oratory comprehends the four following divisions: invention, disposition, elocution, and delivery. The first has reference to the character of the sentiments employed; the second, to their arrangement, and the diction in which they are clothed; the third and fourth, to the utterance and action with which they are communicated to the hearer. It is the province of rhetoric to give rules for the invention and disposition of a discourse. It is with the latter two divisions of oratory that we have to deal in the present treatise.

ELOCUTION

ELOCUTION is that pronunciation which is given to words when they are arranged into sentences, and form discourse. It includes the tones of voice, the utterance, and enunciation of the speaker, with the proper accompaniments of countenance and gesture. The art of elocution may, therefore, be defined to be that system of rules which teaches us to pronounce written or extemporaneous composition with justness, energy, variety and ease; and, agreeably to this definition, good reading or speaking may be considered as that species of delivery which not only expresses the sense of the words so as to be barely understood, but at the same time gives them all the force, beauty, and variety of which they are susceptible.

ELOCUTION AMONG THE ANCIENTS

THE Greeks and Romans paid great attention to the study of elocution. They distinguished the different qualities of the voice by such terms as hard, smooth, sharp, clear, hoarse, full, slender, flowing, flexible, shrill, and rigid. They were sensible to the alternations of heavy and light in syllabic utterance; they knew the time of the voice, and regarded its quantities in pronunciation; they gave to loud and soft appropriate places in speech; they perceived the existence of pitch, or variation of high and low; and noted further that the rise and fall in the pronunciation of individual syllables are made by a concrete or continuous slide of the voice, as distinguished from the discrete notes produced on musical instruments. They designated the pitch of vocal sounds by the term accent: making three kinds of accents, the acute (´), the grave (`), and the circumflex (^), which signified severally the rise, the fall, and the turn of the voice, or union of acute and grave on the same syllable.

MODERN THEORIES OF ELOCUTION—THE MEASURE OF SPEECH

FOR the modern additions to elocutionary analysis, we are indebted mainly to the labors of Steele, Walker, and Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia.

The measure of speech is elaborately explained by Mr. Steele in his "Prosodia Rationalis." According to his analysis, measure, as applied to speech, consists of a heavy or accented portion of syllabic sound, and of a light or unaccented portion, produced by one effort of the human voice. In forming the heavy or accented syllable, the organs make a stroke or beat, and, however instantaneous, are placed in a certain position, from which they must be removed before they make another stroke. Thus, in the repetition of fast, fast, there must be two distinct pulsations; and a pause must occur betwixt the two, to enable the organs to recover their position. But the time of this pause may be filled up with a light syllable, or one under remission; thus, faster, faster, occupy the same time in the pronunciation as fast, fast. This remiss or light action of the voice may extend to two and three syllables, as in circumstance, infinitely, etc. The stroke or pulsative effort of the voice, then, can only be on one syllable; the remission of the voice can give several syllables after the pulsation. This pulsation and remission have been illustrated by the planting and raising of the foot in walking; hence the Thesis and Arsis of the Greeks. The first is the pulsative, the second

the remiss, action. Now, apart from the pauses of passion and connection, there must be frequent pauses arising from the nature of the organs of speech; these are denoted in examples marked, according to Steele's system, by the figure 7, and the pulsative and remiss syllables by . . . and . . . It has been said that the pulsative effort can be made only on one syllable; if the syllable have extended quantity, it may be pronounced both with the pulsative effort and die away in the remission; but if it is short in quantity, a pause must occur before the pronunciation of the next syllable. One syllable, then, may occupy what is called a measure, the voice being either prolonged, or the time being made up with a pause. This pause, as already remarked, is denoted by the figure 7; a repetition of the same figure is used to denote the longer pauses, which are determined by passion, or the intimacy and remoteness of the sense. Steele's system has been adopted by several teachers of elocution; by Mr. Chapman in his "Rhythmical Grammar," and by Mr. Barber in his "Grammar of Elocution." The following lines are marked according to Mr. Steele's plan:—

Arms and the | man I | sing | 77 | who 7 | forced by | fate.
 Hail | holy | light 7 | offspring of | Heaven | first 7 | born |

WALKER'S ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION—INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE

TOWARDS the close of the last century, Mr. John Walker, author of the excellent "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" which bears his name, promulgated his analysis of vocal inflection. He showed that the primary division of speaking sounds is into the upward and downward slide of the voice; and, that whatever other diversity of time, tone, or force is added to speaking, it must necessarily be conveyed by these two slides or inflections, which are, therefore, the axis, as it were, on which the power, variety, and harmony of speaking turn. In the following sentence:—"As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war,"—the voice slides up at the end of the first clause, as the sense is not perfected, and slides down at the completion of the sense at the end of the sentence. The rising slide raises expectancy in the mind of the hearer, and the ear remains unsatisfied without a cadence. Walker adopted the acute accent (') to denote the rising inflection, and the grave accent (') to denote the falling inflection; as thus—

"Does Cæsar deserve fame' or blame'?"

Every pause, of whatever kind, must necessarily adopt one of these two inflections, or continue in a monotone. Thus, when we ask a question without the contrasted interrogative words, we naturally adopt the rising inflection on the last word; as,—

"Can Cæsar deserve blame'? Impossible'!"

Here "blame"—the last word of the question—has the rising inflection, contrary to the inflection on that word in the former instance; and "impossible," with the note of admiration, the falling. Besides the rising and falling inflection, Walker gives the voice two complete sounds, which he terms circumflexes: the first, which he denominates the rising circumflex, begins with the falling and ends with the rising on the same syllable; the second begins with the rising and ends with the falling on the same syllable. The rising circumflex is marked thus, v; the falling,

thus, \wedge . The monotone, thus marked, ---, denotes that there is no inflection, and no change of key.

Having explained the inflections, Walker proceeds to deduce the law of delivery from the structure of sentences, which he divides into compact, loose, direct periods, inverted periods, etc. By the term series, he denotes an enumeration of particulars. If the enumeration consists of single words, it is called a simple series; if it consists of clauses, it is called a compound series. When the sense requires that there should be a rising slide on the last particular, the series is called a commencing series; and when the series requires the falling slide on the last particular, it is termed a concluding series. The simple commencing series is illustrated in the following sentence, having two ($1' 2'$) members:—

"Honor' and shame' from no condition rise."

The simple concluding series is illustrated in the following sentence of four ($1' 2' 3' 4'$) members: "Remember that virtue alone is honor', glory', wealth, and happiness."

Among the rules laid down by Walker and his followers are the following, which we select as the most simple. The pupil must not take them, however, as an infallible guide. Some are obvious enough; but to others the exceptions are numerous,—so numerous, indeed, that they would be a burthensome charge to the memory. The rules, however, may be serviceable in cases where the reader desires another's judgment in regard to the inflection of voice that is most appropriate:—

RULE I. When the sense is finished the falling inflection takes place as, "Nothing valuable can be gained without labor'."

II. In a compact sentence, the voice slides up where the meaning begins to be formed; as, "Such is the course of nature', that whoever lives long, must outlive those whom he loves and honors."

There are many exceptions to this rule. For instance, when an emphatic word is contained in the first part of the compact sentence, the falling inflection takes place; as, "He is a traitor to his country', he is a traitor to the human kind', he is a traitor to Heaven', who abuses the talents which God has given him."

III. In a loose sentence, the falling inflection is required; as, "It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion; which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it."

IV. In a compound commencing series, the falling inflection takes place on every member but the last; as, "Our disordered hearts', our guilty passions', our violent prejudices', and misplaced desires', are the instruments of the trouble which we endure."

V. In a compound concluding series, the falling inflection takes place on every member except the one before the last; as, "Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are'; Spenser as we wish' them to be; Shakespeare as they would' be; and Milton as they ought' to be."

VI. In a series of commencing members forming a climax, the last member, being strongly emphatic, takes a fall instead of a rise; as, "A youth', a boy', a child', might understand it."

VII. Literal interrogations asked by pronouns or adverbs (or questions requiring an immediate answer) end with the falling inflection; as, "Where are you going'? What is your name'?" Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection, when a literal question is asked; as, "Are you coming'? Do you hear'?"

To these rules the exceptions are numerous, however. Emphasis breaks through them continually; as,—

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed"?
Was ever woman in this humor won'?"

VIII. The inflection which terminates an exclamation is regulated by the common rules of inflection. This rule is, of course, broken through by passion, which has slides and notes of its own. As a general rule it may be stated that exclamations of surprise and indignation take a rising slide in a loud tone; those of sorrow, distress, pity, and love, the rising slide in a gentle tone; and those of adoration, awe, and despair, the falling inflection.

IX. Any intermediate clause affecting the sense of the sentence (generally termed the modifying clause) is pronounced in a different key from that in which the rest of the sentence is spoken. As the intermediate words are frequently the pivot on which the sense of the sentence turns, the mind is directed to it by a change of voice. The voice sinks at the beginning of the clause, but rises gradually towards the conclusion; as, "Age, in a virtuous person", carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth."

X. The parenthesis is an intermediate clause, not necessary to the sense. It is pronounced in a different key from that in which the sentence is pronounced, in order to distinguish it from the body of the sentence; and it is pronounced more quickly, that the hearer may not be diverted by it into forgetting the connection of the sentence. It generally terminates with the inflection of the clause preceding it. When it contains a strongly emphatic word, the falling inflection is necessary:—

"Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man:
A mighty maze! but not without a plan."

XI. An echo, or the repetition of a word or thought introductory to some particulars, requires the high rising inflection, and a long pause after it. This is frequently the language of excitement; the mind recurs to the exciting idea, and acquires fresh intensity from the repetition of it; as, "Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give its sanction to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it?—Measures', my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing kingdom to scorn and contempt."

XII. When words are in contradistinction to other words, either expressed or understood, they are pronounced with emphatic force; when the contradistinction is not expressed, the emphasis must be strong, so as to suggest the word in contradistinction; as, "How beautiful is nature in her wildest scenes!" That, is not merely in her soft scenes, but even in her wildest scenes. "It is deplorable when age' thus errs." Not merely youth, but age.

XIII. A climax must be read or pronounced with the voice progressively ascending to the last member, accompanied with the increasing energy, animation, or pathos, corresponding with the nature of the subject.—

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls'; the front of Jove himself';
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command';
A station like the herald Mercury'',
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill';
A combination' and a form' indeed,
Where every god' did seem to set his seal'',
To give the world assurance of a man'."

RUSH'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE

DR. RUSH, whose "Philosophy of the Human Voice" presents the most minute and scientific analysis of the subject that has yet appeared, adopts an arrangement of the elementary sounds of our language into tonics, subtonics, atonics, and aspirates. He distinguishes the qualities of the voice under the following heads: The Orotund, which is fuller in volume than the common voice; the Tremor, the Aspiration, the Guttural, the Falsette, and the Whisper. The complex movement of the voice occasioned by the union of the rising and falling slides on the same long syllable he calls a wave. It is termed by Steele and Walker the circumflex accent. Dr. Rush illustrates the slides of the voice by reference to the Diatonic scale, consisting of a succession of eight sounds, either in an ascending or descending series, and embracing seven proximate intervals, five of which are tones, and two semitones. Each sound is called a note, and the changes of pitch from any one note to another are either discrete or concrete, and may be either rising or falling. Concrete changes of pitch are called slides; and of these movements there are appropriated to speech the slides through five different intervals, — the semitone, the second, the third, the fifth, and the octave. By a careful analysis of the speaking voice, Dr. Rush shows that its movements can be measured and set to the musical scale; and that, however various the combinations of these vocal movements may at first appear, they may readily be reduced to six, called phrases of melody. These are the monotone, the rising and falling ditone, the rising and falling tritone, and the alternate phrase. By a more careful analysis, we ascertain that some of the simpler styles of delivery take their character from the predominance of some one of these phrases of melody. Thus we have the diatonic melody, the melody of the monotone, of the alternate phrase, and of the cadence; and to these are added the chromatic melody, which arises from the predominance of the semitone and the broken melody.

INSUFFICIENCY OF ARBITRARY SYSTEMS OF ELOCUTION

IT WOULD be impossible, in the space we have given to the subject, to do justice to any one of these ingenious analyses; and it would be quite unprofitable to enumerate the many systems that have been deduced from them up to the present time. The important question is, do they establish, severally or collectively, a positive science of elocution, which will justify the pupil in laboring to master it in its details, and to accomplish himself according to its rules of practice? We believe there are very few students who have given much time and attention to the subject who will not render a negative reply. The shades of expression in language are often so delicate and undistinguishable that intonation will inevitably vary according to the temperament of the speaker, his appreciation of the sense, and the intensity with which he enters into the spirit of what he utters. It is impossible to establish rules of mathematical precision for utterance any more than for dancing. Take the first line of Mark Antony's harangue: —

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

An ingenious speaker will give, at one time, the falling inflection and at another the rising, to the word "countrymen," and both modes shall seem equally expressive and appropriate. Nay, he will at one moment place the chief stress upon "lend" and the next upon "ears," and he will make either mode of rendering the verse

appear appropriate and expressive. We do not deny that there are passages in regard to which there can be little doubt as to the inflection and emphasis to be employed; but these are precisely the passages in reference to which rules are not needed, so obvious is the sense to every intelligent reader, and so unerringly does nature guide us.

"Probably not a single instance," says Archbishop Whately, "could be found of any one who has attained, by the study of any system of instruction that has appeared, a really good delivery; but there are many—probably nearly as many as have fully tried the experiment—who have by this means been totally spoiled." There is one principle, he says, radically erroneous, which must vitiate every system founded on it,—the principle, "that, in order to acquire the best style of delivery, it is requisite to study analytically the emphasis, tones, pauses, degrees of loudness, etc., which give the proper effect to each passage that is well delivered; to frame rules founded on the observation of these, and then, in practice, deliberately and carefully to conform the utterance to these rules, so as to form a complete artificial system of elocution." "To the adoption of any such artificial scheme there are three weighty objections: First, that the proposed system must necessarily be imperfect; secondly, that if it were perfect, it would be a circuitous path to the object in view; and, thirdly, that even if both these objections were removed, the object would not be effectually obtained."

The first of those objections, which is not denied by the most strenuous advocates of the artificial systems, would seem to be all-sufficient. Any number of rules must needs leave the subject incomplete, inasmuch as the analysis of sentences, in their structure, and their relations to vocal inflection, may be carried to almost any extent. Few rules can be laid down to which many unforeseen exceptions cannot be made. Mr. Walker, in his "Rhetorical Grammar," published some years after his "Elements of Elocution" had been before the public, admits the practical failure of the systems founded on his analysis. "The sanguine expectations I had once entertained," he says, "that this 'Analysis of the Human Voice' would be received by the learned with avidity, are now over." And, his imagination kindling at a ray of hope, he adds: "It is not improbable that the active genius of the French, who are so remarkably attentive to their language, may first adopt this vehicle" of instruction in reading and speaking. But more than forty years have passed since this suggestion was thrown out; and the French, so quick to adopt improvements based on scientific analysis, have been as backward as Walker's own countrymen in applying to practical uses his discovery. But although the science of Europe has weighed these artificial systems in the balance, and found them wanting for practical purposes of instruction, the hope seems to be entertained that Young America will not yet a while concur in the judgment.

"It is surely a circuitous path," says Archbishop Whately, "when the learner is directed first to consider how each passage ought to be read (that is, what mode of delivering each part of it would spontaneously occur to him, if he were attending exclusively to the matter of it); then to observe all the modulations, etc., of voice, which take place in such a delivery; then to note these down, by established marks, in writing; and, lastly, to pronounce according to these marks." "Such instruction is like that bestowed by Molière's pedantic tutor upon his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who was taught, to his infinite surprise and delight, what configurations of the mouth he employed in pronouncing the several letters of the alphabet, which he had been accustomed to utter, all his life, without knowing how."

The labors of Steele, Walker, and Rush are important, and their analyses of vocal expression may always be studied with profit. But the attempt to establish a

practical system of elocutionary rules, which may be a consistent and reliable guide to the pupil in reading aloud and in declamation, has been continually baffled. The subject is not one that, in its nature, admits of a resolution into rigid analytical rules. Thought and language being as various as the minds of men, the inflections of the human voice must partake of their plastic quality; and passion and genuine emotion must break through all the rules which theorists can frame. Anatomy is a curious and a profitable study; but what if we were to tell the pugilist that, in order to give a blow with due effect, he ought to know how the muscles depend for their powers of contraction and relaxation on the nerves, and how the nerves issue from the brain and the spinal marrow, with similar facts, requiring, perhaps, a lifetime of study for their proper comprehension, — would he not laugh at us for our advice? And yet, even more unreasonable is it to say, that, to accomplish ourselves in reading and speaking, we must be able to classify a sentence under the head of "loose" or "compact," and their subdivisions, and then to glibly enunciate it according to some arbitrary rule, to which, the probability is, there are many unsurmised exceptions. When Edmund Kean thrilled the heart of a great audience with the tones of indescribable pathos which he imparted to the words, —

"Othello's occupation's gone,"

it would have puzzled him to tell whether the sentence was a "simple declarative" or an "imperfect loose." He knew as little of "intensive slides," "bends," "sweeps," and "closes," as Cribb, the boxer, did of osteology. He studied the intonation which most touched his own heart; and he gave it, reckless of rules, or, rather, guided by that paramount rule, which seeks the highest triumphs of art in elocution in the most genuine utterances of nature.

Attention is the secret of success in speaking, as in other departments of human effort. Sir Isaac Newton was one day asked how he had discovered the true system of the universe. He replied, "By continually thinking upon it." He was frequently heard to declare that, "if he had done the world any services, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought; that he kept the subject under consideration constantly before him, and waited till the first dawning opened gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light." Attention to the meaning and full effect of what we utter in declamation will guide us, better than any system of marks, in a right disposition of emphasis and inflection. By attention, bad habits are detected and repudiated, and happy graces are seized and adopted. Demosthenes had a habit of raising one shoulder when he spoke. He corrected it by suspending a sword, so that the point would pierce the offending member when unduly elevated. He had a defective utterance, and this he amended by practicing declamation with pebbles in his mouth.


Practice in elocution, under the guidance, if possible, of an intelligent instructor, will lead to more solid results than the most devoted endeavors to learn, by written rules, what is above all human attempt at "circumscription and confine." Possess your mind fully with the spirit of what you have to utter, and the right utterance will come by practice. If it be a political speech of a remarkable character, acquaint yourself with the circumstances under which it was originally uttered; with the history and peculiarities of the speaker; and with the interests which were at stake at the time. Enter, with all the warmth of your imaginative faculty, into the speaker's feelings; lose yourself in the occasion; let his words be stamped on your memory; and do not tire in repeating them aloud, with such action and emphasis as attention will suggest and improve, until you have acquired that facility in the utterance which is essential to an effective

delivery before an audience. It it be a poem which you have to recite, study to partake the enthusiasm which the author felt in the composition. Let the poetical element in your nature be aroused, and give it full play in the utterance of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The practice of frequent public declamation in schools cannot be too much commended. The advantages of such training, if not immediate, will be recognized later in life. In awakening attention, inspiring confidence, acquainting the pupil with the selectest models of oratory, compelling him to try his voice before an audience, and impressing him with a sense of the importance of elocutionary culture, the benefits which accrue from these exercises are inestimable. The late John Quincy Adams used to trace to his simple habit of reciting, in obedience to his father, Collins's little ode, "How Sleep the Brave," etc., the germ of a patriotic inspiration, the effects of which he felt throughout his public career, together with the early culture of a taste for elocution, which was of great influence in shaping his future pursuits.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY

(1813 -)

 JOEL TYLER HEADLEY, a well-known American writer, was born in Delaware County, New York, December 30th, 1813. He wrote a "Life of Washington" and "The Great Rebellion," but he is best known for his "Napoleon and His Marshals," a work which has passed through many editions. His essay on "The Rise and Fall of Eloquence in the French Revolution" first appeared as an Introduction to the American edition of Cormenin's "Orators of France."

AN ESSAY ON THE RISE AND FALL OF ELOQUENCE IN THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE end of all eloquence is to sway men. It is, therefore, bound by no arbitrary rules of diction or style, formed on no specific models, and governed by no edicts of self-selected judges. It is true, there are degrees of eloquence, and equal success does not imply equal excellence. That which is adapted to sway the strongest minds of an enlightened age ought to be esteemed the most perfect, and, doubtless, should be the gauge by which to test the abstract excellence of all oratory. But every nation has its peculiar temperament and tastes, which must be regarded in making up our judgments. Indeed, the language itself of different countries compels a widely different style and manner. To the cold and immobile Englishman, the eloquence of Italy appears like frothy declamation; while to the latter, the passionless manner and naked argument of the former, seem tame and commonplace. No man of sense would harangue the French, with their volatile feelings and love of scenic effect, in the same manner he would the Dutch, their neighbors. A similar contrast often exists in the same nation. He who could chain a Boston audience by the depth and originality of his philosophy, might be esteemed a dreamer in the far West. Colonel Crockett and Mr. Emerson would be very unequal candidates for fame amid our frontier population. A similar though not so striking a contrast exists between the North and South. A speech, best adapted to win the attention of a mixed southern assembly, would be regarded too ornamental, nay, perhaps, meretricious by one in New England. The warm blood of a southern clime will bear richer ornament and more imaginative style, than the calculating style of spirit of a northern man. The same law of adaptation must be consulted in the changes of feeling and taste that come over the same people. Once our forefathers liked the stern, unadorned old Saxon in which the Bible is written, and which characterized the sturdy English divines. A few years passed by, and the classic era, as it was called, came,—that is, a preference of Latin-derived words to Saxon, or of harmony to strength. Johnson's lofty diction threw Cicero's high-sounding sentences into the shade, and Addison's faultless elegance became to language what miniature painting is to the art of painting itself. At length

another generation came, and the strong, energetic style of Macaulay, or the equally strong but uncouth sentences of Carlyle, and the concentration of Brougham, shoved the English classics from the stage. Now the man who sighs over this departure from classic models, and prates of corrupt English, shows himself shallow both in intellect and philosophy. Let him mourn over the new spirit that has seized the world,—there lies the root of the evil, if there be any. Men at auction now-a-days will not talk as Dr. Johnson did in the sale of Thrane's brewery,—nor in the present earnestness, nay, eagerness of human thought and feeling, will the fiery Saxon heart sacrifice vigor to beauty,—directness to harmony. He is a good writer who embodies in his works the soul and spirit of the times in which he lives, provided they are worth embodying,—and the common sympathy of the great mass is sounder criticism by far than the rules of mere scholars, who, buried up in their formulas, cannot speak so as to arrest the attention or move the heart.

Adaptation without degeneracy is the great law to be followed.

If the speech of Patrick Henry before the house of delegates had been made when the Stamp Act first began to be discussed, it would have been considered foolish bluster; but delivered at the very moment when the national heart was on fire, and needed but a touch to kindle it into a blaze, it was the perfection of eloquence. So, the speech that Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of Ephraim Macbriar, on one of the successful battlefields of the Covenanters, is in itself a piece of wild declamation, but in the circumstances under which it was delivered, and to secure the object in view, the truest oratory. As the young preacher stood, pale with watchings and fastings and long imprisonment, and cast his faded eye over the field of slaughter, and over those brave men whose brows were yet unbent from the strife, he knew that reason and argument would be lost in the swelling passions that panted for action, and he burst forth into a harangue that thrilled every heart, and sent every hand to its sword; and when he closed, those persecuted men "would have rushed to battle as to a banquet, and embraced death with rapture."

When the national heart is heaving with excitement, he who would control its pulsations and direct its energies, must speak in the language of enthusiasm. The power of an orator lies in the sympathy between him and the people. This is the chord which binds heart to heart, and when it is struck, thousands burst into tears or rouse into passion, like a single individual.

If these principles be true, it is necessary to throw ourselves into the scenes of the French Revolution, in order to judge correctly of the orators who controlled it. The Duke of Wellington, addressing the English army in India in the language Bonaparte used to his troops at the base of the Pyramids, would be guilty of ridiculous bombast; but in the mouth of the latter, and to such men as followed his standard, it exhibited the true orator. Nelson saying to his crew before the battle of Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," and Cromwell reading the Psalms of David to his steel-clad Ironsides before the battle of Naseby, present a widely different appearance, but show equal skill and art.

In ordinary times, there are three great departments of oratory: the bar, the parliament, and the pulpit. The latter, no doubt, ought to take the highest rank. With three worlds for a field from which to gather thoughts, images, and motives to action,—with the soul of man, its hopes, fears, and sympathies, and awful destiny its theme,—it embraces all that is great and fearful and commanding. But in Catholic countries it has sunk into neglect. Hooded over and fettered by superstition, and wrapped in endless forms, its power is lost. This country is fast following in their footsteps. Inspiration is gone, enthusiasm derided or shunned, and good, plain instruction has usurped the place of eloquence.

In the legislative hall, powerful appeals to the feelings are dangerous, for the watchful eye of opposition is ever ready to make bathos of pathos. At the bar, oratory is apt to become mere acting. The habit of taking any side and advocating directly opposite principles, destroys the earnestness of sincere feeling, and compels the pleader to resort to art for success. Like a fine actor, he must study the hearts of others, and not trust to his own impulses, if he would awaken sympathy.

But the advocate and the divine disappeared in the French Revolution, and the press and legislative hall were the media through which the soul of the nation uttered itself.

The convention of the States-General and final organization of the National Assembly, fixed irretrievably the French Revolution. The deputies of the people, assembled from every quarter of France, found themselves at the outset in collision with the throne and aristocracy. The nation was to be saved from the famine and distress and bankruptcy, which threatened to overthrow it; and they boldly entered on the task. They had not come together to speak, but to act. Met at every turn by a corrupt court and nobility, they found themselves compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of civil liberty. But facts were more potent than words, and it needed only an eloquent tongue in order to bind the Assembly together and encourage it to put forth those acts which the welfare of the nation demanded.

It was not easy at once to destroy reverence for the throne and set at naught royal authority, yet the reformations which the state of the kingdom rendered imperative would do both. Right onward must this National Assembly move, or France be lost! To carry it thus forward, united, strong, and bold, one all-powerful tongue was sufficient; and the great orator of the Assembly was Mirabeau. At the outset, hurling mingled defiance and scorn both on the nobility, from which he had been excluded, and the king, who thought to intimidate the deputies, he inspired the *Tiers-État* with his own boldness. No matter what vacillation or fears might agitate the members, when his voice of thunder shook the hall in which they sat, every heart grew determined and resolute. With his bushy black hair standing on end and his eye flashing fire, he became at once the hope of the people and the terror of the aristocracy. Incoherent and unwieldy in the commencement of his speech, steady and strong when fairly under motion, he carried resistless power in his appeals. As a huge ship in a dead calm rolls and rocks on the heavy swell, but the moment the wind fills its sails stretches proudly away, throwing the foam from its front, so he tossed irregular and blind upon the sea of thought until caught by the breath of passion, when he moved majestically, irresistibly onward.

The Constituent Assembly of France sat from 1789 to 1799. The overthrow of the Bastille and triumph of the people frightened the nobility so that they fled in crowds from France. Hitherto they had constituted the opposition against which the deputies of the people had to struggle. After their flight, there being no longer an opposition, the deputies naturally split into two parties among themselves. The Girondists were at first the republicans and demanded a government founded on the principles of the ancient republics; but a faction springing up more radical than their own and pushing the state towards anarchy, they became conservatives. In the meantime, Mirabeau, full of forebodings, died.

This Assembly, however, lasted but nine months, for the revolt of the tenth of August came; the Tuileries ran blood, and the Bourbon dynasty closed. The Legislative Assembly then changed itself into the Convention, and the great

struggle between the Girondists and Jacobins commenced. It was a life and death struggle, and all the mental powers of these two bodies were brought to the task. The Girondists embraced in their number some of the finest orators France has ever produced. They were the philosophers of the Revolution, ever talking of Greece and Rome, and fondly dreaming that the glorious days of those ancient republics could be recalled. Their eloquence had given immense popularity to the Revolution and hastened it on. Grand and generous in their plans, they filled the imaginations of the people with beautiful but unreal forms. But while they were thus speaking of Catiline and Cicero, and Brutus and Cæsar, and the heroes of Greece, the Jacobins were talking of aristocrats in Paris, and arousing the passions rather than exciting the imaginations of men.

There could be no combination of circumstances better adapted to call forth the spirit and power of the nation, than that in which France now found herself. The fall of the throne, and sudden rising of a republic in its place; the removal of all those restraints which had for ages fettered thought; the terrific events that had just passed, and the still more terrible ones at the door; the vast field opened at once to the untried powers; the dark and troubled sea rolling around this phantom republic, blazing with artificial light; nay, the excited soul itself,—called on man trumpet-tongued to give his greatest utterance. Into this new freedom the emancipated spirit stepped with a bewildered look, and stretching forth its arms, giant-like, made everything hitherto stable and steady, rock and shake on its ancient foundations. Never before was the human mind roused to such intense action, and never did it work with such fearful rapidity and awful power. The hall of the National Convention became the theatre of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in a legislative body. The terrible struggle between ancient despotism and young and fierce democracy had closed, and the throne gone down in the tumult. The elements which had been gathering into strength for ages; the swell which had not been born of a sudden gust of passion, but came sweeping from the realms of antiquity had burst, and there lay the fragments of a strong monarchy,—the splendid wreck of a system hoary with age and rich with the fruits of oppression. Into this chaos the soul of France was cast, and began to work out its own ends. In the meantime, Europe, affrighted at the apparition of a new republic rising in its midst, based on fallen kingship, moved to arms, and trusted, with one fell blow, to overthrow it. All the great interests of life, everything that kindles feeling and passion, awakens thought and stimulates to action, were here gathered together; and no wonder the genius of France burst forth with astonishing splendor! Grecian art and learning were the offspring of the struggle between the young republic of Greece and Persian despotism; and out of the desperate resistance of early Rome to the efforts put forth for her overthrow, sprung that power which finally overshadowed the earth; while from our own Revolution emerged the spirit of enterprise of which the history of the race furnishes no parallel, and those principles destined to make the tour of the world.

But if the French Revolution gave birth to grand displays of genius and intellect, it also furnished exhibitions of human depravity and ferocity never before equaled.

The chief leaders that entered this great arena were Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Varennes, St. Just, and Collot d'Herbois, on the side of the Radicals, or Mountain; Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonne, Lanjuinais, Roland, Barba-rous, Louvet and others, on that of the Girondists. The collision between these noble and eloquent men on the one side, and those dark, intriguing, desperate characters on the other, produced the finest specimens of oratory ever witnessed in

France. Vergniaud, generous and noble,—too good to believe in the irredeemable depravity of his adversaries,—was the most eloquent speaker that ever mounted the tribune of the French Assembly. Carried away by no passion,—not torrent-like, broken and fragmentary, as Mirabeau,—but like a deep and majestic stream he moved steadily onward, pouring forth his rich and harmonious sentences in strains of impassioned eloquence. At the trial of Louis his speech thrilled both Jacobins and Conservatives with electric power. On the occasion of the failure of the first conspiracy of the Jacobins against the Girondists he addressed the Convention, and in his speech occurred the following remarkable words: "We march from crimes to amnesties and from amnesties to crimes. The great body of citizens are so blinded by their frequent occurrence that they confound these seditious disturbances with the grand national movement in favor of freedom; regard the violence of brigands as the efforts of energetic minds, and consider robbery itself as indispensable to public safety. You are free, say they; but unless you think like us we will denounce you as victims to the vengeance of the people. You are free; but unless you join us in persecuting those whose probity or talents we dread, we will abandon you to their fury. Citizens, there is too much room to dread that the Revolution, like Saturn, will necessarily devour all its progeny, and finally leave only despotism, with all the calamities which it produces." A prophecy which soon proved true, and he was among the first of those children which the Revolution, Saturn-like, devoured. Thrown into prison with his compatriots, he finally underwent the farce of a trial and was sentenced to the guillotine. His friends had secretly provided him with poison, by which he could escape the ignominy of the scaffold and die a sudden and easy death. But he nobly refused to take it, preferring to suffer with his friends. On the last night of his life he addressed his fellow-prisoners on the sad fate of the French republic. He spoke of its expiring liberty, of the bright hopes soon to be extinguished in blood, of the terrible scenes before their beloved country, in terms that made the doomed victims forget their approaching fate. Never before did those gloomy walls ring to such thrilling words. Carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings and the picture that rose before his excited imagination, he poured forth such strains of impassioned eloquence that they all fell in tears in each others arms.

Louvet was bold and energetic, hurling his accusations against Marat and Robespierre with equal daring and power. When the latter, wincing under the implied charges conveyed by Roland in a speech before the Convention, mounted the tribune, and exclaimed: "No one will dare accuse me to my face," Louvet rose to his feet, and, fixing on him a steady eye, said, in a firm voice: "I am he who accuses you; yes, Robespierre, I accuse you." He then went on in a strain of fervid eloquence, following Robespierre, as Cicero did Catiline, in all his devious ways,—to the Jacobin club, to the municipal authorities and the Assembly, ever vaunting of his services, exciting the people to massacre, and spreading terror and death on every side,—and closed up with "the glory of the revolt of the tenth of August is common to all, but the glory of the massacres of September belongs to you; on you and your associates may they rest forever."

After the revolution which overthrew the Girondists he fled to the mountains of Jura, and wandered for months amid their solitudes and caverns, pondering over the strange scenes through which he had passed.

Guadet was full of spirit,—seizing with the intuition of genius the changes of the stormy Convention and molding it to his purpose. He died with the firmness of an old Roman on the scaffold.

Barbaroux was fiery, prompt, and penetrating. Foreseeing clearly the course of the Jacobins, he strove manfully to crush them, and would have succeeded had

he been sustained by his friends. On that last terrible day to the Girondists, when eighty thousand armed men stood arrayed in dark columns around the hall of the Convention, and a hundred and sixty pieces of artillery were slowly advancing with lighted matches trembling above them, and the tocsin was sounding and generale beating, and cannon thundering in the distance, and the Convention tossing like a shattered vessel in a storm, he rose, and sending his fearless voice over the tempest, exclaimed: "I have sworn to die at my post; I will keep my oath. Bend, if you please, before the municipality,—you who refused to arrest their wickedness; or else imitate us whom their fury immediately demands,—wait and brave their fury. You may compel me to sink under their daggers; you shall not make me fall at their feet."

Roland, clear and truthful; Gensonne, firm, resolute, and decided; Lanjuinais, intrepid, and fearless, lifting his voice, even when dragged by violence from the tribune; Brissot and Buzot helped to complete this galaxy of noble and eloquent men.

On the other hand, Robespierre combated these bursts of eloquence by his daring plans, insinuating, yet energetic discourse, his terse, vigorous sentences, and his character as a patriot. Danton was like a roused lion, and his voice of thunder fell with startling power on the Convention. Once, when he heard the tocsin sounding and cannon roaring, he said all that is required is "boldness, boldness, boldness!" and this, with his relentless severity, was the secret of his strength. Marat, with the face of a monster and the heart of a fiend, had that art, or rather ferocity, which appeals to hate, murder, and revenge. With such energetic, powerful minds locked in mortal combat, no wonder there were bursts of unsurpassed eloquence, thrilling appeals, noble devotion, such as never before shook a parliament. The fact that the Legislative Assembly constituted one body, thus keeping the exciting topics of this most exciting time ever revolving in its midst, conspired to give greater intensity to the feelings, and preserve that close and fierce collision from which fire is always struck. In halls of legislation the eloquence of feeling, the spontaneous outbursts of passion, constituting the highest kind of impassioned oratory, are seldom witnessed. But here the impulses were not restrained; each uttered what he felt, and that lofty daring which will of itself create genius, characterized the leaders.

But when the Jacobins through their appeals to the passions, triumphed, and the Girondists were dispersed or executed, the eloquence or the Convention departed forever. In the Reign of Terror, Danton was the chief orator, but action, action was wanted more than speeches. To awe, to terrify, to crush, was now the task of the Convention, and it went on destroying with a blind fury until at last it began to destroy itself. At length it turned fiercely on Danton, its head, and that voice, after uttering its last challenge, hurling its scorn and last curse, was hushed by the guillotine. Robespierre soon followed, and the yell of terror he gave on the scaffold, as the bandage was torn from his maimed jaw, letting it fall on his breast, was the last time his tongue froze the hearts of the people with fear.

The Revolution now began to retrograde, and the French mind, which had been so terribly excited, for awhile stood paralyzed, and the tongue was dumb. Nothing shows the difference between the two nations, France and England, more clearly than the contrast this Revolution presented to that of the English under Cromwell. In both the commons of the people came in collision with the throne, and conquered. In both the king perished on the scaffold, and the parliament seized supreme power. Yet in the one case no atrocity marked the progress of freedom,—even civil law remained in full force amid the tumult and violence before which the royal dynasty disappeared. The minds of the two nations are as

different as the progress and results of the two revolutions. The French, excitable and imaginative, no sooner seize a theory than they push it to the extremest limit. Enthusiasm and hope guide the movement, while reason and conscience control the passions of the English people. One dreams, the other thinks; hence to the former, eloquence which appeals to the imagination and feelings is the truest and the best. The *Tiers-État*, now assembled in Berlin, will not move on to freedom as did that of France. The Germans are more sober, reflecting, and cautious. This fact should be kept in mind in reading the speeches of French orators. Those things which would be extravagances to an English or Dutch, are not to a French, parliament. Bursts of sentiment which would draw tears from the latter, would provoke a smile of incredulity or derision in the former. The mathematician and the poet are to be moved by different appeals.

Under the Directory there was but little display of eloquence, and scarcely none at all under the Empire. When Bonaparte mounted to supreme power, he wished to be the only speaker, as he was the only actor, in France. He established the strictest censorship both over the press and the tongue, and men dared not speak, except to echo him. If France was amazed at the disappearance of the throne and aristocracy, and sudden rising of a republic, with all its blinding, dazzling light, in their place, she was no less so at the vast empire that sprung up so rapidly at the touch of Napoleon. Men spoke no more of Greece or of Rome, except to hint at Cæsar and his legions. "Rights of the people," "freedom of the press and speech," and all those spell-words by which the revolutionary leaders had gained power were forgotten, and the "glory of France" absorbed every other thought. To this boundless enthusiasm Napoleon knew how to address himself, and became at once the greatest military orator of the world. In any other time, and to any other army, his speeches would have been mere declamation, but taking both into consideration they are models of oratory. He could speak with power, for his actions were eloquent, and stirred the heart of France to its core.

The Restoration brought a great change over the parliament of France. From a constitutional monarchy she had passed into a free republic, thence into the rudest anarchy that ever shook the world, thence into a vast and glorious empire, and now, fallen, exhausted, and bewildered, sunk back into the arms of a Bourbon. And when the representatives of the people again assembled, there were delegates from all these great epochs; royalist emigrants, filled more than ever with the idea of the divine right of kings; old soldiers from Napoleon's victorious armies, still dreaming of glory, and ardent republicans, who would not, for all that had passed, abandon their liberal principles.

The new Parliament at length settled down into three political parties,—the Legitimists, who revered kingship, and prated constantly of the throne and its prerogatives, and the aristocracy and its privileges,—the Constitutionals, or those who wished to establish the supremacy of the parliament balanced by royal authority and other powers, as in England,—and the Liberals. These discordant elements brought to the surface a group of statesmen and orators as different in their views and opinions as if they had been men of different ages of the world. The Liberalists constituted the opposition, and numbered among its leaders, Manuel, General Foy, Benjamin Constant, Lafitte, Bignon, Casimir-Périer, and others. Under Charles X. it was a struggle of reason against blind devotion to old rules and forms. At length the last gave way; Charles X. was compelled to abdicate, and the Revolution of 1830 introduced a new order of things, which still continues.


It is useless to speak of the present Parliament of France. Like the American Congress, or the British Parliament, it is governed by the spirit of the politician, rather than the elevated views of the statesman, or the devotion of the patriot.

Between the different parties it is a struggle of tactics rather than of intellect; votes are carried, and changes wrought, more by the power of machinery than the power of truth or eloquence. The Chamber of Peers is almost a nullity, while over that of the Deputies the politic Louis Philippe holds a strong and steady hand. Guizot and Thiers have occupied the most prominent place in the public eye, under the present dynasty. But the strategy of parliaments is now of more consequence and interest than their speeches, for management is found to secure votes better than they. This is natural; in unexciting times everything assumes a business form and is conducted on business principles, and commerce, and finance, and tariff, and trade, are not calculated to develop the powers of the orator or call forth the highest kind of eloquence.

From the American edition of Cormenin's
"Orators of France."

HENRY WARD BEECHER

(1813-1887)

ENRY WARD BEECHER, one of the most remarkable pulpit orators of the nineteenth century, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 2d, 1813. After completing his studies at Amherst College and Lane Theological Seminary he began his professional career as pastor of a church at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. From that town he removed successively to Indianapolis (1839) and to Brooklyn (1847). His great reputation as a pulpit orator was made as pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, where he remained until his death, March 8th, 1887. He wrote on many subjects. Among his best books are his "Star Papers" and his "Lectures to Young Men." On May 29th, 1876, he delivered, before the National School of Elocution and Oratory, at its third annual commencement (Philadelphia) an address on "Oratory," which has been republished and widely circulated. The extract here made is by permission from the copyrighted text of the Penn Publishing Company (Philadelphia, 1893).

HOW TO BECOME AN ORATOR

IN REGARD to the training of the orator, it should begin in boyhood, and should be part and parcel of the lessons of the school. Grace; posture; force of manner; the training of the eye, that it may look at men and pierce them, and smile upon them, and bring summer to them, and call down storms and winter upon them; the development of the hand, that it may wield the sceptre, or beckon with sweet persuasion,—these things do not come artificially; they belong to man. Why, men think that nature means that which lies back of culture. Then you ought never to have departed from babyhood; for that is the only nature you had to begin with. But is nature the acorn forever? Is not the oak nature? Is not that which comes from the seed the best representation of the divine conception of the seed? And as men we are seeds. Culture is but planting them and training them according to their several natures; and nowhere is training nobler than in preparing the orator for the great work to which he educates himself,—the elevation of his kind, through truth, through earnestness, through beauty, through every divine influence.

But it is said that the times are changing, and that we ought not to attempt to meddle with that which God has provided for. Say men, "The truth is before you; there is your Bible; go preach the word of God." Well, if you are not to meddle with what God has provided for, why was not the Bible sent instead of you? You were sent because the very object of a preacher was to give the truth a living form and not have it lie in the dead letter. As to its simplicity and as to its beauty, I confute you with your own doctrine; for, as I read the sacred text,

it is, "Adorn the doctrine of God our Savior." We are to make it beautiful. There are times when we cannot do it. There are times for the scalpel, there are times for the sword, and there are times for the battle-ax; but these are exceptional. "Let everyone of us please his neighbor for his good to edification" is a standing command, and we are to take the truth of every kind, and, if possible, bring it in its summer guise to men.

But it is said, "Our greatest orators have not been trained." How do you know? It may be that Patrick Henry went crying in the wilderness of poor speakers, without any great training; I will admit that now and then there are gifts so eminent and so impetuous that they break through ordinary necessities; but even Patrick Henry was eloquent only under great pressure; and there remain the results of only one or two of his efforts. Daniel Webster is supposed in many respects to have been the greatest American orator of his time; but there never lived a man who was so studious of everything he did, even to the buttons on his coat, as Daniel Webster. Henry Clay was prominent as an orator, but though he was not a man of the schools, he was a man who schooled himself; and by his own thought and taste and sense of that which was fitting and beautiful, he became, through culture, an accomplished orator.

If you go from our land to other lands; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times who lived in the intellect; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls,—Demosthenes and Cicero—they represent a life of work.

Not until Michael Angelo had been the servant and the slave of matter did he learn to control matter; and not until he had drilled and drilled and drilled himself were his touches free and easy as the breath of summer, and full of color as the summer itself. Not until Raphael had subdued himself by color was he the crowning artist of beauty. You shall not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art, nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts, whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

It is said, furthermore, that oratory is one of the lost arts. I have heard it said that our struggles brought forth not one prominent orator. This fact reveals a law which has been overlooked, namely, that aristocracy diminishes the number of great men, and makes the few so much greater than the average that they stand up like the pyramids in the deserts of Egypt; whereas, democracy distributes the resources of society and brings up the whole mass of the people, so that under a democratic government great men never stand so high above the average as they do when society has a level far below them. Let building go up on building around about the tallest spire in this city and you dwarf the spire, though it stand as high as heaven, because everything by which it is surrounded has risen higher.

Now, throughout our whole land there was more eloquence during our struggles than there was previously; but it was in far more mouths. It was distributed. There was in the mass of men a higher method of speaking, a greater power in addressing their fellow-men; and, though single men were not so prominent as they would have been under other circumstances, the reason is one for which we should be grateful. There were more men at a higher average, though there were fewer men at an extreme altitude.

Then it is said that books, and especially newspapers, are to take the place of the living voice. Never! never! The miracle of modern times, in one respect, is

the press; to it is given a wide field and a wonderful work; and when it shall be clothed with all the moral inspirations, with all the ineffable graces, that come from simplicity and honesty and conviction, it will have a work second almost to none other in the land. Like the light, it carries knowledge every day round the globe. What is done at St. Paul's in the morning is known, or ever half the day has run round, in Wall Street, New York. What is done in New York at the rising of the sun, is, before the noontide hour known in California. By the power of the wire, and of the swift-following engine, the papers spread at large vast quantities of information before myriad readers throughout the country; but the office of the papers is simply to convey information. They cannot plant it. They cannot open the soil and put it into the furrow. They cannot enforce it. It is given only to the living man, standing before men with the seed of knowledge in his hand, to open the furrows in the living souls of men, and sow the seed, and cover the furrows again. Not until human nature is other than it is, will the function of the living voice—the greatest force on earth among men—cease. Not until then will the orator be useless, who brings to his aid all that is fervid in feeling; who incarnates in himself the truth; who is for the hour the living reason, as well as the reasoner; who is for the moment the moral sense; who carries in himself the importunity and the urgency of zeal; who brings his influence to bear upon men in various ways; who adapts himself continually to the changing conditions of the men that are before him; who plies them by softness and by hardness, by light and by darkness, by hope and by fear; who stimulates them or represses them at his will. Nor is there, let me say, on God's footstool, anything so crowned and so regal as the sensation of one who faces an audience in a worthy cause, and with amplitude of means, and defies them, fights them, controls them, conquers them.

Great is the advance of civilization; mighty are the engines of force, but man is greater than that which he produces. Vast is that machine which stands in the dark unconsciously lifting, lifting,—the only humane slave—the iron slave—the Corliss engine; but he that made the engine is greater than the engine itself. Wonderful is the skill by which that most exquisite mechanism of modern life, the watch is constructed, but greater is the man that made the watch than the watch that is made. Great is the press, great are the hundred instrumentalities and institutions and customs of society; but above them all is man. The living force is greater than any of its creations,—greater than society, greater than its laws. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," saith the Lord. Man is greater than his own institutions. And this living force is worthy of all culture,—of all culture in the power of beauty; of all culture in the direction of persuasion; of all culture in the art of reasoning.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts,—winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better—let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

From "Oratory," by Henry Ward Beecher. By permission of the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

HERBERT SPENCER

(1820 -)

EVERYTHING said by Spencer in his celebrated essay on "The Philosophy of Style" applies to eloquence in speaking as aptly as it does to correct expression in writing. It is a philosophical analysis of the principles which govern the mind in its attempts to express its own ideas and to comprehend the expression of the ideas of others.

Its author, one of the greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century, was born at Derby, England, April 27th, 1820. His father, who was a school-master at Derby, educated him carefully, and, in 1837, "articled" him to a civil engineer. A few years later, however, the future philosopher gave up engineering for literature, to which his life has been devoted. "The Philosophy of Style," which is one of the most noted of his essays, appeared in 1882, and two years later he published "The Man Versus the State," a work which is characteristic of his political individualism. Among other widely read books written by him are, "The Data of Ethics," "The Principles of Biology," "The Principles of Sociology," "Justice," "Progress, Its Law and Cause," etc.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE

THE PRINCIPLE OF ECONOMY APPLIED TO WORDS

COMMENTING on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says: "It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes, nor is essential to, a good reasoner, is doubtless true. Thus, too, it is with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks: "Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit, not rules." Similarly, there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws, than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear, will go far towards making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences, will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy; where there is a deficient verbal memory, or an adequate sense of logical dependence, or but little perception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity, no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, some practical result may be expected from a familiarity

with the principles of style. The endeavor to conform to laws may tell, though slowly. And if in no other way, yet, as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved, a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty, and what a blemish, cannot fail to be of service.

No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims contained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganized form. Standing as isolated dogmas,—as empirical generalizations,—they are neither so clearly apprehended, nor so much respected, as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that “brevity is the soul of wit.” We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence “interrupts the description and clogs the image”; and again, that “long sentences fatigue the reader’s attention.” It is remarked by Lord Kames, that “to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure.” That parentheses should be avoided, and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin, are established precepts. But, however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influential if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the why. And we may be sure that a comprehension of the general principle from which the rules of composition result, will not only bring them home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see shadowed forth in many of them the importance of economizing the reader’s or hearer’s attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort, is the desideratum towards which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy, or confused, or intricate; when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing, we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged in its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him, requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested, requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realizing the thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will that idea be conceived.

How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs. To say, “Leave the room,” is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, “Do not speak.” A beck of the hand is better than, “Come here.” No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again, it may be remarked that when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, where custom allows us to express thoughts by single words, as in “beware,” “heigho,” “fudge,” much force would be lost by expanding them into specific propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think that in all cases the

friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that in composition the chief, if not the sole thing to be done, is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us, then, inquire whether economy of the recipient's attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and even in the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

The greater forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason—economy. The most important of them is early association. A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, "I have," not "I possess"; "I wish," not "I desire"; he does not reflect, he thinks; he does not beg for amusement, but for play; he calls things nice or nasty, not pleasant or disagreeable. The synonyms which he learns in after years never become so closely, so organically connected with the ideas signified, as do these original words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less strong. But in what does a strong association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression, *It is acid*, must in the end give rise to the same thought, as *It is sour*; but because the term *acid* was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term *sour*. If we remember how slowly and with what labor the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother tongue from childhood upwards, we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words will, other things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms.

The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity, obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then does surplus articulation do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognize every vowel and consonant. If, as all know, it is tiresome to listen to an indistinct speaker, or read a badly written manuscript; and if, as we cannot doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention needed to catch successive syllables, it follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each syllable. And if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence, the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force. One qualification, however, must not be overlooked. A word which in itself embodies the most important part of the idea to be conveyed, especially when that idea is an emotional one, may often with advantage be a polysyllabic word. Thus it seems more forcible to say, "*It is magnificent*," than "*It is grand*." The word *vast* is not so powerful a one as *stupendous*. Calling a thing *nasty* is not so effective as calling it *disgusting*.

There seem to be several causes for this exceptional superiority of certain long words. We may ascribe it partly to the fact that a voluminous, mouth-filling epithet is, by its very size, suggestive of largeness or strength; witness the immense pomposity of sesquipedalian verbiage; and when great power or intensity

has to be suggested, this association of ideas aids the effect. A further cause may be that a word of several syllables admits of more emphatic articulation; and as emphatic articulation is a sign of emotion, the unusual impressiveness of the thing named is implied by it. Yet another cause is that a long word (of which the latter syllables are generally inferred as soon as the first are spoken) allows the hearer's consciousness a longer time to dwell upon the quality predicated; and where, as in the above cases, it is to this predicated quality that the entire attention is called, an advantage results from keeping it before the mind for an appreciable time. The reasons which we have given for preferring short words evidently do not hold here. So that to make our generalization quite correct we must say, that while in certain sentences expressing strong feeling, the word which more especially implies that feeling may often with advantage be a many-syllabled or Latin one; in the immense majority of cases, each word serving but as a step to the idea embodied by the whole sentence, should, if possible, be a one-syllabled or Saxon one.

Once more, that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words,—their imitative character,—may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as splash, bang, whiz, roar, etc., and those analogically imitative, as rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin, hard, crag, etc., have a greater or less likeness to the things symbolized; and by making on the senses impressions allied to the ideas to be called up, they save part of the effort needed to call up such ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas themselves.

The economy of the recipient's mental energy, into which are thus resolvable the several causes of the strength of Saxon English, may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a thorough maxim of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter." We should avoid such a sentence as:—

"In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe."

And in place of it we should write:—

"In proportion as men delight in battles, bullfights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, burning, and the rack."

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals but in particulars; as, whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it, it follows that when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose from his stock of images, one or more, by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this, some delay must arise, some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

Turning now from the choice of words to their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have *a priori* reasons for believing that in every sentence there is some one order of words more effective than any other; and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backwards and forwards in order to rightly connect them; as in a group of sen-

tences, the arrangement should be such, that each of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones; so in every sentence the sequence of words should be that which suggests the constituents of the thought in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. Duly to enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental act by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

We cannot more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say with the French—*un cheval noir*; or to say as we do—a black horse? Probably, most persons of culture would decide that one order is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would expect those educated in the use of the opposite form to have an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favor of the English custom. If "a horse black" be the arrangement, immediately on the utterance of the word "horse," there arises, or tends to arise, in the mind a picture answering to that word; and as there has been nothing to indicate what kind of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown horse, brown horses being the most familiar. The result is that when the word "black" is added, a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present to the imagination has to be suppressed, and the picture of a black one summoned in its place; or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever is the case, a certain amount of hindrance results. But if, on the other hand, "a black horse" be the expression used, no such mistake can be made. The word "black," indicating an abstract quality, arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that color; and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If, then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without liability to error, whereas the precedence of the substantive is apt to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is, therefore, more forcible.

Possibly it will be objected that the adjective and substantive come so close together, that practically they may be considered as uttered at the same moment; and that on hearing the phrase, "a horse black," there is not time to imagine a wrongly-colored horse before the word "black" follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this is so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker, as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be continually falling more and more in arrear. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But whether the force of these replies be or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted, even though the mind should do nothing until it has received them all.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And without

further explanation, it will be manifest, that in the use of prepositions and other particles, most languages spontaneously conform with more or less completeness to this law.

On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage of respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown that as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it becomes comprehensible. Take the often-quoted contrast between "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" and "Diana of the Ephesians is great." When the first arrangement is used, the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows; and when the words "Diana of the Ephesians" are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can on the instant be summoned, is used in the formation of the picture, the mind being thus led directly, and without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea, "Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived with no special reference to greatness; and when the words "is great" are added, the conception has to be remodeled, whence arises a loss of mental energy and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth:—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

Of course, the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula also should have precedence. It is true that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus, in the line from "Julius Cæsar,"—

"Then burst this mighty heart,"

priority is given to a word embodying both predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect:—

"The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows:
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes."

Pursuing the principle yet further, it is obvious that for producing the greatest effect not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification called its complement.

Commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject which form its complement have to be specified. And as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the acts and things they belong to are conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kames notices the fact that this order is preferable, though without giving the reason. He says: "When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable,—is like ascending or going upward." A sentence arranged in illustration of this will be desirable. Here is one:—

"Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear that in practice the French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest."

In this case were the first two clauses up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of the beginning, much of the force would be lost, as thus:—

"The French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest; in practice at least, if not in theory."

Similarly with respect to the conditions under which any fact is predicated. Observe in the following example the effect of putting them last:—

"How immense would be the stimulus to progress were the honor now given to wealth and title given exclusively to high achievements and intrinsic worth!"

And then observe the superior effect of putting them first:—

"Were the honor now given to wealth and title given exclusively to high achievements and intrinsic worth, how immense would be the stimulus to progress!"

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion":—

*"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star
Sat gray-haired Saturn quiet as a stone."*

Here it will be observed, not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Saturn," and that the three lines in italics, constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it; but that in the structure of that complement, also, the same order is followed, each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence manifestly depends on the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention, which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate, and their complements, dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the principal one when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority prevents misconception of the principal one, and, therefore, saves the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be seen in the annexed example:—

"The secrecy once maintained in respect to the parliamentary debates is still thought needful diplomacy; and, in virtue of this secret diplomacy, England may any day be unawares betrayed by its ministers into a war costing a hundred thousand lives and hundreds of millions of treasure: yet the English pique themselves on being a self-governed people."

The two subordinate propositions ending with the semicolon and colon respectively, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it concludes; and the effect would be lost if they were placed last instead of first.

The general principle of right arrangement in sentences, which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the proper order of their minor divisions. In every sentence of any complexity the complement to the subject contains several clauses, and that to the predicate several others; and these may be arranged in greater or less conformity to the law of easy apprehension. Of course, with these, as with the larger members, the succession should be from the less specific to the more specific,—from the abstract to the concrete.

Now, however, we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper construction of a sentence; but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other; the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions of every proposition severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified, the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use. And the more numerous the qualifications to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the greater will be the mental power expended, and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number, and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination:—

“A modern newspaper statement, though probably true, would be laughed at if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court gossip is thought good historical evidence if written some centuries ago.”

A rearrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus:—

“Though probably true, a modern newspaper statement quoted in a book as testimony would be laughed at; but the letter of a court gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence.”

By making this change, some of the suspensions are avoided and others shortened, while there is less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from “*Paradise Lost*” affords a fine instance of a sentence well arranged, alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described, which, by the way, is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and, therefore, to effect:—

“As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o’er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr’d and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o’er the tiles;
So clomb the first grand thief into God’s fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.”

The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited, gives rise to what is called the inverted style; a title which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the direct style, as contrasted with the other or indirect style; the peculiarity of the one being that it conveys each thought into the mind, step by step, with little liability to error; and of the other that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sentence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without reservation. Though, up to a certain point, it is well for the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified; yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows that when the number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner, where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming idea, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a good memory and considerable power of concentration. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; while to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundred-weight from place to place at once, than by a stone at a time; so, to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea, and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such idea and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterwards mentioned. While conversely, as for a boy, the only possible mode of transferring a hundred-weight is that of taking it in portions; so, for a weak mind, the only possible mode of forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

That the indirect method—the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations—is best fitted for the uncultivated, may, indeed, be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage, as in, "Water, give me," is the simplest type of the approximate arrangement. In pleonasms, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance, in, "The men, they were there." Again, the old possessive case,— "The king, his crown," conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called the natural one, implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common people; that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

There are many cases, however, in which neither the direct nor the indirect structure is the best, but where an intermediate structure is preferable to both. When the number of circumstances and qualifications to be included in the sentence is great, the most judicious course is neither to enumerate them all before introducing the idea to which they belong, nor to put this idea first and let it

be remodeled to agree with the particulars afterwards mentioned, but to do a little of each. Take a case. It is desirable to avoid so extremely indirect an arrangement as the following:—

“We came to our journey’s end, at last, with no small difficulty after much fatigue, through deep roads, and bad weather.”

Yet to transform this into an entirely indirect sentence would not produce a satisfactory effect; as witness:—

“At last, with no small difficulty, after much fatigue, through deep roads, and bad weather, we came to our journey’s end.”

Dr. Whately, from whom we quote the first of these two arrangements, proposes this construction:—

“At last, after much fatigue, through deep roads and bad weather, we came, with no small difficulty, to our journey’s end.”

Here it will be observed that by introducing the words “we came” a little earlier in the sentence, the labor of carrying forward so many particulars is diminished, and the subsequent qualification “with no small difficulty” entails an addition to the thought that is very easily made. But a further improvement may be produced by introducing the words “we came” still earlier; especially if at the same time the qualifications be rearranged in conformity with the principle already explained, that the more abstract elements of the thought should come before the more concrete. Observe the better effect obtained by making these two changes:—

“At last, with no small difficulty, and after much fatigue, we came, through deep roads and bad weather, to our journey’s end.”

This reads with comparative smoothness; that is, with less hindrance from suspensions and reconstructions of thought,—with less mental effort.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be further remarked that even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct style is unfit for communicating ideas of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention; if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker’s or writer’s drift, it may happen that the mind, unable to carry on both processes at once, will break down, and allow the elements of the thought to lapse into confusion.

THE EFFECT OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE EXPLAINED

TURNING now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement—economy of attention. It is, indeed, chiefly because they so well subserve this requirement, that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception, is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

Let us begin with the figure called *Synechdoche*. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient, or more accurate, presentation of the idea. If, instead of saying “a fleet of ten ships,” we say “a fleet of ten *sail*,” the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested; and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous parts of ves-

sels so circumstanced, whereas the word *ships* would very likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say "All *hands* to the pumps," is better than to say, "All *men* to the pumps," as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing "*gray hairs* with sorrow to the grave," is another expression, the effect of which has the same cause.

The occasional increase of force produced by Metonymy may be similarly accounted for. "The low morality of *the bar*," is a phrase both more brief and significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force, is conveyed in a more concrete and, therefore, more realizable form, if we substitute *the pen* and *the sword* for the two abstract terms. To say, "Beware of drinking!" is less effective than to say, "Beware of the *bottle*!" and is so, clearly, because it calls up a less specific image.

The Simile is in many cases used chiefly with a view to ornament, but whenever it increases the force of a passage, it does so by being an economy. Here is an instance:—

"The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns the furthest off look the closest; so, the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are."

To construct by a process of literal explanation the thought thus conveyed would take many sentences, and the first elements of the picture would become faint while the imagination was busy in adding the others. But by the help of a comparison all effort is saved,—the picture is instantly realized and its full effect produced.

Of the position of the simile,* it needs only to remark that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive, predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, etc., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best, may be seen in the following passage from the "Lady of the Lake":—

"As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the monarch's feet she lay."

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last, as in these lines from Alexander Smith's "Life Drama":—

"I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

The reason for this seems to be that so abstract an idea as that attaching to the word "future" does not present itself to the mind in any definite form, and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

Such, however, are not the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object depends on its being car-

* Properly, the term "simile" is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ "simile" to express this also. This context will, in each case, show in which sense the word is used.

ried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen that if, from length or complexity, it cannot be so carried forward, the advantage is not gained. The annexed sonnet, by Coleridge, is defective from this cause:—

“As when a child, on some long Winter's night,
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;
Or of those hags who at the witching time
Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell;
Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear
More gentle starts, to hear the beldame tell
Of pretty babes, that lov'd each other dear,
Murder'd by cruel uncle's mandate fell:
Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,
Ev'n so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart.”

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison is forgotten before its application is reached, and requires re-reading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it and to modify the conception of it into harmony with the comparison, than to remember the comparison and refer back to its successive features for help in forming the final image.

The superiority of the Metaphor to the simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact that “all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves than in having it pointed out to them.” But after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause. Lear's exclamation,—

“Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,”

would lose part of its effect were it changed into,—

“Ingratitude! thou fiend with heart like marble;”

and the loss would result partly from the position of the simile and partly from the extra number of words required. When the comparison is an involved one, the greater force of the metaphor, consequent on its greater brevity, becomes much more conspicuous. If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say,—

“As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly tinted poetry.”

It is clear that in receiving the double set of words expressing the two halves of the comparison, and in carrying the one half to the other, considerable attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus;—

“The white light of truth, in traversing the many sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.”

How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be abundantly exemplified. From “A Life Drama” may be quoted the phrase,—

"I spear'd him with a jest,"

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound," of Shelley, displays the power of the metaphor to great advantage:—

"Methought among the lawns together
We wandered underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind."

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene; bringing the mind, as it were, by a bound to the desired conception.

But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the metaphor, by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained; but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under allegory, but which might, perhaps, be better called compound metaphor, that enables us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even when the analogy is intricate. This is done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times":—

"The main interest which any aspects of the times can have for us, is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What are we, and, Whither do we tend? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letters in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors, nothing. Over all their speaking trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer: Not in us; not in Time."

The division of the simile from the metaphor is by no means a definite one. Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparison are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance:—

"Astonished at the performances of the English plow, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it; thus turning a tool into an idol: linguists do the same with language."

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure. And generally these intermediate forms are good in proportion as they do this; provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

Passing over much that may be said of like purport upon Hyperbole, Personification, Apostrophe, etc., let us close our remarks upon a construction by a typical example. The general principle which has been enunciated is, that other things equal, the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great, in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The corollaries from this general principle have been severally illustrated; and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea, may be deter-

mined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is, indeed, difficult to find them; for the English idiom does not commonly permit the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one:—

“As Autumn’s dark storm pours from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain: loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail. . . . As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of the battle.”

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing; or rather, proves our case. For what is bombast but a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied? All that may rightly be inferred is, that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should all the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

ARRANGEMENT OF MINOR IMAGES IN BUILDING UP A THOUGHT

PASSING on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked, that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient’s mental energy be assigned as the cause of force; but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built up, we may trace the same condition to effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them; and so, by saying a few things but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. An extract from Tennyson’s “Mariana” will well illustrate this:—

“All day within the dreamy house,
The door upon the hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i’ the pane; the mouse
Behind the moldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.”

The several circumstances here specified bring with them many appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. While the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence each of the facts mentioned presupposes numerous others; calls up these with more or less distinctness; and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away that little impression of dreariness would be produced. Similarly in other cases. Whatever the nature of the thought to be conveyed, this skillful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success. In the choice of competent ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

The same principle may in some cases be advantageously carried yet further, by indirectly suggesting some entirely distinct thought in addition to the one expressed. Thus, if we say,—

“The head of a good classic is as full of ancient myths, as that of a servant girl of ghost stories,”

it is manifest that besides the fact asserted, there is an implied opinion respecting the small value of classical knowledge; and as this implied opinion is recognized much sooner than it can be put into words, there is gain in omitting it. In other cases, again, great effect is produced by an overt omission; provided the nature of the idea left out is obvious. A good instance of this occurs in “Heroes and Hero-Worship.” After describing the way in which Burns was sacrificed to the idle curiosity of lion hunters,—people who came not out of sympathy but merely to see him; people who sought a little amusement, and who got their amusement while “the Hero’s life went for it!”—Carlyle suggests a parallel thus:—

“Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of ‘Light-chafers,’ large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the Fire-flies! But—!—”

THE SUPERIORITY OF POETRY TO PROSE EXPLAINED

BEFORE inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, explains the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes; but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified—reflex results of them. In the first place, then, we may remark that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. “Out with him!” “Away with him!” are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as: “Crack went the ropes and down came the mast.” Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase: “Never was there such a sight!” All of which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again, every one knows that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them; often, indeed, consists of little else. “Beast,” “brute,” “gallows rogue,” “cutthroat villain,” these and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets, at once call to mind a street quarrel. Further, it may be noticed that extreme brevity is another characteristic of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are omitted; and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as, “It is beautiful”; but in the simple exclamation, “Beautiful!” He who, when reading a lawyer’s letter, should say, “Vile rascal!” would be thought angry; while, “He is a vile rascal!” would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see that alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually heard them in connection with vivid mental impressions, and having been accustomed to meet with them in the

most powerful writing, they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms, are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of animation; they induce a preparatory sympathy, and when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

The continuous use of these modes of expression, that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations, produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought and those methods of using them which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them, and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence of the inversions, will this distinction be remarked. In the abundant use of figures, again, we may recognize the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications are the poet's colors, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as "poetical" the prose which uses these appliances of language with any frequency, and condemn it as "over florid," or "affected," long before they occur with the profusion allowed in verse. Further, let it be remarked that in brevity—the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out and emotion spontaneously fulfills—poetical phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent, elisions are perpetual, and many of the minor words, which would be deemed essential in prose, are dispensed with.

Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive, partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. While the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

There is one peculiarity of poetry conducing much to its effect,—the peculiarity which is, indeed, usually thought its characteristic one,—still remaining to be considered; we mean its rhythmical structure. This, improbable though it seems, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of strong emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not too violent, and, like each of them, it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language, may be discerned its relationship to the feelings, and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognized.

This last position will scarcely be at once admitted; but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading,—if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable,—then, any mode of so combining words as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate, will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose.

Just as the body in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come; so the mind in receiving unarranged articulations, must keep its percepts active enough to recognize the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable.

Farfetched though this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will countenance it. That we do take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock; so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case we know that there is an erroneous preadjustment; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually preadjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy above given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause.

CAUSES OF FORCE IN LANGUAGE WHICH DEPEND UPON ECONOMY OF THE MENTAL SENSIBILITIES

A FEW paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as applying to the larger features of composition, would carry us beyond our limits. But we may briefly indicate a further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out, and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental energies; we have now to glance at those which depend upon economy of the mental sensibilities. Questionable though this division may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest that besides considering the extent to which any faculty or group of faculties is tasked in receiving a form of words and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty or group of faculties is left; and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state. Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties and its reactive effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition, which ends in what we term exhaustion, begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of each mental power, from the simplest of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for long, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to

think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "a deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them for hearing faint ones. To a hand which has for some time carried a heavy body, small bodies afterwards lifted seem to have lost their weight. Now, the truth at once recognized in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout. It may be shown that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all the mental powers, however we may classify them, action exhausts; and that in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only after continued rest do they regain their full power; not only do brief cessations partially reinvigorate them; but even while they are in action the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence with faculties habitually exercised—as the senses of all persons, or the muscles of anyone who is strong—it happens that, during moderate activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, some lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be reacquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste,—or, as Liebig would say, some change of matter in the brain; and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished, the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will, in many cases, depend on the order of their presentation; even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other.

There are sundry facts which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. *Climax* is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness—often the ludicrous weakness—produced by reversing this arrangement, depends on the general law indicated. As immediately after looking at the sun we cannot perceive the light of a fire, while by looking at the fire first and the sun afterwards we can perceive both; so, after receiving a brilliant, or weighty, or terrible thought, we cannot appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, while, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each. In *Antithesis*, again, we may recognize the same general truth. The opposition of two thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait, insures an impressive effect and does this by giving a momentary relaxation to the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image, the faculty of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power; and will immediately afterwards appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise so. Conversely, where the idea of absurdity due to extreme insignificance is to be produced, it may be greatly intensified by placing

it after something highly impressive; especially if the form of phrase implies that something still more impressive is coming. A good illustration of the effect gained by thus presenting a petty idea to a consciousness that has not yet recovered from the shock of an exciting one, occurs in a sketch by Balzac. His hero writes to a mistress, who has cooled towards him, the following letter:—

"Madame:—Votre conduite m'étonne autant qu'elle m'afflige. Non contente de me déchirer le cœur par vos dédains, vous avez l'indélicatesse de me retenir une brosse à dents, que mes moyens ne me permettent pas de remplacer, mes propriétés étant grevées d'hypothèques.

"Adieu, trop belle et trop ingrate amie! Puisse-je nous revoir dans un monde meilleur!"

(CHARLES-EDOUARD.)

Thus we see that the phenomena of Climax, Antithesis, and Anticlimax, alike result from this general principle. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility may seem, we cannot doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, everyone knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black ground looks whiter, than elsewhere. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their actions upon us, dependent upon the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

But this extension of the general principle of economy—this further condition to effective composition, that the sensitiveness of the faculties must be continuously husbanded—includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best; but that some modes of dividing and presenting a subject will be more striking than others; and that, too, irrespective of its logical cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions, should tend towards a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same kind of thought, or repeated production of like effects. It warns us against the error committed both by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays,—the error, namely, of constantly employing forcible forms of expression; and it points out that as the easiest posture by and by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy, so, the most perfectly-constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind.

Further, we may infer from it not only that should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in one way, however telling; but that we should avoid anything like uniform adherence, even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest; we should not always rise to a climax. As we saw that in single sentences it is but rarely allowable to fulfill all the conditions to strength; so, in the larger sections of a composition we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effect to the total effect.

In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out,—the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. That constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will, in a great degree, result from a skillful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people, and how their language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity.

Hence, these may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; while in impressing a view already enunciated we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skillful analysis would, in like manner, detect further peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind; and by paying due attention to all such traits a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely organized work.

This species of composition which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentences which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them; so we shall find that the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of feeling would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific style is to be poor in speech. If we remember that in the far past men had only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been towards a greater number of implements of thought, and consequently towards a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words; and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression. As now, in a fine nature, the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences, vary in harmony with every thought uttered; so, in one possessed of a fully-developed power of speech, the mold in which each combination of words is cast will similarly vary with and be appropriate to the sentiment.

That a perfectly endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently in each case the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But while long, though unconscious, discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less active feelings; and when these are excited the usual verbal forms undergo but slight modifications. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however; let the ability of the intellect to utter the emotions be complete, and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhythmical and now irregular; here his language will be plain and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then again great variety. His mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus without effort conform to

what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And while his work presents to the reader that variety needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also answer to the description of all highly-organized products, both of man and of nature; it will be not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent.

Complete. From the text in the Humboldt Library.

DAVID A. HARSHA

(1827-)



HARSHA'S "Eminent Orators and Statesmen," is one of the most interesting collections of biography and anecdote bearing on the subject of which it treats. He has the admirable faculty of reverencing greatness, and it enables him to draw those life-like portraits which are the despair of mere criticism. He was born at South Argyle, New York, in 1827. His "Eminent Orators and Statesmen," was first published in 1855. He has written biographies of Bunyan, Watts, Addison, and others.

THE METHODS OF BURKE

ONE of the greatest men of the eighteenth century was Edmund Burke. On the page of history his name will shine with the purest lustre to the latest posterity. Mankind will ever contemplate with admiration the character of this mighty orator, statesman, and philosopher, whose name is enrolled in the records of immortality, side by side with Cicero and Bacon. The amplitude of his mind; the exuberance of his fancy; the comprehensiveness of his understanding; the subtlety of his intellect; the grandeur and variety of his expression; the magnificence of his language; the richness and splendor of his eloquence; and above all, the boundless stores of knowledge which he possessed, will always create delight and wonder in the mind.

To assist us in forming a proper estimate of his oratorical character, we must have recourse to the descriptive sketches of his contemporaries, whose united opinion will corroborate what we unhesitatingly affirm, that in many respects Edmund Burke was the most consummate orator, the wisest statesman, and the most powerful debater the world has ever seen.

"The variety and extent of his powers in debate was greater than that of any other orator in ancient or modern times. No one ever poured forth such a flood of thought; so many original combinations of inventive genius; so much knowledge of man and the working of political systems; so many just remarks on the relation of government to the manners, the spirit, and even the prejudices of a people; so many wise maxims as to a change in constitutions and laws; so many beautiful effusions of lofty and generous sentiment; such exuberant stores of illustration, ornament, and apt allusion; all intermingled with the liveliest sallies of wit, or the boldest flights of a sublime imagination."

No one can contemplate Mr. Burke without admiring the vast extent of his knowledge, the beauty of his imagery, the richness, variety, and splendor of his eloquence. In what follows we have the leading traits of his character as an orator noticed.

Sir N. W. Wraxall, a parliamentary contemporary, thus writes of Burke:—"Nature had bestowed on him a boundless imagination, aided by a memory of equal strength and tenacity. His fancy was so vivid that it seemed to light up by its own powers, and to burn without consuming the aliment on which it fed; sometimes bearing him away into ideal scenes created by his own exuberant mind, but from which he, sooner or later, returned to the subject of debate; descending from his most aerial flights by a gentle and imperceptible gradation, till he again touched the ground. Learning waited on him like a handmaid, presenting to his choice all that antiquity has culled or invented, most elucidatory of the topic under discussion. He always seemed to be oppressed under the load and variety of his intellectual treasures. Every power of oratory was wielded by him in turn; for he could be, during the same evening, often within the space of a few minutes, pathetic and humorous; acrimonious and conciliating; now giving loose to his indignation or severity; and then, almost in the same breath, calling to his assistance wit and ridicule. It would be endless to cite instances of this versatility of disposition and of the rapidity of his transitions,—

('From grave to gay, from lively to severe,')

that I have, myself, witnessed."

"The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an encyclopædia; every man who approached him received instruction from his stores. He irradiated every sphere in which he moved. What he was in public, he was in private; like the star which now precedes and now follows the sun, he was equally brilliant whether he

('Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky,')

or led on with a milder lustre the modest hosts of evening."

"Let me," says Dr. Parr, "speak what my mind prompts of the eloquence of Burke; of Burke, by whose sweetness Athens herself would have been soothed; with whose amplitude and exuberance she would have been enraptured, and on whose lips that prolific mother of genius and science would have adored, confessed, the Goddess of Persuasion." "Who is there," adds the same learned critic, "among men of eloquence or learning more profoundly versed in every branch of science? Who is there that has cultivated philosophy, the parent of all that is illustrious in literature or exploit, with more felicitous success? Who is there that can transfer so happily the result of laborious and intricate research to the most familiar and popular topics? Who is there that possesses so extensive, yet so accurate an acquaintance with every transaction recent or remote? Who is there that can deviate from his subject for the purposes of delight with such engaging ease, and insensibly conduct his readers from the severity of reasoning to the festivity of wit? Who is there that can melt them, if the occasion requires, with such resistless power to grief or pity? Who is there that combines the charm of inimitable grace and urbanity with such magnificent and boundless expansion?"

In what high terms of praise and admiration do his contemporaries speak of him as an orator! On viewing Ballitore, the scene of his early acquisitions in knowledge, one writes: "The admiration, nay, astonishment, with which I so often listened to Mr. Burke gave an interest to every spot connected with his memory, and forcibly brought to my recollection the profundity and extent of his knowledge, while the energy, warmth, and beauty of his imagery captured the heart and made the judgment tributary to his will. As an orator he surpassed all his contemporaries, and was perhaps never exceeded."

"As an orator," adds another, "notwithstanding some defects, he stands almost unrivaled. No man was better calculated to arouse the dormant passions, to call forth the glowing affections of the human heart, and to 'harrow up' the inmost recesses of the soul. Venality and meanness stood appalled in his presence; he who was dead to the feelings of his own conscience was still alive to his animated reproaches; and corruption for awhile became alarmed at the terrors of his countenance."

One of his biographers states, that in the more mechanical part of oratory—delivery—his manner was usually bold, less graceful than powerful, his enunciation vehement, and unchecked by any embarrassment, his periods flowing and harmonious, his language always forcible, sometimes choice, but when strongly excited by the subject, acrimonious or sarcastic, his epithets numerous, and occasionally strong or coarse, his invective furious, and sometimes overpowering.

As an interesting sketch of Mr. Burke's manner and power in debate, drawn by an eye-witness, we introduce the graphic description of the Duke de Levis of France. The occasion, it is stated, was on the French Revolution:—

"The man whom I had the greatest desire to hear was the celebrated Mr. Burke, author of the essay 'On the Sublime and Beautiful,' and often himself sublime. At length he rose, but in beholding him I could scarcely recover from my surprise. I had so frequently heard his eloquence compared to that of Demosthenes and Cicero, that my imagination, associating him with those great names, had represented him to me in a noble and imposing garb. I certainly did not expect to find him in the British Parliament dressed in the ancient toga; nor was I prepared to see him in a tight brown coat, which seemed to impede every movement, and, above all, the little bobwig with curls. . . . In the meantime he moved into the middle of the House, contrary to the usual practice, for the members speak standing and uncovered, not leaving their places. But Mr. Burke, with the most natural air imaginable, with seeming humility, and with folded arms, began his speech in so low a tone of voice that I could scarcely hear him. Soon after, however, becoming animated by degrees, he described religion attacked, the bonds of subordination broken, civil society threatened to its foundations; and in order to show that England could depend only upon herself, he pictured in glowing colors the political state of Europe; the spirit of ambition and folly which pervaded the greater part of her governments; the culpable apathy of some, the weakness of all. When in the course of this grand sketch he mentioned Spain, that immense monarchy, which appeared to have fallen into a total lethargy, 'What can we expect,' said he, 'from her?—mighty indeed, but unwieldy; vast in bulk, but inert in spirit, a whale stranded upon the seashore of Europe.' The whole House was silent; all eyes were upon him, and this silence was interrupted only by the loud cries of, Hear! hear! a kind of accompaniment which the friends of the speaking member adopt in order to direct attention to the most brilliant passages of his speech. But these cheerings were superfluous on the present occasion; every mind was fixed; the sentiments he expressed spread themselves with rapidity; everyone shared his emotion, whether he represented the ministers of religion proscribed, inhumanly persecuted and banished, imploring the Almighty in a foreign land to forgive their ungrateful country; or when he depicted in the most affecting manner the misfortunes of the royal family, and the humiliation of the daughter of the Cæsars. Every eye was bathed in tears at the recital of these sad calamities supported with such heroic fortitude. Mr. Burke, then, by an easy transition, passed on to the exposition of those absurd attempts of inexperienced men to establish a chimerical liberty; nor did he spare the petulant vanity of upstarts in their pretended love for equality. The truth of these striking and animated pictures made the whole

House pass in an instant from the tenderest emotions of feeling to bursts of laughter; never was the electric power of eloquence more imperiously felt; this extraordinary man seemed to raise and quell the passions of his auditors with as much ease, and as rapidly, as a skillful musician passes into the various modulations of his harpsichord. I have witnessed many, too many, political assemblages and striking scenes where eloquence performed a noble part, but the whole of them appear insipid when compared with this amazing effort."

From "Eminent Orators and Statesmen."

ERSKINE AS A FORENSIC ORATOR

AMONG forensic orators of ancient or modern times, Lord Erskine stands in the foremost rank. In some respects—in the grandeur of his diction; in the melliflence of his voice; in the fascination of his manner, and in the splendor of his eloquence he surpasses all lawyers in modern times, and may be considered the ablest and most accomplished advocate that ever graced the bar.

By universal consent, Lord Erskine stands at the head of our forensic eloquence. In whatever light we view him in the forum, he appears to be the same exalted character, commanding our respect by the dignity of his appearance, exciting our admiration by the gracefulness of his action, the propriety of his enunciation, the beauty of his language, the sweetness of his tones, and fascinating us by the light of his eye and the magic of his sublime, overpowering declamation.

The oratory of Lord Erskine was admirably adapted to impress and sway a court or jury. It exercised an unrivaled power over them. By its secret, fascinating influence, success, in almost all important cases, was inevitable. Lord Erskine's great power lay in addressing a court or jury. Whenever he rose to speak, he poured forth such a rapid stream of unbroken eloquence that both court and jury were carried away in astonishment. It has been curiously remarked of him, as of Scarlett, that "he had invented a machine by the secret use of which, in court, he could make the head of a judge nod assent to his propositions; whereas his rivals, who tried to pirate it, always made the same head move from side to side." All this was the effect of genuine, soul-stirring eloquence.

"The oratory of Erskine owed much of its impressiveness to his admirable delivery. He was of the medium height, with a slender, but finely turned figure, animated and graceful in gesture, with a voice somewhat shrill but beautifully modulated, a countenance beaming with emotion, and an eye of piercing keenness and power." His eye, like that of Chatham's, was his most wonderful feature; and to its keen lightning his eloquence was indebted for much of its splendor and power. Carrying conviction and insuring victory, it impressed the court and jury with awe, and held them in breathless attention. "Juries," in the words of Lord Brougham, "have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted, and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions that they resembled those of a blood horse; as light, as agile, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or incumbrance.

"Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass, indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation or even scorn than pathos, but wholly free from either harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advo-

cate's excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men; of their passions and their feelings; he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch.

"To these qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which gave vigor and direction to the whole, and bore down all resistance."

Of the nature and effects of that glowing eloquence which Lord Erskine so often displayed before an astonished court, we can form no adequate conceptions. The charms, beauty, and force of his oratory, like those of the great Athenian orator, lay in his admirable delivery. This was the great secret of his success; and it is the foundation of all good speaking. In order to form a proper conception of the splendor and power of Erskine's eloquence, we should have seen that noble form, that animated countenance, those graceful and vehement gestures; we should have listened to that musical tone, that harmonious sound, that deep thrilling pathos, and that lofty, soul-stirring strain. In a word, we should have caught the sudden glance of that piercing eye, and heard the low tones and swelling notes of that clear, melodious voice. These were the charms, the indescribable charms, which were thrown around the oratory of Lord Erskine. They centered in delivery.—

"There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stir'd;
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-stirring pause—
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes;
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone:
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one!"

The fancy of Lord Erskine was exceedingly brilliant, and sometimes "eminently sportive." The language in which he clothed his thoughts was beautiful and impressive. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of his diction or the elegance of his rhythmus.

From "Eminent Orators and Statesmen."

GRATTAN'S STYLE.

IT WILL be remembered that Mr. Grattan endeavored to form his manner of speaking after the style of Lord Chatham. In many respects his eloquence resembled that of the great English statesman. Like him, he excelled in the highest characteristics of oratory; in vehemence of action; condensation of style; rapidity of thought; closeness of argumentation; striking figures; grand metaphors; beautiful rhythmus; luminous statements; vivid descriptions; touching pathos; lofty declamation; bitter sarcasm, and fierce invective. His language, like that of Chatham, is remarkable for its terseness, expressiveness, and energy. His periods are made up of short clauses which flash upon the mind with uncommon vividness. Passing over the minutiae of his discourse, he seized the principal points in debate and presented them in the strongest light. The intensity of feeling by which his mental operations were governed gave rise to this characteristic of eloquence, which distinguishes the most powerful orators. Aiming directly at his object, he generally struck the decisive blow in a few words.

"Deep emotion strikes directly at its object. It struggles to get free from all secondary ideas—all mere accessories. Hence the simplicity, and even bareness of

thought, which we usually find in the great passages of Chatham and Demosthenes. The whole turns often on a single phrase, a word, an allusion. They put forward a few great objects, sharply defined, and standing boldly out in the glowing atmosphere of emotion. They pour their burning thoughts instantaneously upon the mind, as a person might catch the rays of the sun in a concave mirror, and turn them on their object with a sudden and consuming power."

The eloquence of Mr. Grattan may be compared to a deep and rapid stream, now sweeping in smoothness and beauty through "verdant vales and flowery meads," and now dashing abruptly over some lofty precipice, delighting and astonishing the beholder by its majestic fall and tremendous roar.

"Among the orators, as among the statesmen of his age, Mr. Grattan occupies a place in the foremost rank; and it was the age of the Pitts, the Foxes, and the Sheridans. His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction, replete with epigram and point; a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues,—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory and vehement; or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was as touching as it was simple; or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm, and the thunders of abuse."

In a splendid critique on the genius of Grattan, Prof. Goodrich observes: "The speeches of Mr. Grattan afford unequivocal proof, not only of a powerful intellect, but of high and original genius. There was nothing commonplace in his thoughts, his images, or his sentiments. Everything came fresh from his mind, with the vividness of a new creation. His most striking characteristic was condensation and rapidity of thought. '*Semper instans sibi*,' pressing continually upon himself, he never dwelt upon an idea, however important; he rarely presented it under more than one aspect; he hardly ever stopped to fill out the intermediate steps of his argument. His forte was reasoning, but it was 'logic on fire'; and he seemed ever to delight in flashing his ideas on the mind with a sudden, startling abruptness. Hence, a distinguished writer has spoken of his eloquence as a 'combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame,'—a striking representation of the occasional obscurity and the rapid force and brilliancy of his style.

From "Eminent Orators and Statesmen."

WIT IN ORATORY ILLUSTRATED BY SHERIDAN AND CANNING

THE forte of Sheridan lay in the powerful effusions of brilliant wit, mingled with humor and fun. With this he would often convulse his hearers with laughter. "Good sense and wit were the great weapons of his oratory; shrewdness in detecting the weak points of an adversary, and infinite powers of raillery in exposing them." Ready wit is of the greatest advantage to a political orator. It not only enables him to give vivacity to his discourse, but renders him formidable to his opponent. With the keen edge of wit, Sheridan wounded his antagonists the deepest. It was a weapon that he often hurled at Pitt and Dundas with complete success.

Mr. Sheridan possessed a remarkable versatility of talents,—extensive knowledge of the human heart; great powers of fancy; exuberant stores of wit; a

deep, clear, mellifluous voice, whose tones were perfectly suited to invective, descriptive, pathetic, or impassioned declamation; a singularly piercing eye; an animated and impressive countenance; a fiery and dauntless spirit that never faltered before an antagonist, and a manner altogether striking, admirable, and impressive. His gestures were performed with grace, dignity, and force. His attention to theatrical performances doubtless contributed to render him a complete master of that which Demosthenes declared to be the first, and second, and third requisites in eloquence. Much of the power of his oratory lay in his admirable delivery. In this way he triumphed over the passions of his auditors, and fascinated them at his pleasure. By a stroke of the pathetic, he could, apparently without much effort, move his hearers to tears, and by the sallies of wit and fun, as easily set them into roars of laughter.

Of all great speakers of a day fertile in oratory, Sheridan had the most conspicuous natural gifts. His figure, at his first introduction into the House, was manly and striking; his countenance singularly expressive, when excited in debate; his eye, large, black, and intellectual; and his voice one of the richest, most flexible, and most sonorous that ever came from human lips. Pitt's was powerful, but monotonous; and its measured tone often wearied the ear. Fox's was all confusion in the commencement of his speech; and it required some tension of ear throughout to catch his words. Burke's was loud and bold, but unmusical; and his contempt for order in his sentences, and the abruptness of his grand and swelling conceptions, that seemed to roll through his mind like billows before a gale, often made the defects of his delivery more striking. But Sheridan, in manner, gesture, and voice, had every quality that could give effect to eloquence. Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and in silence, broken only by occasional cheers; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising there was an expectation of pleasure, which, to his last days, was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the House; every word was watched for, and his first pleasantry set the whole assemblage in a roar. Sheridan was aware of this, and has been heard to say, "that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a full house without a jest; and that he always made the experiment, good or bad, as a laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man." . . .

No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs, and incurred more enmity by it than by any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. In sudden flashes of wit and in the playful description of men or things, he was often distinguished by that natural felicity which is the charm of pleasantry, to which the air of art and labor is more fatal than to any other talent. The exuberance of fancy and wit lessened the gravity of his general manner, and, perhaps, also indisposed the audience to feel his earnestness where it clearly showed itself. In that important quality he was inferior to Mr. Pitt,—

"Deep on whose front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care;"

and no less inferior to Mr. Fox, whose fervid eloquence flowed from the love of his country, the scorn of baseness, and the hatred of cruelty, which were the ruling passions of his nature.

From "Eminent Orators and Statesmen."

PATRICK HENRY'S DELIVERY

His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed. It has, indeed, been said that, on his first rising, there was a species of *sub-cantus* very observable by a stranger, and rather disagreeable to him; but that in a very few moments even this itself became agreeable, and seemed, indeed, indispensable to the full effect of his peculiar diction and conceptions. In point of time he was very happy; there was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equidistant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences as he went along, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator. On the contrary, ever self-collected, deliberate, and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery; and hence his delivery was smooth, and firm, and well-accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force, and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry the true use and power of the pause; and no one ever practiced it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance much less were they ever resorted to as a *finesse* to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "why that pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

His gesture and this varying play of his features and voice were so excellent, so exquisite, that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant, for there was no trash about it; none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness which was much more powerfully as well as more elegantly expressed by his eye and countenance. Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or even his finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient; everything told; every gesture, every attitude, every look, was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this: that various, bold, and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or "to overstep," in the smallest degree, "the modesty of nature"; for he never made a gesture, or assumed an attitude, which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed, indeed, to form a part of the thought itself. His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too

true to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and all the violence and tumult of his emotions; all the dauntless spirit of his resolution, and all the energy of his soul without any sacrifice of his own personal dignity, and without treating his hearers otherwise than as rational beings. He was not the orator of a day; and, therefore, sought not to build his fame on the sandy basis of a false taste fostered, if not created, by himself. He spoke for immortality; and, therefore, raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation,—the rock of nature.

His feelings were strong, yet completely under his command; they rose up to the occasion, but were never suffered to overflow it; his language was often careless, sometimes incorrect; yet upon the whole it was pure and perspicuous, giving out his thoughts in full and clear proportion; free from affectation, and frequently beautiful; strong without effort, and adapted to the occasion; nervous in argument, burning in passion, and capable of matching the loftiest flights of his genius. . . .

Mr. Henry, however indolent in his general life, was never so in debate, where the occasion called for exertion. He rose against the pressure, with the most unconquerable perseverance. He held his subject up in every light in which it could be placed; yet always with so much power, and so much beauty, as never to weary his audience, but on the contrary to delight them. He had more art than Colonel Innis; he appealed to every motive of interest; urged every argument that could convince; pressed every theme of persuasion; awakened every feeling, and roused every passion to his aid. He had more variety, too, in his manner; sometimes he was very little above the tone of conversation; at others in the highest strain of epic sublimity. His course was of longer continuance; his flights better sustained, and more diversified, both in their direction and velocity. He rose like the thunder-bearer of Jove, when he mounts on strong and untiring wing, to sport in fearless majesty over the troubled deep; now sweeping in immense and rapid circles; then suddenly arresting his grand career, and hovering aloft in tremulous and terrible suspense; at one instant, plunged amid the foaming waves; at the next, reascending on high, to play undaunted among the lightnings of heaven, or soar toward the sun.

He differed, too, from those orators of Great Britain with whom he had become acquainted by their printed speeches. He had not the close method and high polish of those of England; nor the exuberant imagery which distinguishes those of Ireland. On the contrary, he was loose, irregular, desultory,—sometimes rough and abrupt,—careless in connecting the parts of his discourse, but grasping whatever he touched with gigantic strength. In short, he was the orator of nature; and such a one as nature might not blush to avow.

If the reader shall still demand how he acquired those wonderful powers of speaking which have been assigned to him, we can only answer with Gray, that they were the gift of heaven,—the birthright of genius:—

“Thine, too, these keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

It has been said of Mr. Henry, by Mr. John Randolph of Roanoke, with immitable felicity, that “he was Shakespeare and Garrick combined!” Let the reader, then, imagine the wonderful talents of those two men united in the same

individual, and transferred from scenes of fiction to the business of real life, and he will have formed some conception of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. In a word, he was one of those perfect prodigies of nature, of whom very few have been produced since the foundations of the earth were laid; and of him may it be said, as truly as of anyone that ever existed:—

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

From “Eminent Orators and Statesmen.”

WEBSTER, CALHOUN, AND EVERETT

THOSE who have heard Mr. Webster, are well aware that he owes a portion of his power to personal advantages. The lofty brow, the dark and cavernous eye, and the heavy, deep-toned voice, might alone enchant a gazing auditory. These might impart to his calmer and ordinary discourse a serious earnestness, and a senatorial dignity; but in moments of high excitement, by no means of frequent occurrence, they seem like the blackness, and fire, and rolling peals of the o’ercharged and bursting cloud.

His style is remarkable for its simplicity. To utter thoughts of the highest order, in language perfectly simple; by lucid arrangement and apt words, to make abstract reasoning, and the most recondite principles of commerce, politics, and law, plain to the humblest capacity, is a privilege and power in which Mr. Webster is equaled, probably, by no living man. This simplicity, which is thought so easy of attainment, is, nevertheless, in this as in most cases, undoubtedly the result of uncommon care. Like the great Athenian orator, Mr. Webster is always full of his subject. Like him, too, he can adorn where ornament is appropriate, and kindle, when occasion calls, into the most touching pathos, or loftiest sublimity.

As a public man, Mr. Webster is eminently American. His speeches breathe the purest spirit of a broad and generous patriotism. The institutions of learning and liberty which nurtured him to greatness, it has been his filial pride to cherish, his manly privilege to defend, if not to save.

In no emergency, on no occasion where he has yet been tried, have the high expectations formed of his abilities, been doomed to disappointment. The time-honored Rock of the Pilgrims, Bunker’s glorious mound, and old Faneuil Hall, have been rendered even more illustrious by his eloquent voice. Armed at all points, and ready alike for attack and defense, he has been found equally great, whether wrestling with champions of the law, before its most august tribunal, or contending on the broader field, and in the hotter conflicts of congressional warfare.

The oratory of Webster will go down to posterity with applause. In the monumental column of the world’s eloquence, formed by the contributions to the illustrious of all ages, the name of the Massachusetts senator will appear with those of Demosthenes, and Cicero, and Burke, and Fox, and Patrick Henry, and Clay; and if any stones in the column have a brighter polish, or more external beauty, not Grecian marble itself will attract more eyes than the enduring granite, inscribed with Webster. . . .

As a public speaker and debater, Mr. Calhoun was energetic and impressive to the highest degree. Without having much of the action of an orator, yet his

compressed lip; his erect and stern attitudes; his iron countenance and flashing eye, all made him, at times, eloquent in the full sense of the word. No man could hear him without feeling. His power was in clear analysis, suppressed passion, and lofty earnestness.

Another distinguishing quality of Mr. Calhoun's eloquence was the impetuosity and boldness with which his language was uttered. His words came from his lips like a rapid, swelling, sparkling stream. They often rushed with such rapidity that he "seemed obliged to clip them off to make room." He was never at a loss for ideas or words to express them. He had great copiousness of language; and he was bold in the utterance of his glowing thoughts. The fearless tone with which he expressed his lofty sentiments inspired one with awe. Every hearer, swayed by a commanding eloquence, felt that he was in the presence of a mighty mind. The speaker's words came forth with a power that captivated and melted the heart. When he became fully aroused on some great topic his voice was elevated to a high pitch, and its loud, shrill tones pierced through the whole frame.

Mr. Calhoun was actuated by a genial enthusiasm. This was an element of great power in his oratory. On all important occasions, he put his whole soul into his subject, and poured forth a stream of eloquence which it was impossible to withstand. His enthusiasm bore him upward and onward. He often soared into the regions of the beautiful and sublime. Stimulated by the loftiest impulse, he could not but touch the sensibilities and sway the judgment of his hearers. "His mighty mind, when aroused in debate, was quick with the thunder thought and lightning will, rendering it as impossible for ordinary antagonists to avert or resist his influence, as for an oak to clasp in its arms the tempest that beats upon it."

As a metaphysical reasoner, Mr. Calhoun, perhaps, towers above every other senatorial orator of ancient and modern times. Where do we read of a statesman that could analyze with such minute discrimination a complex and intricate subject?

On this point, read the following statement of one who knew him well. It was made while the orator was living.

"In one faculty of the mind, Mr. Calhoun surpasses any public man of the age, and that is in analysis. His power to examine a complex idea, and exhibit to you the simple ideas of which it is composed, is wonderful. Hence it is that he generalizes with such great rapidity, that ordinary minds suppose, at first, he is theoretical; whereas, he has only reached a point at a single bound, to which it would require long hours of sober reflection for them to attain. It is a mistake to suppose that he jumps at his conclusions without due care and consideration. No man examines with more care, or with more intense labor, every question upon which his mind is called to act. The difference between him and others is, that he thinks constantly, with little or no relaxation. Hence the restless activity and energy of his mind always place him far in advance of those around him. He has reached the summit, while they have just commenced to ascend, and cannot readily discover the path which has led him to his lofty and extensive view."

The style of Mr. Calhoun is worthy of great commendation. It is distinguished for its simplicity, purity, clearness, point, and vigor. There is in it that which constantly reminds one of Demosthenes. He seems to have chosen the Athenian as his model,—to have studied his orations with great care. His words are well chosen; his sentences are admirably constructed; like those of Demosthenes, they are remarkable for their brevity. His style affords clear evidence of early and severe intellectual training in the literature of ancient Greece. . . .

The eloquence of Mr. Everett is of the Ciceronian order,—copious, graceful, harmonious, correct, and flowing. He also resembles the great Roman orator in

the variety and extent of his knowledge. It may truly be said of him as was remarked of Burke, take him on any subject you please, and he is ready to meet you. His memory is very tenacious. His style is elaborated with the greatest care and perfection. His sensibilities are very refined. His imagination is sparkling. His gestures in public speaking are graceful; the tones of his voice are sweet and melodious; and his whole manner elegant and persuasive. No one can listen to him without being moved, instructed, and delighted.

It has been well remarked of our distinguished orator, that, "As long as clear and logical reasoning wins the assent of the understanding, as long as true eloquence stirs the blood, as long as ease and grace of style approve themselves to the taste, so long will the compositions of Edward Everett be read and admired. He is, essentially, a rhetorician, and, unless France may furnish one or two exceptions, the most accomplished living. Whatever is requisite for rhetorical success, Mr. Everett possesses. To the most varied culture he adds an immense and various learning, a memory equally retentive and prompt, great facility and felicity of expression, a ready power of association, and a wit and humor which seem always to be ready when the occasion calls for them. No knight rode in the tournament arrayed in more glittering armor, or more dexterous in the use of his weapons. He has enough of imagination; he has the quick and kindling sensibilities without which there is no eloquence; and, above all, he shows a wonderfully quick perception of the state of mind in those whom he addresses. He seems to have more than a double share of nerves in his fingers' ends. If there be truth in animal magnetism, he ought to be one of the most impressible. He possesses that greatest of charms, an exquisite voice,—round, swelling, full of melody, particularly emotional; naturally grave, and with a touch almost of melancholy in some of its cadences, but, like all such emotional voices, admirably suited to the expression of humor, and of rising from a touching pathos into the most stirring, thrilling, and triumphant tones. There is such harmony between thought and style, manner and voice, that each gives force to the other, and all unite in one effect on the hearer.

From "Eminent Orators and Statesmen."

WILLIAM MATTHEWS

(Nineteenth Century)



MR. WILLIAM MATTHEWS is the author of a number of interesting books written in the style which makes the "Character" and "Self Help" series of Samuel Smiles so valuable. No doubt "Oratory and Orators" (Chicago, 1879,) is his masterpiece, as it is certainly one of the most entertaining books of incident and anecdote in print.

THE POWER AND INFLUENCE OF THE ORATOR

TO ESTIMATE the degree in which the orator has influenced the world's history, would be a difficult task. It would be hardly too much to say that, since the dawn of civilization, the triumphs of the tongue have rivaled, if not surpassed, those of the sword. There is hardly any man, illiterate or educated, so destitute of sensibility that he is not charmed by the music of eloquent speech, even though it affect his senses rather than his mind and heart, and rouse his blood only as it is roused by the drums and trumpets of military bands. But when eloquence is something more than a trick of art, or a juggle with words; when it has a higher aim than to tickle the ear, or to charm the imagination as the sparkling eye and dazzling scales of the serpent enchant the hovering bird; when it has a higher inspiration than that which produces the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of merely fascinating speech; when it is armed with the thunderbolt of powerful thought, and winged with lofty feeling; when the electric current of sympathy is established, and the orator sends upon it thrill after thrill of sentiment and emotion, vibrating and pulsating to the sensibilities of his hearers, as if their very heartstrings were held in the grasp of his trembling fingers; when it strips those to whom it is addressed of their independence, invests them with its own life, and makes them obedient to a strange nature, as the mighty ocean tides follow the path of the moon; when it divests men of their peculiar qualities and affections, and turns a vast multitude into one man, giving to them but one heart, one pulse, and one voice, and that an echo of the speaker's,—then, indeed, it becomes not only a delight, but a power, and a power greater than kings or military chieftains can command.

The French philosopher, D'Alembert, goes so far as to say of eloquence that, "the prodigies which it often works, in the hands of a single man, upon an entire nation, are, perhaps, the most shining testimony of the superiority of one man over another"; and Emerson expresses a similar opinion when he says that eloquence is "the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy." As there is no effort of the human mind which demands a rarer combination of faculties than does oratory in its loftiest flights, so there is no human effort which is rewarded with more immediate or more dazzling triumphs. The philosopher in his closet, the statesman in his cabinet, the general in the tented field, may produce more lasting effects upon

human affairs; but their influence is both more slowly felt, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy it confers. The orator is not compelled to wait through long and weary years to reap the reward of his labors. His triumphs are instantaneous; they follow his efforts as the thunder peal follows the lightning's flash. While he is in the very act of forming his sentences, his triumph is reflected from the countenances of his hearers, and is sounded from their lips. To stand up before a vast assembly composed of men of the most various callings, views, passions, and prejudices, and mold them at will; to play upon their hearts and minds as a master upon the keys of a piano; to convince their understandings by the logic, and to thrill their feelings by the art, of the orator; to see every eye watching his face, and every ear intent on the words that drop from his lips; to see indifference changed to breathless interest, and aversion to rapturous enthusiasm; to hear thunders of applause at the close of every period; to see the whole assembly animated by the feelings which in him are burning and struggling for utterance; and to think that all this is the creation of the moment, and has sprung instantaneously from his fiery brain and the inspiration imparted to it by the circumstances of the hour;—this, perhaps, is the greatest triumph of which the human mind is capable, and that in which its divinity is most signally revealed.

The history of every country and of every age teems with the miracles wrought by this necromantic power. Eloquence, as every schoolboy knows, was the master spirit of both the great nations of antiquity,—Greece and Rome. It was not the fleets of Attica, though mighty, nor the valor of her troops, though unconquerable, that directed her destinies, but the words and gestures of the men who had the genius and the skill to move, to concentrate, and to direct the energies and passions of a whole people, as though they were but one person. When the commons of Rome were bowed down to the dust beneath the load of debts which they owed their patrician creditors, it was the agonizing appeals of an old man in rags, pale and famishing, with haggard beard and hair, who told the citizens that he had fought in eight-and-twenty battles, and yet had been imprisoned for a debt with usurious interest, which he was compelled to contract, but could not pay, that caused a change of the laws, and a restoration to liberty of those who had been enslaved by their creditors. It was not, as it has been well said, the fate of Lucretia, but the gesture of Brutus waving abroad her bloody knife, and his long hidden soul bursting forth in terrible denunciation, that drove out the Tarquines from Rome, overthrew the throne, and established the republic. It was a father's cries and prayers for vengeance, as he rushed from the dead body of Virginia, appealing to his countrymen, that roused the legions of the Tusculan camp to seize upon the Sacred Mount, and achieve another freedom. And when the Roman empire was the world, and trophies from every people hung in her capitol, the orator, whether in the senate or in the comitia, shook oracles of the fate of nations from the folds of his mantle. Plutarch tells us that Thucydides, when Archidamus, King of Sparta, asked him which was the best wrestler, Pericles or he, replied: "When I throw him, he says he was never down, and persuades the very spectators to believe him." The Athenian populace, roused by the burning words of Demosthenes, started up with one accord and one cry to march upon Philip; and the Macedonian monarch said of the orator who had baffled him, on hearing a report of one of his orations: "Had I been there, he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself." We are told that such was the force of Cicero's oratory that it not only confounded the audacious Catiline, and silenced the eloquent Hortensius; not only deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he rose to oppose that great master of enchanting rhetoric; but even made Cæsar tremble, and, changing his determined purpose, acquit the man he had resolved to condemn. It was not

till the two champions of ancient liberty, Demosthenes and Cicero, were silenced, that the triumph of despotism in Greece and Rome was complete. The fatal blow to Athenian greatness was the defeat by Antipater, which drove Demosthenes to exile and to death; the deadly stroke at Roman freedom was that which smote off the head of Tully at Caieta.

MIRABEAU'S DELIVERY

WE ARE told that when Mirabeau arose in the National Assembly and delivered one of those fiery speeches which, in their union of reason and passion, so remind us of Demosthenes, he trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master, and the imperial air of a king. As he proceeded with this harangue his frame dilated; his face was wrinkled and contorted; he roared, he stamped; his hair whitened with foam; his whole system was seized with an electric irritability, and writhed as under an almost preternatural agitation. The effect of his eloquence, which was of the grandest and most impressive kind, abounding in bold images, striking metaphors, and sudden, natural bursts, the creation of the moment, was greatly increased by his "hideously magnificent aspect,"—the massive frame, the features full of pock-holes and blotches, the eagle eye that dismayed with a look, the voice of thunder that dared a reply, the hair that waved like a lion's mane. The ruling spirit of the French Revolution, he did, while he lived, more than any other man, "to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm" of that political and social crisis. When the clergy and the nobles obeyed the royal mandate that the National Assembly should disperse, and the commons remained, hesitating, uncertain, almost in consternation, it was his voice that hurled defiance at the king, and inspired the *Tiers-État* with courage. When he cried out to the astonished emissary of Louis: "Slave, go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will depart only at the point of the bayonet!" the words sounded like a thunder-clap to all Europe, and from the moment the bondage of the nation was broken and the fate of despotism sealed. Startling the critics of the Academy by his bold, straightforward style of oratory, so opposed to the stiff, conventional manner of the day, he showed them that there was "a power of life" in his rude and startling language; that the most commonplace ideas could be endowed with electric power; and, had he not died prematurely, he might, perhaps, have dissuaded France from plunging into the gulf of anarchy, and shown a genius for reconstruction only inferior to that which he had displayed as a destroyer.

TRIUMPHS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE

WITH the triumphs of sacred oratory it would be easy to fill a volume. Not to go back to the days of John the Baptist, or to those of Paul and Peter, whose words are the very flame breath of the Almighty,—not even to the days of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, who, when, like another Elijah, or John the Baptist risen from the dead, he reappeared among his townsmen of Antioch, after the austerities in the desert to which his disgust at their licentiousness had driven him, denounced their bacchanalian orgies in words that made their cheeks tingle, and sent them panic-stricken to their homes,—who is not familiar with the miracles which Christian eloquence has wrought in modern times? Who has forgotten the story of "the priest, patriot, martyr," Savonarola, crying ever more to

the people of Florence, "*Heu! fuge crudelas terras, fuge littus avarum!*" Who is ignorant of the mighty changes, ecclesiastic and political, produced by the blunt words of Latimer, the fiery appeals of Wycliffe, the stern denunciations of Knox? Or what ruler of men ever subjugated them more effectually by his sceptre than Chalmers, who gave law from his pulpit for thirty years; who hushed the frivolity of the modern Babylon, and melted the souls of the French philosophers in a half-known tongue; who drew tears from dukes and duchesses, and made princes of the blood and bishops start to their feet, and break out into rounds of the wildest applause?

What cultivated man needs to be told of the sweet persuasion that dwelt upon the tongue of the swan of Cambrai, the alternating religious joy and terror inspired by the silvery cadence and polished phrase of Massillon, or the resistless conviction that followed the argumentative strategy of Bourdaloue,—a mode of attack upon error and sin which was so illustrative of the *imperatoria virtus* of Quintilian, that the great Condé cried out once, as the Jesuit mounted the pulpit, "Silence Messieurs, *voici l'ennemi!*" What schoolboy is not familiar with the religious terror with which, in his *oraisons funebres*, the "Demosthenes of the pulpit," Bossuet, thrilled the breasts of seigneurs and princesses, and even the breast of that king before whom other kings trembled and knelt, when, taking for his text the words, "Be wise, therefore, O ye kings! be instructed, ye judges of the earth!" he unveiled to his auditors the awful reality of God the Lord of all empires, the chastiser of princes, reigning above the heavens, making and unmaking kingdoms, principalities, and powers; or again, with the fire of a lyric poet and the zeal of a prophet, called on nations, princes, nobles, and warriors, to come to the foot of the catafalque which strove to raise to heaven a magnificent testimony of the nothingness of man! At the beginning of his discourses, the action of "the eagle of Meaux," we are told, was dignified and reserved; he confined himself to the notes before him. Gradually "he warmed with his theme; the contagion of his enthusiasm seized his hearers; he watched their rising emotion; the rooted glances of a thousand eyes filled him with a sort of divine frenzy; his notes became a burden and a hindrance; with impetuous ardor he abandoned himself to the inspiration of the moment; with the eyes of the soul he watched the swelling hearts of his hearers; their concentrated emotions became his own; he felt within himself the collected might of the orators and martyrs whose collected essence, by long and repeated communion, he had absorbed into himself; from flight to flight he ascended, until, with unflagging energy, he towered straight upwards, and dragged the rapt contemplation of his audience along with him in its ethereal flight." At such times, says the Abbé Le Dieu, it seemed as though the heavens were open, and celestial joys were about to descend upon these trembling souls, like tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. At other times, heads bowed down with humiliation, or pale upturned faces and streaming eyes, lips parted with broken ejaculations of despair, silently testified that the spirit of repentance had breathed on many a hardened heart.

All the foregoing are selections from "Oratory and Orators," by William Matthews, LL. D.

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RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB

(1841-)



PROF. R. C. JEBB, regius professor of Greek in Cambridge University, is accepted as the leading English authority on Attic oratory. He has written a very helpful work of comment and criticism on "the Ten Great Attic Orators" (1876). He was born in Dundee, Scotland, August 27th, 1841, and was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. He is one of the most frequent contributors to English reviews on subjects connected with the classics.

THE ORATORY AND ORATORS OF ATHENS

THE development of Attic prose is seen most clearly in the history of Attic oratory. All the Greek poetry and prose of the earlier classical age was meant, in some measure, to be heard as well as read. The Greek ear was accustomed to look for musical rhythm and finished expression in prose as well as in verse. Public speaking, too, was cultivated as a fine art. It was indispensable to a citizen who wished to make his mark in the public assembly, or who had to defend himself before a law court. Greek audiences criticised the style of a speech much as we criticise the style of a book. Hence oratorical prose had a direct and vital bearing on Attic prose generally.

Two chief influences combined to form the earliest style of Attic prose. (1) One was that of the Sophists, teachers who undertook to prepare young men for the career of active citizens by training them to readiness in speech and argument, and who brought in a superficial logic and grammar. The word "sophist" (professor of learning or wisdom) was used almost as vaguely as the phrase "man of letters," and could be applied without any bad sense to such a man as Plato. Isocrates accepted the name, though he distinguished himself from "sophists of the herd." But the sophists, as a class of teachers, got a bad name partly from plain men of the old school who feared their subtlety, partly from philosophers who despised their shallowness. Protagoras and Prodicus were two of the chief sophists. (2) The other influence was that of the Sicilian Rhetoric. Corax of Syracuse invented his "Art of Words" (466 B. C.) to help people in pleading their cases before law courts; it was developed by his disciple Tisias, through whom it came to Athens. The Sicilians were a lively people, in some things like the Athenians and in others like the Irish,—fond of discussion, quick in repartee, and "never so wretched that they could not make a joke."

Gorgias of Leontini in Sicily was neither a "sophist" in the proper sense nor a student of rhetoric as an art, but rather an independent cultivator of natural oratory, with a gift for brilliant expression of a poetical and often turgid kind. When he visited Athens in 427 B. C., his florid eloquence became the rage, and was afterwards the first literary inspiration of the orator Isocrates.

Antiphon (born 480 B. C.), the first in the list of the Ten Attic Orators drawn up by later Greek critics, has much in common with the style of Thucydides, and, with him, represents the early Attic prose. The style is elaborate; it moves with a grave dignity; much weight of meaning is concentrated in single words; and pointed verbal contrasts are frequent. There is a certain rugged grandeur, a stern pathos, a scorn for prettiness or florid ornament, but also a lack of ease, grace, and light movement. Antiphon was the ablest debater and pleader of his day, and in his person the new Rhetoric first appears as a political power at Athens. He took a chief part in organizing the Revolution of the Four Hundred, and when they fell, was put to death by the people (411 B. C.), after defending himself in a masterpiece of eloquence. Of his fifteen extant speeches, all relating to trials for homicide, twelve are mere sketches or studies, forming three groups of four each, in which the case for the prosecution is argued alternately with the case for the defense. The chief of the three speeches in real causes is that "On the Murder of Herodes," a defense of a young Mitylenean charged (about 417 B. C.) with the murder of an Athenian citizen.

Andocides, born of a good family about 440 B. C., was banished from Athens in 415, on suspicion of having been concerned in a wholesale sacrilege,—the mutilation, in one night, of the images of the god Hermes, which stood before the doors of houses and public buildings. He made unsuccessful application for a pardon, first in 411 B. C., during the reign of the Four Hundred, then, after their fall, in 410, when he addressed the assembly in the extant speech, "On His Return." From 410 to 403 he lived a roving merchant's life in Sicily, Italy, Greece, Ionia, and Cyprus. In 402, the general amnesty allowed him to return to Athens. But in 399 the old charges against him were revived. He defended himself in his extant speech, "On the Mysteries,"—so called because it deals partly with a charge that he had violated the Mysteries of Eleusis,—and was acquitted. During the Corinthian War he was one of an embassy sent to treat for peace at Sparta, and on his return made his extant speech, "On the Peace with Lacedæmon" (390 B. C.), sensibly advising Athens to accept the terms offered by Sparta. The speech, "Against Alcibiades," which bears his name is spurious. The chief interest of his work is historical; he is not an artist of style, but he has much natural force and keenness, and excels in vivid description.

Lysias did a great work for Attic prose, and is, in his own style, one of its most perfect writers. He broke away from the stiff monotony of the old school, and dared to be natural and simple, using the language of daily life, but with perfect purity and grace. His father was a Syracusan, and Lysias, though born at Athens, had not the rights of a citizen. After passing his youth and early manhood at Thurii in south Italy, he settled at Athens, a wealthy man, in 412 B. C. In 404 he fled from the Thirty Tyrants, who had put his brother Polemarchus to death; and, after the restoration of the Democracy, impeached Erasthenes, one of the Thirty, in the most splendid of his extant speeches (403 B. C.), the only one which we know that he himself spoke at Athens. But in 388 B. C., he addressed the assembled Greeks at Olympia, in a fine speech of which we have a fragment, urging them to unite against the two great foes of Greece,—Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse in the west, and Persia in the east. The speech, "Against Agoratus" (399 B. C.?), was written for the impeachment of an informer who had slandered away the lives of citizens under the Thirty Tyrants. The great majority of our thirty-four speeches were composed by Lysias for his clients to speak in public or private causes. They show the dramatic skill with which he could adapt his style to the condition and character of the speaker. The old critics regard Lysias as the model of the plain style of oratory, which conceals its art,

and studies the language of ordinary life, as opposed to the grand style represented by Antiphon, and the middle style of Isocrates.

Isocrates differs from the other Greek orators in this, that his discourses were meant to be read rather than spoken. He represents the genius of Attic Greek with less purity of taste than Lysias. But he founded a style of Greek literary prose, which, from about 350 B. C., became the standard one for general use. Its chief characteristics are the avoidance of poetical language and of declamation, the use of an ample flowing period, and great smoothness, obtained chiefly by systematic care against allowing a word ending with a vowel to be followed by a word which begins with one. This style, transmitted through the schools of rhetoric, became the basis of Cicero's; modern literary prose has been modeled largely on the Roman; and thus the influence of Isocrates has gone through all literature. He was born in 436 B. C., five years before the Peloponnesian War began, and died, aged ninety-eight, in 338, just after the battle of Chæronea. Milton speaks of him as "the old man eloquent" whose heart was broken by the news, but the story of his suicide is doubtful.

We have twenty-one of his discourses. Five are for law suits, and belong to his earlier life. The rest are either scholastic,—letters, panegyrics, show pieces, essays on education,—or political. There are also nine letters to friends, including Philip and Alexander the Great. The ruling idea of his life was that of a war by the united Greeks against Persia. The most brilliant of his writings,—the "Panegyricus" (380 B. C.), on which he is said to have spent ten years,—is a plea for such a war, to be led by Athens; and in his "Philippus" he urges Philip to lead it. His "Areopagiticus" (355 B. C.) is a plea for restoring the old moral censorship of the Areopagus; and his discourse (355 B. C.) "On the Exchange of Properties" (so called from the fiction of a law suit on which it is based), is a defense of his "philosophy," or political culture founded on literary rhetoric. The "Encomium on Helen" has much beauty. The "Letter to Demonicus" is full of precepts which often recall the Socrates of Xenophon.

Isæus, born about 420 B. C., has left eleven speeches in will cases, ranging in date from about 390 (Oration V.) to 353 B. C. (Oration VII.). An Athenian could not disinherit his son, nor could he separate his estate from his daughter, though he could choose the person whom she was to marry. If childless, he could divert his estate from the next of kin by adopting, either during his life or by testament, an Athenian citizen as his son and heir. The speeches of Isæus throw a most interesting light on the relations of Attic family life. Their style (best seen in the eighth speech) marks a stage in the development of oratorical prose,—the transition from the "plain" style of Lysias to that full technical mastery which reaches its summit in Demosthenes. Isæus is the first great artist in forensic controversy.

Demosthenes, born in 384 B. C. and left an orphan in childhood, studied with Isæus before, in 363–2, he prosecuted Aphobus and Onêtor, the guardians who had wasted his property; and his speeches against them show that he had caught the master's secret of close, vigorous argument. He worked hard to make himself a good speaker; we are told how he put pebbles in his mouth and declaimed by the loud sea waves or while he ran up hill; how he wrote out Thucydides eight times; how he was laughed down by the assembly and comforted by an actor who found him moping about the harbor town. Not industry, however, or genius alone, but a great idea inspiring his whole life, lifted him to heights reached by no other orator of the old world. Athens, he believed, was the natural head of Greece. Athens must win the confidence of all the Greeks in order to guard Greece against internal or external violence. But before Athens can do this, the public spirit of Athenians must be revived.

Four speeches in public prosecutions,—“Against Androtion” (355); “Leptines” (354); “Timocrates” and “Aristocrates” (352),—opened his career with protest against corrupt administration at home. Addressing the assembly in his speeches: “On the Navy Boards” (354); “For Megalopolis” (352); and “For the Rhodians” (351), he warns Athens that she must organize her resources, that she must discountenance the tyranny of Greeks over Greeks, and must everywhere support the cause of Greek freedom against barbarian despotism. The speech (neither finished nor spoken), “Against Meidias” (349),—who had assaulted Demosthenes in public,—shows what bitter enmity the young reformer had provoked.

As Philip of Macedon gradually stretched his power along the coasts of Thrace and Thessaly, Demosthenes saw more and more clearly that this crafty king in the north was the great danger which threatened the disunited Greek cities. His nine speeches against Philip form two groups. (1) The “First Philippic” (351 B. C.) urges that a force should be sent to the coasts of Thrace, and that citizens should serve in person. The three orations for “Olynthus” (349–8) plead the cause of the great city, which, with its confederacy of thirty-two towns, Philip destroyed in 348. So far Philip had been a foreign foe. But in 346 he became a Greek power by admission to the Amphictyonic Council. (2) The speeches of the second group—which have to reckon with a more definite Macedonian party within Greece itself—are, the speech “On the Peace” (346); the “Second Philippic” (344); “On the Embassy” (343); “On the Chersonese,” and the “Third Philippic” (341). Move by move the Macedonian game was explained by Demosthenes. At the last moment he won Byzantium back to the Athenian alliance and prevailed on Thebes to join Athens in making a last, but vain, stand at Chæronea (338).

In 336 B. C. Ctesiphon proposed that Demosthenes should receive a golden wreath of honor from the State. The orator Æschines raised legal objections, but was defeated when the case was tried, and left Athens. At the trial (330 B. C.) Demosthenes made a splendid defense of his past policy in the greatest oration of the old world, the speech “On the Crown.” “If the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand,” he said, “not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come.” In 322,—when the rising of the Greeks in the Lamian War, after Alexander’s death, had been crushed,—Demosthenes took poison to avoid falling into the hands of the Macedonians.

Demosthenes is the greatest master of Greek prose. He combines all the best elements in earlier styles, and blends them in new harmonies. Some of his speeches for private law suits, written in the midst of his public career, show how this unapproached artist of political eloquence could at the same time equal or surpass Lysias and Isæus in their own field. Of our thirty-two private speeches only eleven are probably genuine, *viz.*, the four against “Aphobus” and “Onêtôr”; those against “Spudias,” “Callicles,” “Pantænetus,” “Nausimachus,” “Bœotus” (on the Name), and “Conon,” with that “For Phormio.” Firm grasp of facts, sparing use of ornament, sincerity and sustained intensity are the characteristics which first strikes a modern reader in the orations of Demosthenes. We can no longer feel all the delicate touches of that exquisite skill which made them, to the Ancients, such marvelous works of art, and which led detractors to reproach them with excess of elaboration. But we can feel, at least, the orator’s splendid mastery of every tone which the Greek language could yield, the intellectual greatness of the statesman, the moral greatness of the patriot who warned his people of the impending blow, and comforted them when it had fallen.

Æschines, born in 389, or five years before Demosthenes, was a tragic actor and a clerk to the assembly before he came forward, about 348, as a public speaker. His natural eloquence, fluent, vehement, and often splendid, was set off by a fine person and voice, which the stage had taught him to make effective. In 346 he was twice an envoy to Philip. His speech "Against Timarchus" (345), arraigns this man—who was about to prosecute him for breach of trust on the embassy—as disqualified to speak in the assembly on account of a vicious life; his speech "On the Embassy" (343), in reply to his former colleague Demosthenes, gained him a narrow acquittal. After the failure of his speech "Against Ctesiphon" (330),—an elaborate attack on the whole life of Demosthenes,—he withdrew to Rhodes. The genius shown in his eloquence is marred by the want of earnestness and moral nobleness.

Lycurgus, of a noble priestly family, steward of the treasury from 338 to 326, is represented only by his oration "Against Leocrates" (332 B. C.), who had fled from Athens just after the battle of Chæronea, and who is here indicted for treason in a speech full of lofty indignation, a solemn protest on behalf of public spirit, in which a strain of the old style of Antiphon is blended with the luxuriance of Isocrates.

From Hypereides we have a speech, nearly complete, "For Euxenippus" (about 330 B. C.), interesting as showing the public belief in the dreams sent by a god to those who slept in his temple; fragments of a "Funeral Oration" on Leosthenes and the comrades who fell with him in the Lamian War (322 B. C.); of a speech spoken by Hypereides "Against Demosthenes" in 324, when the latter was accused of having taken bribes from Alexander's treasurer, Harpalus; and of a speech "For Lycophron" (earlier than 349 B. C.), when Lycurgus was accuser. All these were recovered, between 1847 and 1856, from papyri found in Egypt. Hypereides joined fire and pathos to exquisite wit and grace, and was preferred by some to Demosthenes himself.

Deinarchus, a Corinthian by birth, the last in the canon of the Ten Attic Orators, has left three speeches: "Against Demosthenes," "Aristogeiton," and "Philocles," written when they were accused of taking bribes from Harpalus in 324 B. C. He was mainly a coarse imitator of Demosthenes, and far inferior, probably, to Demades, an orator on the Macedonian side at Athens, from whom there remain a few scanty fragments. Demetrius of Phalerum, a pupil of Aristotle, then prepared the decline of Attic oratory in his elegantly luxuriant style, "preferring his own sweetness to the weight and dignity of his predecessors,"

From "Greek Literature." Part III., Chap. III.

CELEBRATED PASSAGES FROM THE BEST ORATIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

(495 B. C.—1900 A. D.)

INTRODUCTION

THE "Celebrated Passages" which follow cannot be expected to do more than suggest the nature of the complete orations from which they are taken. It is hoped, however, that in what they suggest of the purposes and scope of oratory they will have great educational value, aside from their obvious use for ready and constant reference. While no attempt has been made to give complete speeches, as a rule, the entire text of the "Address of Mazzini to the Young Men of Italy,"* of the "Speech" of Robert Emmet before Lord Norbury, and the celebrated "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech of Patrick Henry (March 23d, 1775), have been given in full, as illustrations of the natural arrangement of the parts of an oration. In several other instances brief speeches are given in full, but the rule has been to include the largest possible number of celebrated passages at the expense of the exclusion of all passages not celebrated.

The work of collection began with the "Oration of Pericles over the Athenian Dead," which, as it is given in Thucydides, may be fairly accepted as the first oration authentically reported. It may have been composed instead of reported by Thucydides, as he certainly did compose others; but Pericles may be credited with it as safely as Patrick Henry may with Wirt's version (the only one on record) of his greatest speech. From Pericles to the twentieth century, the collection gives extracts which it is believed lawyers, clergymen, and all other public speakers, will find permanently useful for reference. The needs of all classes of professional speakers have been kept in view, and the compilation is intended also to give everything necessary to introduce students of law, divinity, and of literature in general to the great masterpieces of the great orators represented. It will be found by reference to Burke, Bossuet, Brougham, Calhoun, Cicero, Chatham, Clay, Curran, Demosthenes, Fénelon, Mirabeau, Webster, and other orators of the first rank, as they follow in alphabetical order, that a special effort has been made to include all those famous sayings and passages which have attained even an approximation to

* This is considered by some the best speech of the nineteenth century. It is certainly one of the best ever delivered.

general currency. The rule has been to include celebrated passages only from orations (speeches, sermons, lectures, etc.), but in the cases of great orators who are also great writers, celebrated passages from essays or other forms of written prose have not been rigorously excluded. As no such collection as this, covering the entire range of oratory, has been attempted before, it is hoped that, in connection with the department of celebrated passages from poets most generally quoted by public speakers, it will give every student of oratory and every professional speaker what he most needs in the way of suggestion and illustration. The arrangement throughout is alphabetical by authors, so that it will be not less useful for reading than for reference,—the great advantage of the arrangement by authors being that it impresses on the memory the name of the author in connection with the source of the thought and the form of its expression.

While celebrated phrases are frequently given without their context, the rule has been to give as often as possible with the phrase a representative extract from the original text long enough not merely to explain the phrase, but to suggest the character of the oration, and to show the writer's purpose.*

* While many works have been used in preparing this collection, its heaviest obligation is to "The World's Best Orations" (F. P. Kaiser, St. Louis, ten volumes), and to the works of Epes Sargent,—that unpretentious poet and compiler whose work as a student of oratory in the first half of the nineteenth century made him the greatest popular educator of his generation in America.

CELEBRATED PASSAGES FROM THE BEST ORATIONS

Abélard, Pierre (France, 1079-1142 A. D.)

Greatness of Soul—He that fears the death of the body, in whatever part of the body he may suffer, however much he may be ashamed of the disease, makes no delay in revealing it to the physician, and setting it forth, so that it may be cured. However rough, however hard may be the remedy, he avoids it not, so that he may escape death. Whatever he has that is most precious, he makes no hesitation in giving it, if only for a little while he may put off the death of the body. What, then, ought we to do for the death of the soul? For this, however terrible, may be forever prevented, without such great labor, without such great expense. The Lord seeks us ourselves, and not what is ours. He stands in no need of our wealth who bestows all things. For it is he to whom it is said, "My goods are nothing unto thee." With him a man is by so much the greater, as, in his own judgment he is less. With him a man is as much the more righteous, as in his own opinion he is the more guilty. In his eyes we hide our faults all the more, the more that by confession we manifest them.—(From a sermon on the "Resurrection of Lazarus." Text from the "World's Best Orations.")

Adams, Charles Francis, Sr. (American, 1807-1886.)

The Rights of Massachusetts—If I have, in any way, succeeded in mastering the primary elements of our forms of government, the first and fundamental idea is, the reservation to the people of the respective States of every power of regulating their own affairs not specifically surrendered in the Constitution. The security of the State governments depends upon the fidelity with which this principle is observed. Even the intimation of any such interference as I have mentioned by way of example could not be made in earnest without at once shaking the entire foundation of the whole confederated Union. No man shall exceed me in jealousy of affection for the State rights of Massachusetts.

Adams, Charles Francis, Jr. (American, 1835-.)

The Civil War Generation—Our generation,—yes, we ourselves have been a part of great things. We have suffered greatly and greatly rejoiced; we have drunk deep of the cup of joy and of sorrow; we have tasted the

agony of defeat, and we have supped full with the pleasures of victory. We have proved ourselves equal to great deeds, and have learnt what qualities were in us, which in more peaceful times we ourselves did not suspect.

And, indeed, I would here in closing fain address a few words to such of you, if any such are here, who, like myself, may have been soldiers during the War of the Rebellion. We should never more be partisans. We have been a part of great events in the service of the common country, we have worn her uniform, we have received her pay, and devoted ourselves to the death, if need be, in her service. When we were blackened by the smoke of Antietam, we did not ask or care whether those who stood shoulder to shoulder beside us, whether he who led us, whether those who sustained us, were Democrats or Republicans, conservatives or radicals; we asked only that they might prove as true as was the steel we grasped, and as brave as we ourselves would fain have been. When we stood like a wall of stone vomiting fire from the heights of Gettysburg,—nailed to our position through three long days of mortal Hell,—did we ask each other whether that brave officer who fell while gallantly leading the counter-charge—whether that cool gunner steadily serving his piece before us amid the storm of shot and shell—whether the poor wounded, mangled, gasping comrades, crushed and torn, and dying in agony around us,—had voted for Lincoln or Douglas, for Breckenridge or Bell? We then were full of other thoughts. We prized men for what they were worth to the common country of us all, and recked not of empty words. Was the man true, was he brave, was he earnest, was all we thought of then;—not, did he vote or think with us, or label himself with our party name? This lesson let us try to remember.—(From the "World's Best Orations.")

Adams, John (American, 1735-1826.)

In Behalf of the Hated—

May It Please Your Honor, and You, Gentlemen of the Jury:—

I am for the prisoners at the bar, and shall apologize for it only in the words of the Marquis Beccaria:—

"If I can but be the instrument of preserving one life, his blessings and tears of transport shall be a sufficient consolation for me for the contempt of all mankind."

As the prisoners stand before you for their lives, it may be proper to recollect with what temper the law requires we should proceed to this trial. The form of proceeding at their arraignment has discovered that the spirit of the law upon such occasions is conformable to humanity, to common sense and feeling; that it is all benignity and candor. And the trial commences with the prayer of the court, expressed by the clerk, to the Supreme Judge of judges, empires, and worlds, "God send you a good deliverance."

We find in the rules laid down by the greatest English judges, who have been the brightest of mankind: We are to look upon it as more beneficial that many guilty persons should escape unpunished than one innocent should suffer. The reason is, because it is of more importance to the community that innocence should be protected than it is that guilt should be punished; for guilt and crimes are so frequent in the world that all of them cannot be punished; and many times they happen in such a manner that it is not of much consequence to the public whether they are punished or not. But when innocence itself is brought to the bar and condemned, especially to die, the subject will exclaim, "It is immaterial to me whether I behave well or ill, for virtue itself is no security." And if such a sentiment as this should take place in the mind of the subject, there would be an end to all security whatsoever.—(Exordium of a first day's speech in defense of the British soldiers accused of murdering Attacks, Gray, and others, in the Boston Riot of 1770.

Adams, John Quincy (American, 1767-1848.)

Man and His Immortality—Among the sentiments of most powerful operation upon the human heart, and most highly honorable to the human character, are those of veneration for our forefathers, and of love for our posterity. They form the connecting links between the selfish and the social passions. By the fundamental principle of Christianity, the happiness of the individual is interwoven, by innumerable and imperceptible ties, with that of his contemporaries. By the power of filial reverence and parental affection individual existence is extended beyond the limits of individual life, and the happiness of every age is chained in mutual dependence upon that of every other. Respect for his ancestors excites, in the breast of man, interest in their history, attachment to their characters, concern for their errors, involuntary pride in their virtues. Love for his posterity spurs him to exertion for their support, stimulates him to virtue for their example, and fills him with the tenderest solicitude for their welfare. Man, therefore, was not made for himself alone. No; he was made for his country by the obligations of the social compact; he was made for his species by the Christian duties of universal charity; he was made for all ages past, by the sentiment of reverence for his forefathers; and he was

made for all future times, by the impulse of affection for his progeny. Under the influence of these principles

"Existence sees him spurn her bounded reign."

They redeem his nature from the subjection of time and space; he is no longer a "puny insect shivering at a breeze"; he is the glory of creation, formed to occupy all time and all extent; bounded, during his residence upon earth, only to the boundaries of the world, and destined to life and immortality in brighter regions, when the fabric of nature itself shall dissolve and perish.—(Exordium of the oration delivered at Plymouth, December 22d, 1802.)

Principles as Empire Builders—When the persecuted companions of Robinson, exiles from their native land, anxiously sued for the privilege of removing a thousand leagues more distant to an untried soil, a rigorous climate, and a savage wilderness, for the sake of reconciling their sense of religious duty with their affections for their country, few, perhaps none of them, formed a conception of what would be, within two centuries, the result of their undertaking. When the jealous and niggardly policy of their British sovereign denied them even that humblest of requests, and instead of liberty would barely consent to promise connivance, neither he nor they might be aware that they were laying the foundations of a power, and that he was sowing the seeds of a spirit, which, in less than two hundred years, would stagger the throne of his descendants, and shake his united kingdoms to the centre. So far is it from the ordinary habits of mankind to calculate the importance of events in their elementary principles, that had the first colonists of our country ever intimated as a part of their designs the project of founding a great and mighty nation, the finger of scorn would have pointed them to the cells of bedlam as an abode more suitable for hatching vain empires than the solitude of a transatlantic desert.—(From the "Plymouth Oration.")

Adams, Samuel (American, 1722-1803.)

Liberty Ordained of God—Truth loves an appeal to the common sense of mankind. Your unperverted understandings can best determine on subjects of a practical nature. The positions and plans which are said to be above the comprehension of the multitude may be always suspected to be visionary and fruitless. He who made all men hath made the truths necessary to human happiness obvious to all.

We have explored the temple of royalty, and found that the idol we have bowed down to has eyes which see not, ears that hear not our prayers, and a heart like the nether millstone. We have this day restored the Sovereign to whom alone men ought to be obedient. He reigns in Heaven, and with a propitious eye beholds his subjects assuming that freedom of thought and dignity of self-direction which he

bestowed on them. From the rising to the setting sun, may his kingdom come!

Were the talents and virtues which heaven has bestowed on men given merely to make them more obedient drudges, to be sacrificed to the follies and ambition of a few? Or, were not the noble gifts so equally dispensed with a divine purpose and law, that they should as nearly as possible be equally exerted, and the blessings of Providence be equally enjoyed by all? Away, then, with those absurd systems which, to gratify the pride of a few, debase the greater part of our species below the order of men. What an affront to the King of the universe, to maintain that the happiness of a monster, sunk in debauchery and spreading desolation and murder among men, of a Caligula, a Nero, or a Charles, is more precious in his sight than that of millions of his suppliant creatures, who do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God! No; in the judgment of heaven there is no other superiority among men than a superiority in wisdom and virtue. And can we have a safer model in forming ours?—(From the exordium of his address on the Declaration of Independence delivered at Philadelphia, August, 1776.)

"A Nation of Shopkeepers"—Men who content themselves with the semblance of truth, and a display of words, talk much of our obligations to Great Britain for protection. Had she a single eye to our advantage? A nation of shopkeepers are very seldom so disinterested. Let us not be so amused with words; the extension of her commerce was her object. When she defended our coasts, she fought for her customers, and convoyed our ships loaded with wealth, which we had acquired for her by our industry. She has treated us as beasts of burthen, whom the lordly masters cherish that they may carry a greater load.—(From the address of August, 1776.)*

Ælred (England, 1109-1166.)

Labor in Vice, Rest in Virtue—There is labor in vice, there is rest in virtue; there is confusion in lust, there is security in chastity; there is servitude in covetousness, there is liberty in charity.—(From a sermon preached after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.)

Æschines (Greece, 389-314 B. C.)

Peroration Against Demosthenes—Remember, then, Athenians, that the city whose fate rests with you is no alien city, but your own. Give the prizes of ambition by merit, not by chance. Reserve your rewards for those whose manhood is truer, whose characters are worthier. Look at each other and judge not only with your ears, but with your eyes, who of your number are likely to support Demosthenes. His young companions in the chase or the gymna-

sium? No, by the Olympian Zeus! He has not spent his life in hunting or in any healthful exercise, but in cultivating rhetoric to be used against men of property. Think of his boastfulness when he claims by his embassy to have snatched Byzantium out of the hands of Philip; to have thrown the Achæans into revolt; to have astonished the Thebans with his harangue! He thinks that you have reached the point of fatuity at which you can be made to believe even this,—as if your citizen were the deity of persuasion instead of a pettifogging mortal! And when, at the end of his speech, he calls as his advocates those who shared his bribes, imagine that you see upon this platform, where I now speak before you, an array drawn up to confront their profligacy,—the benefactors of Athens: Solon, who set in order the Democracy by his glorious laws; the philosopher, the good legislator, entreating you with the gravity which so well became him never to set the rhetoric of Demosthenes above your oaths and above the laws; Aristides, who assessed the tribute of the Confederacy, and whose daughters after his death were dowered by the State,—indignant at the contumely threatened to justice, and asking: Are you not ashamed? When Arthmios of Zeleia brought Persian gold to Greece and visited Athens, our fathers well-nigh put him to death, though he was our public guest, and proclaimed him expelled from Athens, and from all territory that the Athenians rule; while Demosthenes, who has not brought us Persian gold but has taken bribes for himself and has kept them to this day, is about to receive a golden wreath from you! And Themistokles, and they who died at Marathon and Plataea, aye, and the very graves of our forefathers,—do you not think they will utter a voice of lamentation, if he who covenants with barbarians to work against Greece shall be—crowned!—(From Professor Jebb's translation of the speech prosecuting Ctesiphon for moving to present Demosthenes with a civic crown.)

Aiken, Frederick A. (American, 1810-1878.)

The Lawyer's Duty to the Weak—For the lawyer, as well as the soldier, there is an equally pleasant duty—an equally imperative command. That duty is to shelter the innocent from injustice and wrong, to protect the weak from oppression, and to rally at all times and all occasions, when necessity demands it, to the special defense of those whom nature, custom, or circumstance may have placed in dependence upon our strength, honor, and cherishing regard. That command emanates and reaches each class from the same authoritative and omnipotent source. It comes from a superior, whose right to command none dare question, and none dare disobey. In this command there is nothing of that *lex talionis* which nearly two thousand years ago nailed to the cross its Divine Author.

* This address was translated into French and published in Paris. In it occurs for the first time, as far as known, the celebrated phrase afterwards used by Napoleon in characterizing England.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets."

God has not only given us life, but he has filled the world with everything to make life desirable; and when we sit down to determine the taking away of that which we did not give, and which, when taken away, we cannot restore, we consider a subject the most solemn and momentous within the range of human thought and human action.

Profoundly impressed with the innocence of our client, we enter upon the last duty in her case with the heartfelt prayer that her honorable judges may enjoy the satisfaction of not having a single doubt left on their minds in granting her an acquittal, either as to the testimony affecting her, or by the surrounding circumstances of the case.—(Exordium of the speech for the defense at the trial of Mrs. Surratt, 1865.)

Allen, Edward A. (American, contemporaneous.)

The Oratory of Anglo-Saxon Countries—English-speaking people have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty, the world has ever seen. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old home-land in North Germany beating back the Roman legions under Varus, and staying the progress of Rome's triumphant car whose mighty wheels had crushed Hannibal, Jugurtha, Vercingetorix, and countless thousands in every land. The Germanic ancestors of the English nation were the only people who did not bend the neck to these lords of all the world besides. In the year 9, when the founder of Christianity was playing about his humble home at Nazareth, or watching his father at work in his shop, our forefathers dealt Rome a blow from which she never recovered. As Freeman, late professor of history at Oxford, said in one of his lectures: "In the blow by the Teutoburg wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the germ of the surrender of Yorktown." Arminius was our first Washington, "*haud dubie liberator*," as Tacitus calls him,—the savior of his country. . . .

So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battlefield.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to

enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and to defend the hope of the world?—(From the Introduction to the "World's Best Orations." By permission. Copyright by F. P. Kaiser, St. Louis, 1899.)

Allen, Ethan (American, nineteenth century.)

The Passion of Civil War Illustrated—Go call the roll on Saratoga, Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, that the sheeted dead may rise as witnesses, and tell your legions of the effort to dissolve their Union, and there receive their answer. Mad with frenzy, burning with indignation at the thought, all ablaze for vengeance upon the traitors, such shall be the fury and impetuosity of the onset that all opposition shall be swept away before them, as the pigmy yields to the avalanche that comes tumbling, rumbling, thundering from its Alpine home! Let us gather at the tomb of Washington and invoke his immortal spirit to direct us in the combat. Rising again incarnate from the tomb, in one hand he holds that same old flag, blackened and begrimed with the smoke of a seven-years' war, and with the other hand he points us to the foe. Up and at them! Let immortal energy strengthen our arms, and infernal fury thrill us to the soul. One blow,—deep, effectual, and forever,—one crushing blow upon the rebellion, in the name of God, Washington, and the Republic!—(Peroration of a speech delivered in New York City in 1861.)

Allen, William (American, nineteenth century.)

Fifty-Four Forty or Fight—Fifty-four forty or fight! (54° 40' N.).—(From a speech on the Oregon Boundary Question, U. S. Senate, 1844.)

Ames, Fisher (American, 1758-1803.)

What Is Patriotism?—What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man

in his native land.—(From the speech of April 28th, 1796, on the British Treaty.)

Sober Second Thought—I consider biennial elections as a security that the "sober, second thought" of the people shall be law.—(Quoting Matthew Hale.)

Andocides (Greece, c. 467 ?–391 B. C.)

Against Epichares, One of the Thirty Tyrants—Speak, slanderer, accursed knave,—is this law valid or not valid? Invalid, I imagine, only for this reason,—that the operation of the laws must be dated from the archonship of Euclides. So you live, and walk about this city, as you little deserve to do; you who, under the Democracy, lived by pettifoggery, and under the Oligarchy—lest you should be forced to give back all the profits of that trade—became the instrument of the Thirty.

The truth is, judges, that as I sat here, while he accused me, and as I looked at him, I fancied myself nothing else than a prisoner at the bar of the Thirty. Had this trial been in their time, who would have been accusing me? Was not this man ready to accuse, if I had not given him money? He has done it now. . . .

Can you suppose, judges, that my fate, as your champion would have been other than this, if I had been caught by the Tyrants? I should have been destroyed by them, as they destroyed many others, for having done no wrong to Athens.—(From the speech on the Mysteries, delivered at Athens, c. 417 B. C.)

Anselm, St. (Italy, 1033–1109.)

"When Tempests Rage"—You think that the wind is then contrary when the adversity of this world rises against you, and not also when its prosperity fawns upon you. For when wars, when tumults, when famine, when pestilence comes, when any private calamity happens, even to individual men, then the wind is thought adverse, and then it is held right to call upon God; but when the world smiles with temporal felicity, then, forsooth, the wind is not contrary. Do not, by such tokens as these, judge of the tranquillity of the time; but judge of it by your own temptations. See if you are tranquil within yourself; see if no internal tempest is overwhelming you. It is a proof of great virtue to struggle with happiness, so that it shall not seduce, corrupt, subvert.—(From Neal's translation of a sermon on Matthew, xiv. 22.)

Antiphon (Greece, 480–411 B. C.)

Unjust Prosecutions—The God, when it was his will to create mankind, begat the earliest of our race and gave us for nourishers the earth and sea, that we might not die, for want of needful sustenance, before the term of old age. Whoever, then, having been deemed worthy of these things by the God, lawlessly robs anyone among us of life, is impious towards heaven and confounds the ordinances of men. The dead man, robbed of the God's gift, necessarily bequeaths, as that God's punishment, the anger of avenging spirits,—anger which unjust judges or false witnesses, becoming partners in the im-

piety of the murderer, bring, as a self-sought defilement, into their own houses. We, the champions of the murdered, if for any collateral enmity we prosecute innocent persons, shall find, by our failure to vindicate the dead, dread avengers in the spirits which hear his curse; while, by putting the pure to a wrongful death, we become liable to the penalties of murder, and, in persuading you to violate the law, responsible for your sin also.—(From the Third Tetralogy of Antiphon.)

Arnold, Thomas (England, 1795–1842.)

"The Little Words, Life and Death"—Behold, then, life and death set before us; not remote (if a few years be, indeed, to be called remote), but even now present before us; even now suffered or enjoyed. Even now we are alive unto God or dead unto God; and, as we are either the one or the other, so we are, in the highest possible sense of the terms, alive or dead. In the highest possible sense of the terms; but who can tell what that highest possible sense of the terms is? So much has, indeed, been revealed to us that we know now that death means a conscious and perpetual death, as life means a conscious and perpetual life.—(From a sermon in Matthew, xxii. 32.)

Arthur, Chester Alan (American, 1830–1886.)

On the Assassination of Garfield—For the fourth time the officer elected by the people and ordained by the Constitution to fill a vacancy so created is called to assume the executive chair. The wisdom of our fathers, foreseeing even the most dire possibilities, made sure that the government should never be imperiled because of the uncertainty of human life. Men may die, but the fabric of our free institutions remains unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and permanence of popular government than the fact that though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed without shock or strain except that of the sorrow which mourns the bereavement. All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor, which found expression during his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses, to enforce economy, to advance prosperity, to promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit and to see that the nation shall profit by his example and experience.—(From his inaugural address of September 22d, 1881.)

Augustine, Saint (Numidia, 354–430.)

Heaven and Earth—Our spirit is heaven, and the flesh earth. As our spirit is renewed by believing, so may our flesh be renewed by rising again; and "the will of God be done as in heaven, so in earth." Again, our mind whereby we see truth, and delight in this truth, is heaven; as, "I delight in the law of God, after the inward man." What is the earth?

"I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind?" When this strife shall have passed away, and a full concord be brought about of the flesh and spirit, the will of God will be done as in heaven, so also in earth.—(From a sermon on the Lord's Prayer.)

The World—Trust not the world, for it never payeth that it promiseth.

Drunkenness—Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself, which whosoever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.

Bacon, Lord (Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albane. England, 1561–1626.)

"The Privilege of Passion" in Murder—For first, for the law of God, there is never to be found any difference made in homicide, but between homicide voluntary and involuntary, which we term misadventure. And for the case of misadventure itself, there were cities of refuge; so that the offender was put to his flight, and that flight was subject to accident, whether the revenger of blood should overtake him before he had gotten sanctuary or no. It is true that our law hath made a more subtle distinction between the will inflamed and the will advised, between manslaughter in heat and murder upon premeditated malice or cold blood, as the soldiers call it; an indulgence not unfit for a choleric and warlike nation; for it is true, *ira furor brevis*, a man in fury is not himself. This privilege of passion the ancient Roman law restrained, but to a case; that was, if the husband took the adulterer in the manner. To that rage and provocation only it gave way, that a homicide was justifiable. But for a difference to be made in killing and destroying man, upon a forethought purpose, between foul and fair, and, as it were, between single murder and vied murder, it is but a monstrous child of this latter age, and there is no shadow of it in any law, divine or human.—(From his Star Chamber speech against duelling. Brewer's Text.)

Bancroft, George (American, 1800–1891.)

Individual Sovereignty and Vested Right in Slaves—The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian, or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country; and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he rose at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its defense. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to con-

tinue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the Middle Ages, but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the Middle Ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the lands which they cultivated; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.—(From a speech on the death of President Lincoln in 1865.)

Barnave, Antoine Pierre Joseph Marie (France, 1761–1793.)

The Dangers of Commercial Politics—The manners and morals of a commercial people are not the manners of the merchant. He individually is economical, while the general mass are prodigal. The individual merchant is conservative and moral, while the general public are rendered dissolute.

Where a nation is exclusively commercial, it can make an immense accumulation of riches without sensibly altering its manners. The passion of the trader is avarice and the habit of continuous labor. Left alone to his instincts he amasses riches to possess them, without designing or knowing how to use them. Examples are needed to conduct him to prodigality, ostentation, and moral corruption. As a rule the merchant opposes the soldier. One desires the accumulations of industry, the other of conquest. One makes of power the means of getting riches, the other makes of riches the means of getting power. One is disposed to be economical, a taste due to his labor. The other is prodigal, the instinct of his valor. In modern monarchies these two classes form the aristocracy and the democracy. Commerce in certain republics forms an aristocracy, or rather an "extra aristocracy in the democracy." These are the directing forces of such democracies, with the addition of two other governing powers, which have come in, the clergy and the legal fraternity, who assist largely in shaping the course of events.—(From Barnave's speeches in Brewer's "Orations.")

Barré, Colonel Isaac (Ireland, 1726–1802.)

Tea Taxes and the American Character—The Americans may be flattered into anything; but they are too much like yourselves to be driven. Have some indulgence for your own likeness; respect their sturdy English virtue; retract your odious exertions of authority, and remember that the first step towards making them contribute to your wants is to reconcile them to your government.

Barrow, Isaac (England, 1630–1677.)

Political Liars—What do men commonly please themselves in so much as in carping and

harshly censuring, in defaming and abusing their neighbors? Is it not the sport and divertisement of many to cast dirt in the faces of all they meet with? to bespatter any man with foul imputations? Doth not in every corner a Momus lurk, from the venom of whose spiteful or petulant tongue no eminence of rank, dignity of place, or sacredness of office, no innocence or integrity of life, no wisdom or circumspection in behavior, no good-nature or benignity in dealing and carriage, can protect any person? Do not men assume to themselves a liberty of telling romances, and framing characters concerning their neighbors, as freely as a poet doth about Hector or Turnus, Thersites or Draucus? Do they not usurp a power of playing with, or tossing about, of tearing in pieces their neighbor's good name, as if it were the veriest toy in the world? Do not many having a form of godliness (some of them demurely, others confidently, both without any sense of, or remorse for, what they do) backbite their brethren? Is it not grown so common a thing to asperse causelessly that no man wonders at it, that few dislike, that scarce any detest it? that most notorious calumniators are heard, not only with patience, but with pleasure; yea, are even held in vogue and reverence as men of a notable talent, and very serviceable to their party?—(From sermons on the "Government of the Tongue.")

Basil, the Great (Cappadocia, 329-379.)

A Vision of Judgment—Picture to thy mind the final dissolution of all that belongs to our present life, when the Son of Man shall come in his glory, with his holy angles; for he "shall come, and shall not keep silence," when he shall come to judge the living and the dead, and to render to every man according to his work; when the trumpet, with its loud and terrible echo, shall awaken those who have slept from the beginning of the world, and they shall come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of the life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation. Remember the divine vision of Daniel, how he brings the judgment before our eyes. "I beheld," says he, "till the thrones were placed, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set, and the books were opened," revealing all at once in the hearing of all men and all angels, all things, whether good or bad, open or secret, deeds, words, thoughts. What effect must all these things have on those who have lived viciously? Where, then, shall the soul, thus suddenly revealed in all the fullness of its shame in the eyes of such a multitude of spectators,—Oh, where shall it hide itself? In what body can it endure those unbounded and intolerable torments of the unquenchable fire, and the tortures of the undying worm, and the dark and frightful

abyss of hell, and the bitter howlings, and woe-ful wailings, and weeping, and gnashing of teeth; and all these dire woes without end? Deliverance from these after death there is none; neither is there any device, nor contrivance, for escaping these bitter torments.

But now it is possible to escape them. Now, then, while it is possible, let us recover ourselves from our fall, let us not despair of restoration, if we break loose from our vices. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down," let us weep before him. His word, calling us to repentance, lifts up its voice and cries aloud, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—(From his sermon on a "Recreant Nun.")

Bates, Edward (American, 1793-1869.)

Old-Line Whigs—An Old-Line Whig is one who takes his whisky regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally.

Bayard, James A. (American, 1767-1815.)

Dangers of a Partisan Judiciary—Let it be remembered that no power is so sensibly felt by society as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man is liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust, it prostrates them at the feet of faction, it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate, it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals. We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people? The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be divided into parties. The true question is, shall the judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partisans, who, in their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off when this fair country is to be desolated by a civil war.—(From a speech on the Judiciary Bill of 1802.)

Bayard, Thomas F. (American, 1828-1898.)

Patriotism above Partisanship—The oath I have taken is to support the Constitution of

my country's government, not the fiat of any political organization, even could its will be ascertained. In sessions preceding the present I have adverted to the difficulty attending the settlement of this great question, and have urgently besought action in advance at a time when the measure adopted could not serve to predicate its results to either party. My failure then gave me great uneasiness, and filled me with anxiety; and yet I can now comprehend the wisdom concealed in my disappointment, for in the very emergency of this hour, in the shadow of the danger that has drawn so nigh to us, has been begotten in the hearts of American senators and representatives and the American people a spirit worthy of the occasion,—born to meet these difficulties, to cope with them, and, God willing, to conquer them.

Animated by this spirit the partisan is enlarged into the patriot. Before it the lines of party sink into hazy obscurity; and the horizon which bounds our view reaches on every side to the uttermost verge of the great Republic. It is a spirit that exalts humanity, and imbued with it the souls of men soar into the pure air of unselfish devotion to the public welfare. It lighted with a smile the cheek of Curtius as he rode into the gulf; it guided the hand of Aristides as he sadly wrote upon the shell the sentence of his own banishment; it dwelt in the frozen earthworks of Valley Forge; and from time to time it has been an inmate of these halls of legislation. I believe it is here to-day, and that the present measure was born under its influence.—(Peroration of his speech on the Electoral Bill of 1877.)

Beaconsfield, Lord (Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. England, 1804–1881.)

Political Assassination—Assassination has never changed the history of the world. I will not refer to the remote past, though an accident has made the most memorable instance of antiquity at this moment fresh in the minds and memory of all around me. But even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propitiate the inexorable destiny of his country. If we look to modern times, to times at least with the feelings of which we are familiar, and the people of which were animated and influenced by the same interests as ourselves, the violent deaths of two heroic men, Henry IV. of France, and the Prince of Orange, are conspicuous illustrations of this truth. In expressing our unaffected and profound sympathy with the citizens of the United States on this untimely end of their elected chief, let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle. Then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of

power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind.—(From a speech in Parliament on the death of President Lincoln, 1865.)

On Reformers Exhausted by Enthusiasm—I doubt not there is in this hall more than one epicurian who remembers that last year an act of Parliament was introduced to denounce him as a "sinner." I doubt not there are in this hall a widow and an orphan who remember the profligate proposition to plunder their lonely heritage. But, gentlemen, as time advanced it was not difficult to perceive that extravagance was being substituted for energy by the government. The unnatural stimulus was subsiding. Their paroxysms ended in prostration. Some took refuge in melancholy, and their eminent chief (Mr. Gladstone) alternated between a menace and a sigh. As I sat opposite the treasury bench the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coast of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.—(From a speech at Manchester, April 3d, 1872.)

Bede, The Venerable (England, 673–735.)

The Torments of the Damned—Sunday is a chosen day, in which the angels rejoice. We must ask who was the first to request that souls might (on Sunday) have rest in hell; and the answer is that Paul the Apostle and Michael the Archangel besought the Lord when they came back from hell; for it was the Lord's will that Paul should see the punishments of that place. He beheld trees all on fire, and sinners tormented on those trees; and some were hung by the feet, some by the hands, some by the hair, some by the neck, some by the tongue, and some by the arm. And again, he saw a furnace of fire burning with seven flames, and many were punished in it; and there were seven plagues round about this furnace; the first, snow; the second, ice; the third, fire; the fourth, blood; the fifth, serpents; the sixth, lightning; the seventh, stench; and in that furnace itself were the souls of the sinners who repented not in this life. There they are tormented, and every one receiveth according to his works; some weep, some howl, some groan; some burn and desire to have rest, but find it not, because souls can never die. Truly we ought to fear that place in which is everlasting dolor, in which is groaning, in which is sadness without joy, in which are abundance of tears on account of the tortures of souls; in which a fiery wheel is turned a thousand times a day by an evil angel, and at each turn a thousand souls are burnt upon it.—(From Bede's sermons in Brewer's "Orations.")

Beecher, Henry Ward (American, 1813–1887.)

The Horrors of Civil War—Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the

mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood and is glutted. Millions mourn for myriads slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have been turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sunk here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour. That long night is ended. And for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks.—(From the oration on the "Raising of the Flag Over Fort Sumter," April 14th, 1865. Brewer's Text.)

Bible and Sharp's Rifles—You might just as well read the Bible to buffaloes as to those fellows who follow Atchison and Stringfellow; but they have a supreme respect for the logic that is embodied in Sharp's rifles.—(From a speech to a Kansas immigration meeting at Plymouth Church.)

Belhaven, Lord (Scotland, 1656–1708.)

Parricide and Patricide—None can destroy Scotland, save Scotland itself; hold your hands from the pen, you are secure. Some Judah or other will say: "Let not our hands be upon the lad, he is our brother." There will be a Jehovah-Jireh, and some ram will be caught in the thicket, when the bloody knife is at our mother's throat. Let us up then, my lord, and let our noble patriots behave themselves like men, and we know not how soon a blessing may come. . . .

My lord chancellor, the greatest honor that was done unto a Roman was to allow him the glory of a triumph; the greatest and most dishonorable punishment was that of parricide. He that was guilty of parricide was beaten with rods upon his naked body till the blood gushed out of all the veins of his body; then he was sewed up in a leathern sack, called a *culeus*, with a cock, a viper, and an ape, and thrown headlong into the sea.

My lord, patricide is a greater crime than parricide, all the world over.—(Delivered in the Scottish Parliament in 1706, protesting against union with England.)

Bell, John (American, 1797–1869.)

Joining the East and West—A grand idea it is. A continent of three thousand miles in extent from east to west, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is to be connected by a railway! Honorable senators will remember, that over one thousand miles—one-third of this whole expanse of the continent—the work is already accomplished, and that chiefly by private enterprise. I may, as a safe estimate,

say, that a thousand miles of this railroad leading from the Atlantic to the West, upon the line of the lakes, and nearly as much upon a line further south, are either completed, or nearly so. We have two thousand miles yet to compass, in the execution of a work which it is said has no parallel in the history of the world. No, sir; it has no parallel in the history of the world, ancient or modern, either as to its extent and magnitude, or to its consequences, beneficent and benignant in all its bearings on the interests of all mankind. It is in these aspects, and in the contemplation of these consequences, that it has no parallel in the history of the world—changing the course of the commerce of the world—bringing the West almost in contact, by reversing the ancient line of communication, with the gorgeous East, and all its riches, the stories of which, in our earlier days we regarded as fabulous; but now, sir, what was held to be merely fictions of the brain in former times, in regard to the riches of Eastern Asia, is almost realized on our own western shores.—(From a speech in favor of the Transcontinental Railroad Bill of 1858. "World's Best Orations.")

Benjamin, Judah P. (American, 1811–1884.)

Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase—Sir, it has been urged, on more than one occasion, in the discussions here and elsewhere, that Louisiana stands on an exceptional footing. It has been said that whatever may be the rights of the States that were original parties to the Constitution,—even granting their right to resume, for sufficient cause, those restricted powers which they delegated to the general government in trust for their own use and benefit,—still Louisiana can have no such right, because she was acquired by purchase. . . . I deny that the province of Louisiana, or the people of Louisiana, were ever conveyed to the United States for a price as property that could be bought or sold at will. Without entering into the details of the negotiation, the archives of our State Department show the fact to be, that although the domain, the public lands, and other property of France in the ceded province were conveyed by absolute title to the United States, the sovereignty was not conveyed otherwise than in trust. . . . I have said that the government assumed to act as trustee or guardian of the people of the ceded province, and covenanted to transfer to them the sovereignty thus held in trust for their use and benefit, as soon as they were capable of exercising it. What is the express language of the treaty?—

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyments of all rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

And, sir, as if to mark the true nature of the cession in a manner too significant to admit of

misconstruction, the treaty stipulates no price; and the sole consideration for the conveyance, as stated on its face, is the desire to afford a strong proof of the friendship of France for the United States. By the terms of a separate convention stipulating the payment of a sum of money the precaution is again observed of stating that the payment is to be made, not as a consideration or a price or a condition precedent of the cession, but it is carefully distinguished as being a consequence of the cession. It was by words thus studiously chosen, sir, that James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson marked their understanding of a contract now misconstrued as being a bargain and sale of sovereignty over freemen. With what indignant scorn would those stanch advocates of the inherent right of self-government have repudiated the slavish doctrine now deduced from their action.—(From the speech on leaving the U. S. Senate in 1861.)

Bennet, Nathaniel (American, nineteenth century.)

"No South, No North, No East, No West"

—But a few years can elapse before the commerce of Asia and the islands of the Pacific, instead of pursuing the ocean track, by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or even taking the shorter route of the Isthmus of Darien or the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, will enter the Golden Gate of California, and deposit its riches in the lap of our own city. Hence, on bars of iron, and propelled by steam, it will ascend the mountains and traverse the desert; and, having again reached the confines of civilization, will be distributed, through a thousand channels, to every portion of the Union and of Europe. New York will then become what London now is, the great central point of exchange, the heart of trade, the force of whose contraction and expansion will be felt throughout every artery of the commercial world; and San Francisco will then stand the second city of America. Is this visionary? Twenty years will determine.

The world is interested in our success; for a fresh field is opened to its commerce, and a new avenue to the civilization and progress of the human race. Let us, then, endeavor to realize the hopes of Americans, and the expectations of the world. Let us not only be united amongst ourselves, for our own local welfare, but let us strive to cement the common bonds of brotherhood of the whole Union. In our relations to the Federal Government, let us know no South, no North, no East, no West. Wherever American liberty flourishes, let that be our common country! Wherever the American banner waves, let that be our home!—(1850.)

Benton, Thomas H. (American, 1782–1858.)

"There Is East: There Is India"—We live in extraordinary times and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great Columbus, the man who afterwards was carried home in chains from the New World which he discovered, this great Columbus, in the year 1492,

departed from Europe to arrive in the east by going to the west. It was a sublime conception, he was in the line of success, when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, stopped his progress. Now in the nineteenth century mechanical genius enables his great design to be fulfilled. In the beginning and in barbarous ages, the sea was a barrier to the intercourse of nations. It separated nations. Mechanical genius invented the ship, which converted the barrier into a facility. Then land and continents became an obstruction. The two Americas intervening have prevented Europe and Asia from communicating on a straight line. For three centuries and a half this obstacle has frustrated the grand design of Columbus. Now in our day, mechanical genius has again triumphed over the obstacles of nature and converted into a facility what had so long been an impassable obstacle. The steam car has worked upon the land among enlightened nations to a degree far transcending the miracle which the ship in barbarous ages worked upon the ocean. The land has now become a facility for the most distant communication. A conveyance being invented which annihilated both time and space, we hold the intervening land; we hold the obstacle which stopped Columbus; we are in the line between Europe and Asia; we have it in our power to remove that obstacle; to convert it into a facility to carry him on to this land of promise and of hope with a rapidity and precision and a safety unknown to all ocean navigation. A king and queen started him upon this grand enterprise. It lies in the hands of a republic to complete it. It is in our hands, in the hands of us, the people of the United States, of the first half of the nineteenth century. Let us raise ourselves up. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us complete the grand design of Columbus by putting Europe and Asia into communication and that to our advantage, through the heart of our country. Let us give to his ships a continued course unknown to all former times. Let us make an iron road, and make it from sea to sea, States and individuals making it east of the Mississippi and the nation making it west. Let us now, in this convention rise above everything sectional, personal, local. Let us beseech the national legislature to build a great road upon the great national line which unites Europe and Asia—the line which will find on our continent the Bay of San Francisco on one end, St. Louis in the middle, and the great national metropolis and emporium at the other, and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passengers, "There is East: there is India!"—(Text from the "World's Best Orations.")

America and Asia—Sir, the apparition of the van of the Caucasian race, rising upon the Ori-

ental nations in the east, after having left them on the west, and after having completed the circumnavigation of the globe, must wake up and animate the torpid body of old Asia. Our position and policy will commend us to their hospitable reception; political considerations will aid the action of social and commercial influences. Pressed upon by the great powers of Europe,—the same that press upon us,—they must in our approach see the advent of friends, not of foes; of benefactors, not of invaders.—(On the settlement of Oregon.)

Bernard of Clairvaux (France, 1091-1153.)

Advice to Young Men—Do not put forward the empty excuse of your rawness or want of experience; for barren modesty is not pleasing, nor is that humility praiseworthy that passes the bounds of moderation. Attend to your work; drive out bashfulness by a sense of duty, and act as like master. You are young, yet you are a debtor; you must know that you were a debtor from the day you were born. Will youth be an excuse to a creditor for the loss of his profits? Does the usurer expect no interest at the beginning of his loan? "But," you say, "I am not sufficient for these things." As if your offering were not accepted from what you have, and not from what you have not! Be prepared to answer for the single talent committed to your charge, and take no thought for the rest. "If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."—(From a sermon in the "World's Best Orations.")

Berrien, John M. (American, 1781-1856.)

Effect of the Mexican Conquest—I have united, heretofore,—at some personal hazard of popularity and station,—I have united with my friends of the free States: foreseeing the consequences of the measures which were then in operation—foreseeing the evils which they would bring upon us, I have joined with them at some such hazard in the effort to prevent it. We failed. The evil is upon us. The territory which we have acquired by an expenditure of blood and treasure, is about to subject us—unless, under the mercy of Providence, we are guided by wiser counsels than those we have exhibited—to an expenditure, in comparison with which the blood and treasure expended upon the Mexican conquest will sink into insignificance.—(U. S. Senate, February 11th, 1850.)

Berryer, Pierre Antoine (France, 1790-1868.)

Corporate Combinations—All public existence created by great public interests and all variations of these interests create a responsibility, and this responsibility is moral as well as material. There is no gainsaying this, and all public functionaries admit they are responsible for their personal actions. But in opposition to them we find a body of men occupying an anomalous position. Immense establishments have been founded, which have attained such exaggerated proportions in their influence on

public and private life that the men responsible for their direction are more powerful than even public characters. I speak particularly of the directors of the great corporate companies and financial institutions who are irresponsible, or at least their acts are impersonal and official and free from direct responsibility.—(From a speech of 1868.)

Bethune, George W. (American, nineteenth century.)

Americans—Not Anglo-Saxons—God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to make of them all one new man; not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the American. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter action of the rest.

Bingham, John A. (America, 1815-.)

The Assassination of President Lincoln—Booth proceeded to the theatre about nine o'clock in the evening, at the same time that Atzerodt, Payne, and Herold were riding the streets, while Surratt, having parted with his mother at the brief interview in her parlor, from which his retreating steps were heard, was walking the avenue, booted and spurred, and doubtless consulting with O'Laughlin. When Booth reached the rear of the theatre, he called Spangler to him (whose denial of that fact, when charged with it, as proven by three witnesses, is very significant), and received from Spangler his pledge to help him all he could, when with Booth he entered the theatre by the stage door, doubtless to see that the way was clear from the box to the rear door of the theatre, and look upon their victim, whose exact position they could study from the stage. After this view Booth passes to the street in front of the theatre, where, on the pavement, with other conspirators yet unknown, among them one described as a low-browed villain, he awaits the appointed moment. Booth himself, impatient, enters the vestibule of the theatre from the front and asks the time. He is referred to the clock and returns. Presently, as the hour of ten approached, one of his guilty associates called the time; they wait; again, as the moments elapsed, this conspirator upon watch called the time; again, as the appointed hour draws nigh, he calls the time; and, finally, when the fatal moment arrives, he repeats in a louder tone, "Ten minutes past ten o'clock." Ten minutes past ten o'clock! The hour has come when the red right hand of these murderous conspirators should strike, and the dreadful deed of assassination be done.

Booth, at the appointed moment, entered the theatre, ascended to the dress circle, passed to the right, paused a moment, looking down, doubtless to see if Spangler is at his post, and approached the outer door of the close passage leading to the box occupied by the President, pressed it open, passed in, and closed the passage door behind him. Spangler's bar was in its place, and was readily adjusted by Booth in the mortise, and pressed against the inner side of the door, so that he was secure from interruption from without. He passes on to the next door, immediately behind the President, and there, stopping, looks through the aperture in the door into the President's box and deliberately observes the precise position of his victim, seated in the chair which had been prepared by the conspirators as the altar for the sacrifice, looking calmly and quietly down upon the glad and grateful people whom, by his fidelity, he had saved from the peril which had threatened the destruction of their government, and all they held dear this side of the grave—whom he had come upon invitation to greet with his presence with the words still lingering upon his lips which, he had uttered with uncovered head and up-lifted hand before God and his country, when on the fourth of last March he took again the oath to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, declaring that he entered upon the duties of his great office "with malice toward none, with charity for all." In a moment more, strengthened by the knowledge that his co-conspirators were all at their posts, seven at least of them present in the city, two of them, Mudd and Arnold, at their appointed places watching for his coming, this hired assassin moves stealthily through the door, the fastenings of which had been removed to facilitate his entrance, fires upon his victim, and the martyr spirit of Abraham Lincoln ascends to God.

"Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

—(From the speech delivered at the trial of President Lincoln's assassins, 1865.)

Binney, Horace (American, 1780-1875.)

The Supreme Court—What, sir, is the Supreme Court of the United States? It is the august representative of the wisdom and justice and conscience of this whole people, in the exposition of their Constitution and laws. It is the peaceful and venerable arbitrator between the citizens in all questions touching the extent and sway of constitutional power. It is the great moral substitute for force in controversies between the people, the States, and the Union.

War—War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defense of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon;—too soon for our national prosperity; too soon for our individual happiness; too soon for the frugal, industrious, and virtuous habits of our citizens; too

soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man who, for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive,—the man who, for any cause but this, shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, nay, transcendently deeper and higher than any—which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God his Creator.

Bismarck, Prince Otto von (Germany, 1815-1898.)

The Furor Teutonicus—A war which was not decreed by the popular will could be carried on if once the constituted authorities had finally decided on it as a necessity; it would be carried on vigorously, and perhaps successfully, after the first fire and the sight of blood. But it would not be a finish fight in its spirit with such fire and elan behind it as we would have in a war in which we were attacked. Then all Germany from Memel to Lake Constance would flame out like a powder mine; the country would bristle with arms, and no enemy would be rash enough to join issues with the *furor Teutonicus* (Berserker madness) thus roused by attack. . . . (From the speech in the Reichstag, February 6th, 1888, in favor of the Army Bill.)

Black, Jeremiah Sullivan (American, 1810-1883.)

Corporations as Parts of Civil Government—I aver that a man or corporation appointed to do a public duty must perform it with an eye single to the public interest. If he perverts his authority to purposes of private gain he is guilty of corruption, and all who aid and abet him are his accomplices in crime. He defiles himself if he mingles his own business with that intrusted to him by the government and uses one to promote the other. If a judge excuse himself for a false decision by saying that he sold his judgment for the highest price he could get, you cover his character with infamy. A ministerial officer, like a sheriff, for instance, who extorts from a defendant, or even from a convict in his custody, what the law does not allow him to collect, and puts the surplus in his pocket, is a knave upon whom you have no mercy. You send county commissioners to the penitentiary for consulting their own financial advantage to the injury of the general weal. When the officers of a city corporation make a business of running it to enrich themselves, at the expense of the public, you can see at a glance that they are the basest of criminals. Why, then, can you not see that the officers of a railway corporation are equally guilty when they pervert the authority with which they are clothed to purposes purely selfish? A railroad corporation is a part of the civil government as much as a city corporation. The officers of the former, as much as the latter, are agents and trustees of the public, and the public has an interest precisely similar in the fidelity of both.

Why, then, should partiality or extortion be condemned as criminal in one if it be tolerated as fair business when practiced by the other? — (1883.)

Blaine, James G. (American 1830-1893.)

The Death of Garfield—Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death,—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell,—what brilliant broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unflinching tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its hopelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of

the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.— (1882.)

Conkling's "Turkey-Gobbler Strut"—As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire.—(From the debate of April 30th, 1866, in the U. S. Senate.)

Blair, Austin (American, 1818-1894.)

Military Government—The habits of military government are not easily laid aside. The soldier naturally has much greater faith in the efficiency of his sword to maintain public order and due respect for law than in the slower process of the court and the sheriff. He is apt to feel a certain contempt for the arrest that cannot be made without a demand based on affidavit, and for the imprisonment that may rapidly be terminated by an action of *habeas corpus* and the technicalities of the civil law. The arguments of the lawyer are to him little better than jargon,—at the best, cunning devices to defeat justice. Tell him that the great reliance of good government must be upon the good judgment and patriotism of the people, and if he does not contradict you, he will still believe that it would be better if his sword could somehow be thrown into the scale.— (1872.)

Blair, Francis Preston (American, 1821-1875.)

The Deathbed of Benton—When Colonel Benton was on his deathbed, my father and mother both hastened from the country to be by his side. When they arrived his articulation was almost lost; but his mind was clear and his features gave it expression. After some motion of his lips, he drew my father's face close to his and said "Kiss me," and spoke of their long

and unbroken friendship. He then uttered Clay's name, and with repeated efforts gave my father to understand that he wished him to get the last of his compilation of "The Debates of Congress" which he prepared a few days before,—the last effort of his feeble hand. It contained Mr. Clay's pregnant reply to Senator Barnwell, of South Carolina, who had vindicated Mr. Rhett's secession pronouncement for the South. Mr. Clay, in the passage preserved by Colonel Benton, proclaimed the course which should be taken against the attempt indicated by Rhett and advocated by Mr. Barnwell, and my father expressed his satisfaction that this was given prominence as the work of his last moments, since there were then strong symptoms of the revolutionary movement which culminated in the last war. Colonel Benton's countenance, as he recognized that the sense of the manuscript was understood, evidenced his gratification. The scene was reported to Mr. Crittenden and other Union men who had power to impress it on the public mind. It had its efficacy. In 1858, at the epoch of Benton's death, the country and its loyal sons were struggling, like Laocöon and his offspring, with the two great serpents crushing them in their fatal coils. Benton, in his dying hour, seemed in his agonies concerned alone for those which he foresaw awaited the country.

The page to which he pointed my father's eye contained Mr. Clay's last appeal intended to arouse the people to support the government against impending convulsions. Colonel Benton adopted his life-long rival's last appeal as his own, and made it speak when he could no longer utter the counsel which had healed the bitter enmity between him and his great political opponent.

Boardman, Henry A. (American, 1808-1880.)

Constitutional Liberty and the American Union—This Union cannot expire as the snow melts from the rock, or a star disappears from the firmament. When it falls, the crash will be heard in all lands. Wherever the winds of heaven go, that will go, bearing sorrow and dismay to millions of stricken hearts; for the subversion of this government will render the cause of constitutional liberty hopeless throughout the world. What nation can govern itself, if this nation cannot?

Bonaparte, Napoleon (France, 1769-1821.)

Address to the Army of Italy—Soldiers, you are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Apennines; you have overthrown and dispersed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours; and the republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity.

The army, which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to

oppose your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Apennines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you.

Bossuet, Jacques Bénigne (France, 1627-1704.)

The Glory of the World—See the melancholy destiny of those men who are chosen to be the ornaments of their age. What do such rare men desire but the praise and the glory which men can give? God, perhaps to confound them will refuse that glory to their vain desires! No:—he confounds them rather by giving it to them, and even beyond their expectation.

That Alexander, who desired only to make a noise in the world, has made it even more than he dared to hope. Thus he must find himself in all our panegyrics, and by a species of glorious fatality, so to speak, partake of all the praises conferred upon every prince. If the great actions of the Romans required a recompense, God knows how to bestow one correspondent to their merits as well as their desires. For a recompense he gives them the empire of the world, as a thing of no value. O kings! humble yourselves in your greatness; conquerors, boast not your victories! He gives them, for recompense, the glory of men; a recompense which never reaches them; a recompense which we endeavor to attach to—what? To their medals or their statues disinterred from the dust, the refuse of years and barbarian violence; to the ruins of their monuments and works, which contend with time, or rather to their idea, their shadow, or what they call their name! Such is the glorious prize of all their labors; such, in the very attainment of their wishes, is the conviction of their error! Come, satisfy yourselves, ye great men of earth! Grasp, if you can, that phantom of glory, after the example of the great men whom ye admire. God who punishes their pride in the regions of despair, envies them not, as St. Augustine says, that glory so much desired; "vain, they have received a recompense as vain as their desires."—(From the "Funeral Oration of the Prince of Condé.")

Boudinot, Elias (American, 1740-1821.)

Liberty and the Brotherhood of Man—We are all the workmanship of the same divine hand. With our Creator, abstractly considered, there are neither kings nor subjects; masters nor servants, otherwise than stewards of his appointment, to serve each other according to our different opportunities and abilities, and of course accountable for the manner in which we perform our duty; he is no respecter of persons; he beholds all with an equal eye, and although "order is heaven's first law," and he has made

it essential to every good government, and necessary for the welfare of every community, that there should be distinctions among members of the same society, yet this difference is originally designed for the service, benefit, and best good of the whole, and not for their oppression or destruction.

It is our duty, then, as a people, acting on principles of universal application, to convince mankind of the truth and practicability of them, by carrying them into actual exercise for the happiness of our fellow-men, without suffering them to be perverted to oppression or licentiousness.

The eyes of the nations of the earth are fast opening, and the inhabitants of this globe, notwithstanding it is three thousand years since the promulgation of the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are but just beginning to discover their brotherhood to each other, and that all men, however different with regard to nation or color, have an essential interest in each other's welfare.—(1793.)

Bourdaloue, Louis (France, 1632-1704.)

The Blood of the Martyrs—A reprobate in hell will always appear in the eyes of God stained with that blood which he has so basely treated. God will then always abhor him; and, as the aversion of God from his creature is that which makes hell, it must be inferred that hell will be eternal. And in this, O my God, thou art sovereignly just, sovereignly holy, and worthy of our praise and adoration. It is in this way that the beloved Disciple declared it even to God himself in the Apocalypse. Men, said he, have shed the blood of thy servants and of thy prophets; therefore they deserve to drink it, and to drink it from the cup of thine indignation. "For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink." An expression which the Scripture employs to describe the extreme infliction of Divine vengeance. Ah! if the blood of the prophets has drawn down the scourge of God upon men, what may we not expect from the blood of Jesus Christ? If the blood of martyrs is heard crying out in heaven against the persecutors of the faith, how much more will the blood of the Redeemer be heard!

Bragg, Edward S. (American, nineteenth century.)

Loving Him for His Enemies—They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him, not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity, and judgment, and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies he has made.—(From a speech made as Chairman of the Democratic National Convention of 1884,—referring to Grover Cleveland and his opponents in Tammany Hall.)

Brewer, David J. (American, 1837-.)

"Oratory, the Masterful Art"—Oratory is the masterful art. Poetry, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, please, thrill, inspire; but oratory rules. The orator dominates those who

hear him, convinces their reason, controls their judgment, compels their action. For the time being he is master. Through the clearness of his logic, the keenness of his wit, the power of his appeal, or that magnetic something which is felt and yet cannot be defined, or through all together, he sways his audience as the storm bends the branches of the forest. Hence it is that in all times this wonderful power has been something longed for and striven for. Demosthenes, on the beach, struggling with the pebbles in his mouth to perfect his articulation, has been the great example. Yet it is often true of the orator, as of the poet; *nascitur non fit*. Patrick Henry seemed to be inspired as "Give me liberty or give me death" rolled from his lips. The untutored savage has shown himself an orator.

Who does not delight in oratory? How we gather to hear even an ordinary speaker! How often is a jury swayed and controlled by the appeals of counsel! Do we not all feel the magic of the power, and when occasionally we are permitted to listen to a great orator how completely we lose ourselves and yield in willing submission to the imperious and impetuous flow of his speech! It is said that after Webster's great reply to Hayne every Massachusetts man walking down Pennsylvania Avenue seemed a foot taller.—(By permission. From the Introduction to the "World's Best Orations." David J. Brewer, editor. Copyright by F. P. Kaiser, publisher. St. Louis, 1899.)

Bright, John (England, 1811-1889.)

The Worship of the Sword—The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old cimex upon a platform as a symbol of Mars; for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this cimex they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old cimex? Two nights ago I addressed in this hall a vast assembly composed to a great extent of your countrymen who have no political power, who are at work from the dawn of the day to the evening, and who have, therefore, limited means of informing themselves on these great subjects. Now I am privileged to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district. I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentle nature, whose finer instincts, whose purer minds, have not suffered as some of us have suffered in the turmoil and strife of life. You

can mold opinion, you can create political power;—you cannot think a good thought on this subject and communicate it to your neighbors, you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your social circles and more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the government of your country will pursue.

May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says:—

"The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger."

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim,—those oracular gems on Aaron's breast,—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.—(Birmingham, 1858.)

Brooks, Phillips (American, 1835–1893.)

Power Over the Lives of Others—Oh, this marvelous, this awful power that we have over other people's lives! Oh! the power of the sin that you have done years and years ago! It is awful to think of it. I think there is hardly anything more terrible to the human thought than this—the picture of a man who, having sinned years and years ago in a way that involved other souls in his sin, and then, having repented of his sin and undertaken another life, knows certainly that the power, the consequence of that sin is going on outside of his reach, beyond even his ken and knowledge. He cannot touch it. You wronged a soul ten years ago. You taught a boy how to tell his first mercantile lie; you degraded the early standards of his youth. What has become of that boy to-day? You may have repented. He has passed out of your sight. He has gone years and years ago. Somewhere in this great, multitudinous mass of humanity he is sinning and sinning, and reduplicating and extending the sin that you did. You touched the faith of some believing soul years ago with some miserable sneer of yours, with some cynical and sceptical disparagement of God and of the man who is the utterance of God upon the earth. You taught the soul that was enthusiastic to be full of scepticisms and doubts. You wronged a woman years ago, and her life has gone out from your life, you cannot begin to tell where. You have repented of your sin. You have bowed

yourself, it may be, in dust and ashes. You have entered upon a new life. You are pure to-day. But where is the sceptical soul? Where is the ruined woman whom you sent forth into the world out of the shadow of your sin years ago? You cannot touch that life. You cannot reach it. You do not know where it is. No steps of yours, quickened with all your earnestness, can pursue it. No contrition of yours can draw back its consequences. Remorse cannot force the bullet back again into the gun from which it once has gone forth. It makes life awful to the man who has ever sinned, who has ever wronged and hurt another life because of this sin, because no sin ever was done that did not hurt another life. I know the mercy of our God, that while he has put us into each other's power to a fearful extent, he never will let any soul absolutely go to everlasting ruin for another's sin, and so I dare to see the love of God pursuing that lost soul where you cannot pursue it. But that does not for one moment lift the shadow from your heart, or cease to make you tremble when you think of how your sin has outgrown itself and is running far, far away where you can never follow it.

Thank God the other thing is true as well. Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that, too, he can never trace the consequences. Thank God that that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago to make your brother's faith a little more strong, to let your shop boy confirm and not doubt the confidence in man which he had brought into his business, to establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth.

Brougham, Henry, Baron Brougham and Vaux (England, 1778–1868.)

On Pitt's Conquest—Gentlemen, I stand up in this conquest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt, or, as they partially designate him, the immortal statesman, now no more. Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which these wars have flung upon us—which the youngest man among us will not live to see the end of. Immortal in the triumph of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliations of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally. But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot; let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument

Brougham, Henry, Baron Brougham and Vaux—*Continued*

in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labors in your service "an enemy of the immortal statesman—a friend of peace and of the people."—(1812.)

Higher Law in England—Tell me not of rights,—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right,—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you can tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all enactments of human codes,—the same throughout the world, the same in all times,—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another all unutterable woes; such as it is at this day. It is the law written in the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations; the covenants of the Almighty, whether of the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions.—(In the House of Commons, 1830.)

Law Reform—You saw the greatest warrior of the age,—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North,—saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win,—saw him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: "I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the reign. It was the boast of Augustus,—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost,—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!—(Peroration of the speech on Law Reform.)

Public Benefactors and Their Rewards—It has been the lot of all men, in all ages, who have aspired to the honor of guiding, instructing, or amending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one,—no charitable construction from the other! To be misconstrued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down

any longer, has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day.

Slanderers as Insects—Not that they wound deeply or injure much; but that is no fault of theirs; without hurting they give trouble and discomfort. The insect brought into life by corruption, and nested in filth, though its flight be lowly and its sting puny, can swarm and buzz and irritate the skin and offend the nostril, and altogether give us nearly as much annoyance as the wasp, whose nobler nature it strives to emulate. These reverend slanderers,—these pious backbiters,—devoid of force to wield the sword, snatch the dagger, and destitute of wit to point or barb it, and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom to make it fester in the scratch.

The Schoolmaster the Greatest Conqueror—Sir, there is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with, than what is termed the "march of intellect"; and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"; banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of

these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

Brown, B. Gratz (American, 1826-1885.)

Civil War Politics—Politics has become a filthy pool, in whose waters the good and brave shrink to be immersed. And this in its entirety is the result of practical atheism in government. The ignoring of any moral responsibility in the state entails the absence of any practical morality in its administration. What other could be the outcome of such national apostasy than the national demoralization upon which we have fallen? And from whence are we to expect any reform? Be sure it will not be from continuance in such courses. Half a century more of like degeneration, and what of good is left in the land will revolt from such dominion, preferring death to abject disgrace. Human nature cannot stand it. This, then, is the momentous question of our people in the present hour, and how best to return to other ideas of government, and other bases of public administration, challenges all their forethought and endeavor, all their humility and entreaty. And it is because the evil lies deeper than men or offices that it demands such inquest. It is not only that pure men shall be put in office, or that there be pure offices to put them in; but the controlling thought over men and offices must be that of purity which recognizes a tribunal before which no deceit prospereth.—(U. S. Senate, 1864.)

Brown, Henry Armitt (American, 1844-1878.)

The Dangers of the Present—It is a question for us now, not of founding a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth, nor by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of today come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth,—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the senate house. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path of honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the

past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the eternal law,—we cannot change it.—(From the oration at the centennial of the First Colonial Congress.)

Brown, John (American, 1800-1859.)

"Higher Law" Defined in Court—In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted,—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of the matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case),—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of his despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit: so let it be done!—(From his speech to the court which sentenced him in 1859, as reported in the *Liberator* by William Lloyd Garrison.)

Bryan, William J. (American, 1860-.)

"Crown of Thorns" and "Cross of Gold"—If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers

everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.— (Democratic National Convention, 1896.)

Bryant, Edgar E. (American, nineteenth century.)

War and the Constitution—Wars have grafted constructions on the constitutions of every nation under the sun, and so our great civil strife forcibly and forever construed and interpreted our Constitution. It was in itself no question of moral right or wrong that was involved in the problem; it was simply a question of the true spirit and intention of the constitutional contract and the meaning of this Union. The question of moral right or wrong can only enter to test the sincerity or insincerity of the advocacy of the respective views. If both were sincere, then both were patriotic, and the one was right and the other was not wrong. If our fathers were sincere, earnest, and honest in their views of government, if they fought for what they believed to be right, for what they believed to be the true intent, spirit, and meaning of the Constitution, they cannot in history be denied the meed of highest honor for patriotic purposes.— (From an address to Arkansas Ex-Confederates in 1893.)

Bryant, William Cullen (American, 1794-1878.)

The Essence of Greatness—Burns was great because, whatever may have been the errors of his after life, when he came from the hand that formed him,—I say it with the profoundest reverence,—God breathed into him, in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies,—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest toward those of his own kin, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings,—upon the animals in his stall; upon the “wee, sleekit cowerin’, tim’rous beastie” dislodged from her autumnal covert; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman; upon the very field flower, overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true genuine, manly, noble; we honor, we venerate the poet while we read; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory forever.— (1859.)

Buchanan, James (American, 1791-1868.)

Money's Worth and Virtue's Worth—It is an evil omen of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union. . . . Public virtue is the vital spirit of republics, and history proves that when this has decayed and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free

government may remain for a season, the substance has departed forever.— (Inaugural, 1856.)

Bunyan, John (England, 1628-1688.)

The Devil Chasing a Sinner—They that will have heaven, they must run for it; because the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell follow them. There is never a poor soul that is going to heaven, but the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell make after that soul. “The devil, your adversary, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.” And I will assure you, the devil is nimble, he can run apace, he is light of foot, he hath overtaken many, he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall.— (From a sermon on I. Cor. ix. 24.)

Burchard, Rev. Samuel Dickinson (American, 1812-1891.)

Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion—We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion!— (From an address made as one of a deputation of clergy visiting Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, October 29th, 1884.)

Burges, Tristram (American, 1770-1853.)

Free Speech and Liberty—Free discussion, and liberty itself, eloquence and freedom of speech, are contemporaneous fires, and brighten and blaze, or languish and go out, together. Athenian liberty was, for years, protracted by that free discussion which was sustained and continued in Athens. Freedom was prolonged by eloquence. Liberty paused and lingered, that she might listen to the divine intonations of her voice. Free discussion, the eloquence of one man, rolled back the tide of Macedonian power, and long preserved his country from the overwhelming deluge.

Freedom of speech, Roman eloquence, and Roman liberty, expired together, when, under the proscription of the second triumvirate, the hired bravo of Mark Antony placed in the lap of one of his profligate minions the head and the hands of Tully, the statesman, the orator, the illustrious father of his country. After amusing herself some hours by plunging her bodkin through that tongue which had so long delighted the senate and the rostrum, and made Antony himself tremble in the midst of his legions, she ordered that head and those hands, then the trophies of a savage despotism, to be set up in the forum.

“Her last good man, dejected Rome adored;
Wept for her patriot slain, and cursed the
tyrant's sword.”

— (House of Representatives.)

Burke, Edmund (Ireland, 1729-1797.)

Collecting Taxes in India Under Hastings—My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost

Burke, Edmund — *Continued*

incorporated with one another, and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces and forever crippled those poor, honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits, denied to the wants of their own children, have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country, have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labor for our benefit, the return of the British government has been cords and hammers and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavor to secure ourselves from the vengeance which those mashed and disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.—(From the speech against Hastings.)

Impeachment of Warren Hastings, 1788—My Lords, I do not mean now to go further than just to remind your lordships of this,—that Mr. Hastings's government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government; in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of anyone?—No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their

own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do you want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.—(1788. Closing the bribery charges.)

Peroration Against Warren Hastings—My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation: that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself,—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser, before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved; and, if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen,—if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led

Burke, Edmund—Continued

to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but, if you stand,—and stand I trust you will,—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.—(1788.)

Hyder Ali in the Carnatic—When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, and so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common interest against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, and havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for awhile on the declivities of the mountains.

Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, nor heart conceived, and which no tongue could adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part, were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, or rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst

the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities. But, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast, of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

"Afraid of Being Too Much in the Right"

—In doing good, we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute.

Arbitrary Power Anarchical—Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms, it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power.

Arbitrary Power and Conquest—Arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

Association of the Good—When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

Charters, When Kept—Charters are kept when their purposes are maintained; they are violated when the privilege is supported against its end and its object.

"Controlled Depravity Is Not Innocence"

—Controlled depravity is not innocence; and it is not the labor of delinquency in chains that will correct abuses. Never did a serious plan of amending any old tyrannical establishment propose the authors and abettors of the abuses as the reformers of them.

Corruption and Disorder—Corrupt influence is itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder; which loads us more than millions of debt; which takes away vigor from

Burke, Edmund — Continued

our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit, from the most venerable parts of our constitution.

"Difficulty Will Not Suffer Us to Be Superficial" — Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

"Epidemical Fanaticism" — Of all things wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanaticism, because, of all enemies, it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.

Esteem of the Wise and Good — The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.

Fire Bells as Disturbers of the Peace — Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire bell than to perish, amidst the flames, in our bed.

Fitness for Freedom — Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon the will and appetite is placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be of it without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate habits cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.

Flattery, Its Influence — Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

Government — No government ought to own that it exists for the purpose of checking the prosperity of its people, or that there is such a principle involved in its policy.

Hampden's Twenty Shillings — Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave! It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

"Humiliation Cannot Degrade Humanity" — Humanity cannot be degraded by humiliation. It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.

Hypocrisy — Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculation; for, never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

Innovation and Confined Views — A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.

Judges and the Law — Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by law; and he that will substitute will in the place of it is an enemy to God.

"Levelers Never Equalize" — Those who attempt to level never equalize. In all societies, consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some description must be uppermost. The levelers, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground.

Liberty of Individuals — The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do what they please: we ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk congratulations which may be soon turned into complaints.

"Liberty Nibbled Away for Expedients" — The true danger is, when liberty is nibbled away, for expedients, and by parts.

Marie Antoinette as the Morning Star — It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.

Political Arithmetic — Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally, and not mathematically or mathematically, true moral denominations.

Pretenders — Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

Property for the Fittest — A great object is always answered, whenever any property is transferred from hands that are not fit for that property, to those that are.

Burke, Edmund—Continued

Religion Makes Co-operation Possible—We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. In England we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition with which the accumulated absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety.

Revolutions at Their Flood—If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear and hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.

Shame—Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart, nor will moderation be utterly exiled from the minds of tyrants.

Suspicion More Hurtful Than Perfidy—There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.

"The Road to Eminence Ought Not to Be Made Too Easy"—The road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.

"Things That Are Not Practicable Are Not Desirable"—Those things that are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

"Tribunals Fall With Peace"—Laws are commanded to hold their tongues among arms; and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.

Virtue Contagious as Well as Vice—Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

Burke, Father "Tom" (Ireland, nineteenth century.)

All Men Fit for Freedom—The Parliament of 1872 was a failure, I grant it. Mr. Froude says that that Parliament was a failure because the Irish are incapable of self-legislation. It is a serious charge to make now against any people, my friends. I who am not supposed to be a philosopher, and, because of the habit that I wear, am supposed not to be a man of very large mind,—I stand up here to-night and I assert my conviction that there is not a nation or a race under the sun that is not capable of self-legislation, and that has not a right to the inheritance of freedom.—(From his reply to Froude, New York, 1872.)

Freedom of Conscience—The conscience of man, and consequently of a nation, is supposed to be the great guide in all the relations that individuals or the people bear to God. Conscience is so free that Almighty God himself respects it. It is a theological axiom that if a man does wrong when he thinks he is doing right, the wrong will not be attributed to him by Almighty God.—(From his reply to Froude, New York, 1872.)

Bushnell, Horace (American, 1802-1876.)

The Greatness and Littleness of Man—The immortal Kepler, piloting science into the skies, and comprehending the vastness of heaven, for the first time, in the fixed embrace of definite thought, only proves the magnificence of man as a ruin, when you discover the strange ferment of irritability and "superstition wild," in which his great thoughts are brewed and his mighty life dissolved.

So, also, Bacon proves the amazing wealth and grandeur of the human soul only the more sublimely that, living in an element of cunning, servility, ingratitude, and dying under the shame of a convict, he is yet able to dignify disgrace by the stupendous majesty of his genius, and commands the reverence even of the world, as to one of its sublimest benefactors. And the poet's stinging line,—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

pictures, only with a small excess of satire, the magnificence of ruin comprehended in the man.

Probably no one of mankind has raised himself to a higher pitch of renown by the superlative attributes of genius displayed in his writings, than the great English dramatist; flowering out, nevertheless, into such eminence of glory, on a compost of fustian, buffoonery, and other vile stuff, which he so magnificently covers with splendor and irradiates with beauty, that disgust itself is lost in the vehemence of praise. And so we shall find, almost universally, that the greatness of the world's great men is proved by the inborn qualities that tower above the ruins of weakness and shame, in which they appear, and out of which, as solitary pillars and dismantled temples they rise.

Bushnell, Horace—*Continued*

Habit—Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves.

Butler, A. P. (American, 1796-1857.)

The Gullies of Virginia—We yesterday heard a parallel drawn by the senator from Connecticut, between the States of New York and Virginia, with a view of illustrating the unfavorable effects of Southern institutions. I thought such a comparison was very unnecessary, and that anyone might have said to that senator, that if Virginia had occasion to be proud of anything, it was of her institutions,—not only as they had exhibited their influence in her own borders, but wherever her sons had gone. Sir, if her fields are washed into gullies, let it be remembered that the crops which have grown upon them have raised statesmen and heroes. She may not boast of crowded villages and densely settled farms, but wherever they have been settled, they have been settled to good purpose; and though they do not possess the particular kind of prosperity which may have marked some of the Northern States, whenever she was disposed to exhibit her wealth, like Cornelia, when asked to show her jewels, she could point to her children.

Butler, Joseph (England, 1692-1752.)

On Evil Speaking—A good man is friendly to his fellow-creatures and a lover of mankind; and so will, upon every occasion, and often without any, say all the good he can of everybody; but, so far as he is a good man, will never be disposed to speak evil of any, unless there be some other reason for it besides barely that it is true. If he be charged with having given an ill character, he will scarce think it a sufficient justification of himself to say it was a true one, unless he can also give some further account how he came to do so: a just indignation against particular instances of villainy, where they are great and scandalous; or to prevent an innocent man from being deceived and betrayed, when he has great trust and confidence in one who does not deserve it.

Byron, George Noel Gordon, Lord (England, 1788-1824.)

Pacification by the Gallows—Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of this bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole country to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must, to bring this measure into effect) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you, and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former

condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief, it appears, that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners?

Cæsar, Caius Julius (Rome, 100-44 B. C.)

Responsibilities of Greatness—Conscript Fathers, different allowances are made to different persons. When such as live in obscurity are transported by passion to the commission of any offenses, there are few who know it, their reputation and fortune being on a level: but those who are invested with great power are placed on an eminence, and their actions viewed by all; and thus the least allowance is made to the highest dignity. There must be no partiality, no hatred, far less any resentment or animosity, in such a station. What goes by the name of passion only in others, when seen in men of power, is called pride and cruelty.—(From Sallust. Roman Senate, 64 B. C.)

Bad Precedents from Good Beginnings—Take care, Conscript Fathers, how your present decrees may affect posterity. All bad precedents spring from good beginnings, but when the administration is in the hands of wicked or ignorant men, these precedents, at first just, are transferred from proper and deserving objects to such as are not so.—(64 B. C.)

Cahill, Daniel W. (Irish-American, 1802-1864.)

The Destruction of the World—St. John says, that before God pronounces the final word there is silence in heaven; and voices are heard in the air, on the water, and on the earth. At length the skies open and he pours out the first vial of his anger. And the end is come. God speaks the command; and all nature trembles as if in agony. The seas swell, and boil, and rise, and lash the skies. The mountains nod and sink, and the poles collapse. The lightnings flash, and the moaning tempests sweep over the furious deep, piling up ocean upon ocean on the trembling globe. The earth reels in convulsion, and the whole frame of creation struggles.

A mighty conflagration bursts from the melting earth, rages like a hurricane roundabout, devouring all things in its storm and flood of fire, consuming the crumbling wreck of the condemned world. The heavens become terrible, as the kindling earth and seas show their overwhelming flashes on the crimson skies. The sun muffled, the moon black, the stars fallen, floating masses like clouds of blood sweep the skies in circling fury. The Omnipotence which, in the beginning of time, formed all creation, is now concentrated in a point; and, as it were, intensifies the infinity of his wrath, till his anger

can swell no higher; and his voice is heard like thunder in the distance. With what eloquent terror does the Savior paint this scene in his own words: "Men fainting away with fear, running in wild distraction, calling on the ground to open and swallow them, and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Lord." The earth on fire: the skies faded: the sun and the stars darkened or extinguished: mankind burning, dying: the angry voice of God coming to judge the world: and Jesus Christ describing the scene,—are realities which the history of God has never seen before; and which never again will be repeated during the endless round of eternity.

Reason asks: Oh, who is God? and what is nature? and whence is man? and where is heaven? and why is hell? and what is our destiny? Was the world made in pleasure, moved for a moment in trial and suffering, and then blotted out in anger? In one revolution of the earth on fire it is a blank. Like a burning ship at sea, sinking to the bottom on fire, the earth vanishes into nonexistence under the blue vault, where it once careered in its brilliant circle. Not a vestige remains of its omnipotent path. Its wide territory is a tenantless, dark waste—the myriad lamps of the skies extinguished: all former existences crumbled: silent forever: all chaos: things are as if they had never been: the history of Earth and Time a mere record of the forgotten past: a mere hollow vault in the infinitude of space.—(1863.)

Caird, John (Scotland, 1820—.)

The Art of Public Speaking—Of all intellectual agencies, the faculty of public speaking is that which, in proportion to its practical influence and importance, has received the least attention in our educational system. Of course, seeing that the first condition of good speaking is that the speaker should have something to say, indirectly all education is an education of the orator. External gifts of voice and manner, apart from more solid acquirements, may deceive and dazzle the unwary and make a slender stock of ideas go a long way with an uneducated or half-educated auditory. But such superficial qualities in the long run lose their effect, even on uncritical ears, and to the better instructed may even become offensive as a kind of tacit insult to their judgment. Knowledge and a disciplined intelligence, therefore, constitute the first condition of effective speaking. But if it be true, as we must all admit, that the possession of knowledge does not imply the power of imparting it, that profound thinkers and ripe scholars may be poor and ineffective speakers; if experience proves that men who are strong in the study may be weak on the platform or in the pulpit, and that even men whose books evince a masterly grasp of their subject may be distanced as teachers or preachers or public speakers by persons of greatly inferior gifts and attainments,—then it is obvious that something more than the possession of ideas goes to the making of the orator, and that

that system of education is incomplete which confines itself to the acquirement of knowledge and neglects the art of oral expression.

Everyone knows of the immense pains that were bestowed on the cultivation of this art in ancient times. "Ancient oratory," writes Professor Jebb, "is a fine art, an art regarded by its cultivators as analogous to sculpture, to poetry, to music." Already, before the art of rhetoric had become an elaborate system, the orators were accustomed to prepare themselves for their task, first in composition, then in delivery. "Great is the labor of oratory," says Cicero, "as is its field, its dignity, its reward." And though it may be true that in this as in other arts, nature and original aptitude count for much, and the highest eminence is attainable by few, yet moderate success is not beyond the reach of average ability industriously and carefully cultivated. How, then, shall we explain the comparative neglect into which, in our modern educational system, this art has fallen; how shall we account for the fact that whilst every other art has its principles and methods, its long and laborious discipline, its assiduous study of the best models, the acquisition of this art is for the most part left to chance or to such proficiency as can be gained in course of time and at the expense of long-suffering audiences? How is it that in our schools and colleges everything is done for the attainment of knowledge, and nothing at all for the capacity of communicating it?—(Glasgow, 1889.)

The Personal Equation in Eloquence—

What ingenuity could invent a written or printed notation that would represent the infinite, nicely-discriminated, subtle shades of tone and accent which a great speaker instinctively employs, and which the ear and soul of a sympathetic auditory instinctively interprets. Even in deliberate speech, in exposition, narrative, calm and unimpassioned argument, there are innumerable subtle changes by which corresponding variations of thought are indicated. And when he rises to the region of emotion, has not nature wedded its own symbols to the whole gamut of feeling,—entreaty, passion, pathos, tenderness, grief subdued or unrepressed, remonstrance, anger, scorn, sarcasm, reverence, awe, aspiration, homage, the agony of the penitent, the hope and trust of the believer, the mystical rapture of the saint,—has not each of these and a thousand other varieties of feeling its own appropriate form of expression, so that, through the whole continuity of speech or sermon, a speaker can suffuse articulate language with this deeper, subtler, underlying, and all-potent language of nature? Lacking this organ of spiritual power, a discourse may have every intellectual excellence, but it will fall short of the highest effect. For often

"Words are weak and far to seek
When wanted fifty-fold,
And so if silence do not speak,
And trembling lip and tearful cheek,
There's nothing told."

In one word, the ultimate reason for the greater effectiveness of spoken than of written matter is simply this, that the latter is dead and silent, the former quick with the glow and vitality of intelligence and emotion. In certain scientific observations you must eliminate what is called the personal equation; but in good speaking, the personality of the speaker, instead of needing to be discounted, is that which lends its special value to the result. What reaches the auditor is not thought frozen into abstract form, but thought welling warm and fluent from a living source. In reading a book or report the whole burden of the process is thrown upon the reader. In listening to a spoken address more than half of the burden is borne by the speaker; or, rather, activity and receptivity become almost indistinguishable. Charged alike with the electric force of sympathy, the minds of speaker and hearer meet and mingle in a common medium of intelligence and emotion.—(From an address at the University of Glasgow, November 9th, 1889. Text from the "World's Best Orations.")

Calhoun, John C. (American, 1782-1850.)

Against the Force Bill—It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced! Yes, the act imposing the tea-tax "must be executed." This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration in that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, "that religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated, and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake! What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law, without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional?—(1833.)

Legislation Nullifying the Constitution—To maintain the ascendancy of the Constitution over the law-making majority is the great and essential point on which the success of the system must depend. Unless that ascendancy can be preserved, the necessary consequence must be that the laws will supersede the Constitution; and, finally, the will of the executive, by the influence of his patronage, will supersede the laws,—indications of which are already perceptible. This ascendancy can only be preserved through the action of the States as organized bodies having their own separate governments, and possessed of the right, under the structure of our system, of judging of the

extent of their separate powers.—(Force Bill, February, 1833.)

Avarice and Political Corruption—The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure on the part of the government, of folly and madness.—(1883.)

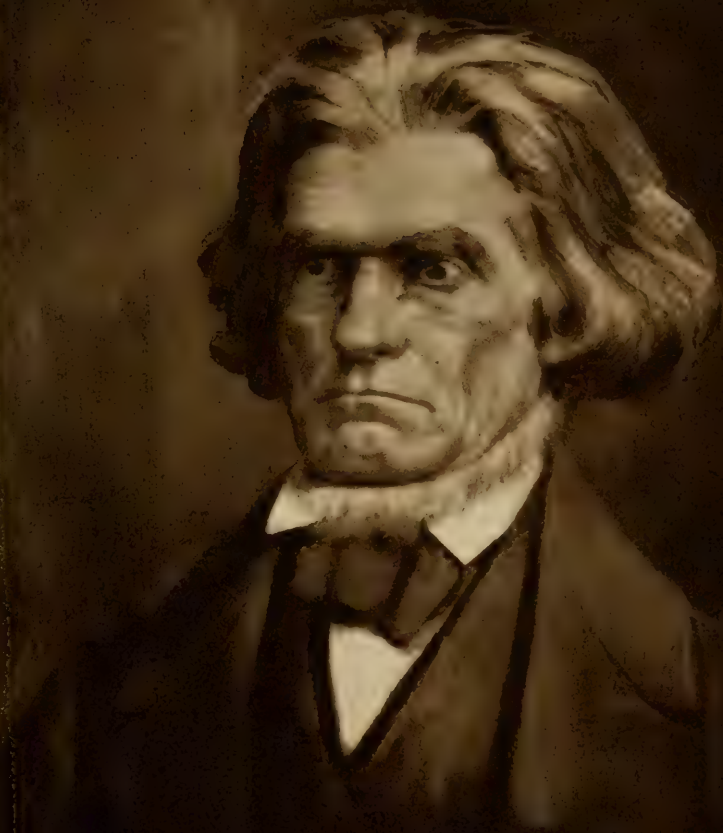
Cohesive Power of Capital—A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many, and various, and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks. This mighty combination will be opposed to any change; and it is to be feared that such is its influence, no measure to which it is opposed can become a law, however expedient and necessary; and that the public money will remain in their possession to be disposed of, not as the public interest, but as theirs, may dictate. The time, indeed, seems fast approaching, when no law can pass, nor any honor can be conferred, from the Chief Magistrate to the tidewater, without the assent of this powerful and interested combination, which is steadily becoming the government itself, to the utter subversion of the authority of the people.

Union, not Nation—I never use the word "Nation" in speaking of the United States; I always use the word "Union," or "Confederacy." We are not a nation, but a union, a confederacy of equal and sovereign States. England is a nation, Austria is a nation, Russia is a nation, but the United States are not a nation.

Force and Consent—Does any man, in his senses, believe that this beautiful structure, this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all, can be preserved by force? Its very introduction would be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no! You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force.

Virtues of the Puritans—By what causes has so inconsiderable a beginning as that of the colonies of New England, under such formidable, and apparently almost insurmountable difficulties, resulted, in so brief a period, in such mighty consequences? They are to be found in the high moral and intellectual qualities of the pilgrims. Their faith, piety, and confident trust in a superintending Providence; their stern virtues; their patriotic love of liberty and order; their devotion to learning; and their indomitable courage and perseverance. These are the causes which surmounted every obstacle, and which have led to such mighty results.

Governmental Power and Popular Incapacity—The quantum of power on the part of



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Calhoun, John C.—*Continued*

the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must, necessarily, be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For, in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty extinct.

Liberty and Society—Government has no right to control individual liberty, beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society.

Society and Government—Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is, his natural state.

Taxation When Unnecessary a Robbery—Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it, against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except his government, and that only to the extent of its legitimate wants;—to take more is robbery; and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes! to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional!

The Unpardonable Political Sin—Where is the example to be found of a degenerate, corrupt, and subservient people, who have ever recovered their virtue and patriotism? Their doom has ever been the lowest state of wretchedness and misery: scorned, trodden down, and obliterated forever from the list of nations! May Heaven grant that such may never be our doom!—(1836.)

Calvin, John (Switzerland, 1509–1564.)

The Palm and the Dust—In ancient times vast numbers of people, to obtain a simple crown of leaves, refused no toil, no pain, no trouble; nay, it even cost them nothing to die, and yet every one of them fought for a peradventure, not knowing whether he was to gain or lose the prize. God holds forth to us the immortal crown by which we may become partakers of his glory: he does not mean us to fight at haphazard, but all of us have a promise of the prize for which we strive. Have we any cause, then, to decline the struggle? Do we think it

has been said in vain, "If we die with Jesus Christ we shall also live with him?" Our triumph is prepared, and yet we do all we can to shun the combat.—(1552.)

Campbell, Alexander (American, 1788–1866.)

Intelligence the Supreme Force—One great mind, nature's spiritual and eternal sun, constitutes the mighty centre around which, in their respective orbits, all pure minds, primary or secondary—angelic or human—revolve. In this system the great minds as certainly govern the inferior as in material nature the large masses govern the less. Now, as the power of mind consists of intelligence, educated mind must as certainly govern uneducated mind, and the more vigorous and talented the less favored, as the great material masses govern the inferior.

Canning, George (England, 1770–1827.)

Napoleon After the Battle of Leipsic—How was their prospect changed! In those countries where, at most, a short struggle had been terminated by a result disastrous to their wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, they had now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouched no longer trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintained a balanced contest. The mighty deluge by which the continent had been overwhelmed is subsiding. The limits of the nation are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments are beginning to reappear above the subsiding waves.

Perfection in Politics—A search after abstract perfection in government may produce, in generous minds, an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian, and to be celebrated by the poet; but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment; and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a people.

Banknotes and Coin—Are banknotes equivalent to the legal standard coin of the realm? This is the question which divides and agitates the public opinion. Says the right honorable gentleman, "I will devise a mode of settling this question to the satisfaction of the public." By advising a proclamation? No. By bringing a bill into Parliament? No. By proposing to declare the joint opinion of both Houses, or the separate opinion of one? No. By what process, then? Why, simply by telling the disputants that they are, and have been all along, however unconsciously, agreed upon the subject of their variance; and gravely resolving for them, respectively, an unanimous opinion! This is the very judgment, I should imagine, which Milton ascribes to the venerable Anarch, whom he represents as adjusting the disputes of the conflicting element:—

Canning, George,—*Continued*

"Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray."
—(1833.)

Restlessness and Freedom—I grudge not to other nations that share of liberty which they may acquire;—in the name of heaven, let them enjoy it! But let us warn them, that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and shining light to guide their course, not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

Reaction From Liberty to Despotism—As the inhabitants of those burning climates which lie beneath the tropical sun sigh for the coolness of the mountain and the grove, so (all history instructs us) do nations which have basked for a time in the torrent blaze of an unmitigated liberty too often call upon the shades of despotism, even of military despotism, to cover them:—

"O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

A protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats, and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

"I Called the New World Into Existence"—I looked another way. I sought materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that, if France had Spain, it should not be Spain "with the Indies." I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old! Thus, sir, I answer the question of the occupation of Spain by the army of France.—(1820.)

"Measures and Men"—Away with the cant of "measures, not men!" the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along! No, sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures comparatively nothing.

Carlyle, Thomas (Scotland, 1795–1881.)

Healthiness and Holiness—It is a curious thing that I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for "holy" in the German language—*heilig*—also means "healthy." And so *Heilbronn* means "holy-well," or "healthy-well." We have in the Scotch "hale"; and I suppose our English word "whole"—with a "w"—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy—completely healthy." *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

A man with his intellect a clear, plain geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imagining all things in their correct proportions,—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation,—healthy, clear, and free, and all round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard the real equilibrium as the centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means holy, and holy means healthy.—(From his Edinburgh address. "World's Best Orations.")

Religion Has Higher Than Civil Ends—I would as soon think of making galaxies and star-systems to guide little herring vessels by, as of preaching religion that constables may continue possible.

Law Courts, or Chimneys for Devilry—Chancery, and certain other law courts seem nothing; yet, in fact, they are, the worst of them, something: chimneys for the devilry and contention of men to escape by.

Justice and Success—My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success!"—Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success?—In few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles, visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?

You Will Have to Pay, My Friend—Nature keeps silently a most Exact savings bank and official register, correct to the most evanescent item, Debtor and Creditor, in respect to one and all of us; silently marks down, Creditor by such and such an unseen act of veracity and heroism; Debtor to such a loud, blustery blunder, twenty-seven million strong or one unit strong, and to all acts, and words, and thoughts executed in consequence of that,—Debtor, Debtor, Debtor, day after day, rigorously as Fate (for this is Fate that is writing); and at the end of the account

you will have it all to pay, my friend; — there is the rub!

Carnot, Lazare Nicolas Marguerite (France, 1753-1823.)

On American Liberty — It is not from the character of their government that great republics have lacked stability; it is because, having been born in the breasts of storms, it is always in a state of exaltation that they are established. One only was the labor of philosophy, organized calmly. That republic, the United States of America, full of wisdom and of strength, exhibits this phenomenon, and each day their prosperity shows an increase which astonishes other nations. Thus it was reserved for the New World to teach the Old that existence is possible and peaceable under the rule of liberty and equality. Yes, I state this proposition, that when a new order of things can be established without fearing partisan influences, as the first consul has done, principally after the peace of Amiens, and as he can still do, it becomes much easier to form a republic without anarchy than a monarchy without despotism. For how can we conceive a limitation which would not be illusory in a government of which the chief had all the executive power in his hand and all the places to bestow? — (1802.)

Carpenter, Matthew Hale (American, 1824-1881.)

National and Individual Life Compared — The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life, and are brief and uncertain. The experience of a human life may be shortly summed up: A little loving and a good deal of sorrowing; some bright hopes and many bitter disappointments; some gorgeous Thursdays, when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessings, glads the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays, when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind, and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats, until the heart becomes like a charnel house filled with dead affections embalmed in holy but sorrowful memories; and then the chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the individual life — a cloud, a vapor, passes away.

But, speaking relatively, a nation may count upon immortality on earth. Individuals rise and fall, generations come and go; but still the national unity is preserved, and a government constructed wisely with reference to the situation and wants of a nation may exist for centuries. — (Delivered at the banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis, 1872. "World's Best Orations.")

Limiting Principles Geographically — I am opposed to limiting principles geographically; I am opposed to saying that all men are created equal within certain parallels of latitude, but that God intended the people born north or south of those lines to be the

subjects of despotism. A man is a man, no matter where he was born, no matter what may be the color of his skin, and he is entitled to be treated like a man, and to enjoy the rights, privileges, powers, and immunities of a man, under any government which professes to be founded upon the principle that all men are created equal. — (March, 1870.)

Cass, Lewis (American, 1782-1866.)

The Power of Opprobrium — Even when discussion is followed by no act, it is itself a great element of retributive justice to punish it when an atrocious deed is done, and a great element of moral power to restrain it when such a deed is contemplated. I claim for our country no exemption from the decrees of these high tribunals; and when we are guilty of a tithe of the oppression and cruelty which have made the Austrian name a name of reproach through the world, I hope we shall receive, as we shall merit, the opprobrium of mankind. — (1850.)

Precedents and Progress — There is nothing stationary in the world. Moral and intellectual as well as physical sciences are in a state of progress; or, rather, we are marching onwards in the investigation of their true principles. It is presumptuous, at any time, to say that "Now is the best possible condition of human nature; let us sit still and be satisfied; there is nothing more to learn." I believe in no such doctrine. I believe we are always learning. We have a right to examine for ourselves. In fact, it is our duty to do so. Still, sir, I would not rashly reject the experience of the world, any more than I would blindly follow it. I have no such idea. I have no wish to prostrate all the barriers raised by wisdom, and to let in upon us an inundation of many such opinions as have been promulgated in the present age. But far be it from me to adopt, as a principle of conduct, that nothing is to be done except what has been done before, and precisely as it was then done. So much for precedents! — (1851.)

Castelar, Emilio (Spain, 1832-1899.)

Immortality and Resurrection — Human wickedness can never so much affect me as to obscure divine truths in my soul. As I can distinguish good from evil, so can I separate death from immortality. I believe in the Almighty, and in a vision of the Almighty in another and better world.

I leave my body as armor which fatigues me by its weight, to continue my infinite ascension to the heaven of heavens, bathed in light eternal.

It is true that death exists, but true also that there is a soul; against Realism that would enshroud me with its leaden mantle I have the glow and fire of thought; and against Fatalism, that would confine me by its chain, I have the power and force of liberty.

History is a resurrection. Barbarians buried the ancient Grecian statues, but they live again here in this cemetery, producing immortal gen-

erations of artists with kisses from their cold lips of marble. Italy was as dead as Juliet. Each generation flung a handful of earth upon her corpse, and placed a flower in her mortuary crown; yet Italy is alive again!

To-day tyrants sing the "Dies Iræ" on the field where unhappy Poland was divided. Yet soon humanity will approach, collect the bones, picked clean by the vultures of the Neva, and Poland will be reborn, standing like a statue of faith, with the cross in her arms and on her ancient altars.

Cato, the Elder (Rome, 234-149 B. C.)

Woman's Rights—If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now, our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the forum, spurned and trodden under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately, we now dread their collective body. I was accustomed to think it a fabulous and fictitious tale, that, in a certain island, the whole race of males was utterly extirpated by a conspiracy of the women. But the utmost danger may be apprehended equally from either sex, if you suffer cabals and secret consultations to be held; scarcely, indeed, can I determine, in my own mind, whether the act itself, or the precedent that it affords, is of more pernicious tendency. The latter of these more particularly concerns us consuls and the other magistrates; the former, you, my fellow-citizens: for, whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profitable to the state or not, is to be determined by you, who are to vote on the occasion. As to the outrageous behavior of these women, whether it be merely an act of their own, or owing to your instigations, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies culpable conduct in magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls: on you, certainly, if you have brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian sedition; on us, if we suffer laws to be imposed upon us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people. It was not without painful emotions of shame, that I, just now, made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul I should not have refrained from saying to them: "What sort of practice is this of running out into the public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private, and with other women's husbands than with your own? Although if females would let their modesty confine them

within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about any laws that might be passed or repealed here." Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of State affairs, and to thrust themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election: for what are they doing at this moment in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support of the motion of tribunes; others contending for the repeal of the law? . . . This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all which women bear with impatience; they long for entire liberty; nay to speak the truth, not for liberty, but for unbounded freedom in every particular: for what will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious? Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our forefathers restrained them and subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, they can scarcely be kept within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable? Suffer them once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors.—(From Livy xxxiv. 2.)

Cato Uticensis (Rome, 95-46 B. C.)

Making the Worse Appear the Better Part—We have long since lost the true names of things. To give away what belongs to others is called generosity; to attempt what is criminal, fortitude; and thence the State is reduced to the brink of ruin. Let them, since such is the fashion of the times, be generous from the spoils of our allies; merciful to the plunderers of the treasury; but let them not be prodigal of our blood, and, by sparing a few bad citizens, destroy all the good. . . . We make no distinction between the virtuous and the wicked; and all the rewards of virtue are possessed by ambition. Nor is it at all strange, while each of you pursues his separate interest; while you abandon yourselves to pleasure at home, and here in the senate are slaves to money or favor, that attacks are made on the State when thus forsaken.

Good Breeding—Good breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Enemies a Benefit—Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.

Chalmers, Thomas (Scotland, 1780-1847.)

How to "Make a Name"—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the

stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

Channing, William Ellery (American, 1780–1842.)

Individual Sovereignty—It seems to be thought by some that a man derives all his rights from the nation to which he belongs. They are gifts of the State, and the State may take them away if it will. A man, it is thought, has claims on other men, not as a man, but as an Englishman, an American, or a subject of some other State. He must produce his parchment of citizenship before he binds other men to protect him, to respect his free agency, to leave him the use of his powers according to his own will. Local, municipal law is thus made the fountain and measure of rights. The stranger must tell us where he was born, what privileges he enjoyed at home, or no tie links us to one another. . . . This doctrine is as false as it is terrible. Man is not the mere creature of the State. Man is older than nations, and he is to survive nations. There is a law of humanity more primitive and divine than the law of the land. He has higher claims than those of a citizen. He has rights which date before all charters and communities; not conventional, not repealable, but as eternal as the powers and laws of his being.

This annihilation of the individual by merging him in the State lies at the foundation of despotism. The nation is too often the grave of the man. This is the more monstrous, because the very end of the State, of the organization of the nation, is to secure the individual in all his rights, and especially to secure the rights of the weak. Here is the fundamental idea of political association. In an unorganized society, with no legislation, no tribunal, no empire, rights have no security. Force predominates over right. This is the grand evil of what is called the state of nature. To repress this, to give right the ascendancy over force, this is the grand idea and end of government, of country, of political constitutions.

Principles Give Power—A man of extensive information may, through the want of large and

comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a laborer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths.

The Present Age and the New Power in the World—There is something greater in the age than its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on the stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all; I mean the soul, the immortal spirit—of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements in our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence.

A Great Mind Formed by Great Ideas—A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. . . .

Virtue and the Corruption of Wealth—The great distinction of a nation—the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other blessings—is the prevalence of pure principle among the citizens. I wish to belong to a State in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom. O, save me from a country which worships wealth, and cares not for true glory; in which intrigue bears rule; in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office; in which hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of State; in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption.

Truth to Higher Convictions—Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

Channing, William Ellery—*Continued*

The Greatest Man—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unflinching.

Religion against Arbitrary Power—It was religion which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power; which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Books Are the True Levelers—Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

Chapin, Edwin Hubbell (American, 1814-1880.)

Labor Directed by Intelligence—Mountains have been leveled and valleys have been exalted before it. It has broken the rocky soil into fertile glades; it has crowned the hill tops with verdure, and bound round the very feet of ocean, ridges of golden corn. Up from the sunless and hoary deeps, up from the shapeless quarry, it drags its spotless marbles and rears its palaces of pomp. It steals the stubborn metals from the bowels of the globe, and makes them ductile to its will. It marches steadily on over the swelling flood and through the mountain clefts. It fans its way through the winds of ocean, tramples them in its course, surges and mingles them with flakes of fire. Civilization follows in its path. It achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battlefields into gardens and erects monuments significant of better things. It rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with the lightning. It sits crowned as a queen in a thousand cities, and sends up its roar of triumph from a million wheels. It glistens in the fabric of the loom; it rings and sparkles in the steely hammer; it glories in shapes of beauty; it speaks in words of power; it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with honor, and dignity, and peace.

The Source of Modern Progress—The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom, it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences

would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the divine will, this earth would become like heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity,—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress,—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it,—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the Just,—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy,—come from your tombs, and answer!

The Handwriting on the Wall—Nature is republican. The discoveries of science are republican. Sir, what are these new forces, steam and electricity, but powers that are leveling all factitious distinctions, and forcing the world on to a noble destiny? Have they not already propelled the nineteenth century a thousand years ahead? What are they but the servitors of the people, and not of a class? Does not the poor man of to-day ride in a car dragged by forces such as never waited on kings, or drove the wheels of triumphal chariots? Does he not yoke the lightning, and touch the magnetic nerves of the world? The steam engine is a democrat. It is the popular heart that throbs in its iron pulses. And the electric telegraph writes upon the walls of despotism, *Mené, mené, tekél upharsin!*

Chase, Salmon P. (American, 1808-1873.)

Jefferson and the West—Mr. President, if a stranger from some foreign land should ask me for the monument of Jefferson, I would not take him to Virginia and bid him look on a granite obelisk, however admirable in its proportions or its inscriptions. I would ask him to accompany me beyond the Alleghanies, into the midst of the broad Northwest, and would say to him:—

"Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice!"

Behold, on every side, his monument. These thronged cities, these flourishing villages, these cultivated fields; these million happy homes of prosperous freemen; these churches, these schools; these asylums for the unfortunate and the helpless; these institutions of education, religion, and humanity; these great States, great in their present resources, but greater far in the mighty energies by which the resources of the future are to be developed; these, these are the monument of Jefferson. His memorial is over all our Western land—

*"Our meanest rill, our mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with his fame forever."*

—(U. S. Senate. 1850.)

Chase, Salmon P.—*Continued*

Indestructible Union of Indestructible States—The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States.—(From the decision in *Texas versus White*, 7 Wallace 725.)

Châteaubriand, Francois René, Vicomte de
(France, 1768–1848.)

"There Is a God!"—There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insect sports in his beam; the bird sings him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens, the ocean declares his immensity;—man alone has said there is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year: a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds; meadows enameled with flowers; forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe! While you are gazing on that sun, which is plunging into the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noonday, and setting in the west; or, rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or west, no north or south, in the world.

Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of (England,
1708–1778.)

The Crime of Being a Young Man—Sir: The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny;—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach I will not, sir, assume the province of determining;—but surely age may become justly contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in

the ruin of his country.—(Replying to Walpole. 1741.)

"If Not, May Discord Prevail Forever"—I thank God, my lords, for having thus long preserved me, inconsiderable as I am, to take a part upon this great occasion, and to contribute my endeavors, such as they are, to restore, to save, to confirm the constitution. My lords, I need not look abroad for grievances. The grand capital mischief is fixed at home. It corrupts the very foundation of our political existence, and preys upon the vitals of the state. The constitution has been grossly violated. The constitution at this moment stands violated. Until that wound is healed, until the grievance is redressed, it is in vain to recommend union to Parliament, in vain to promote concord among the people. If we mean seriously to unite the nation within itself, we must convince the people that their complaints are regarded, that their injuries shall be redressed. On that foundation, I would take the lead in recommending peace and harmony to them; on any other, I would never wish to see them united again.

If the breach in the constitution is effectually repaired, the people will of themselves return to a state of tranquillity; if not, may discord prevail forever!—(1770.)

"God and the Host of Miters"—Whenever you attempt to establish your government, or your property, or your church, on religious restrictions, you establish them on a false foundation, and you oppose the Almighty; and, though you had a host of miters on your side, you banish God from your ecclesiastical constitution, and freedom from your political.—(On enfranchising Catholics.)

On the Expulsion of Wilkes—My lords, let us be cautious how we admit an idea that our rights stand on a footing different from those of the people. Let us be cautious how we invade the liberties of our fellow-subjects, however mean, however remote; for, be assured, my lords, that in whatever part of the empire you suffer slavery to be established, whether it be in America or in Ireland, or here at home, you will find it a disease which spreads by contact, and soon reaches from the extremities to the heart. The man who has lost his own freedom becomes, from that moment, an instrument in the hands of an ambitious prince, to destroy the freedom of others.

These reflections, my lords, are but too applicable to our present situation. The liberty of the subject is invaded, not only in provinces, but here at home. The English people are loud in their complaints; they proclaim, with one voice, the injuries they have received; they demand redress; and, depend upon it, my lords, that one way or other they will have redress. They will never return to a state of tranquillity until they are redressed. Nor ought they; for, in my judgment, my lords,—and I speak it boldly,—it were better for them to perish in a glorious contention for their rights,

Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of—*Continued*
than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single iota of the constitution.— (1763.)

"If I Were an American"—You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort still more extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country; your efforts are forever vain and impotent,—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty!—If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!

On Lord North—Such are your well-known characters and abilities, that sure I am that any plan of reconciliation, however moderate, wise, and feasible, must fail in your hands. Who, then, can wonder that you should put a negative on any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your emoluments, and at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you?

Whig Spirit of the Eighteenth Century—The spirit which now resists your taxation in America is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in England; the same spirit which called all England on its legs, and by the Bill of Rights vindicated the English constitution; the same spirit which established the great fundamental essential maxim of your liberties, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. This glorious Whig spirit animates three millions in America who prefer poverty with liberty to gilded chains and sordid affluence, and who will die in defense of their rights as men, as freemen.

Bayonets as Agencies of Reconciliation—How can America trust you with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I, therefore, move that an address be presented to his Majesty, advising that immediate orders be dispatched to General Gage for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston. The way must be immediately opened for reconciliation.

Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of (England 1694–1773.)

Taxing Vice for Revenue—The specious pretense on which this bill is founded, and,

indeed, the only pretense that deserves to be termed specious, is the propriety of taxing vice; but this maxim of government has, on this occasion, been either mistaken or perverted. Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed; and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, my lords, or the excess of that which is pernicious only by excess, may very properly be taxed, that such excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more difficult. But the use of those things which are simply hurtful, hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree, is to be prohibited. None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license granted for the use of that which is taxed to all who shall be willing to pay it.— (1743.)

Choate, Joseph Hodges (American, 1832–)

Farragut's Greatness—In the first year of the century,—at the very time when the great English admiral was wearing fresh laurels for winning in defiance of orders the once lost battle of the Baltic, the bloodiest picture in the book of naval warfare,—there was born on a humble farm in the unexplored wilderness of Tennessee a child who was sixty years afterwards to do for Americans what England's idol had just then done for her, to rescue her in an hour of supreme peril, and to win a renown which should not fade or be dim in comparison with that of the most famous of the sea kings of the old world. For though there were many great admirals before Farragut, it will be hard to find one whose life and fortunes combine more of those elements which command the enduring admiration and approval of his fellow-men. He was as good as he was great; as game as he was mild, and as mild as he was game; as skillful as he was successful; as full of human sympathy and kindness as he was of manly wisdom, and as unselfish as he was patriotic. So long as the Republic which he served and helped to save shall endure, his memory must be dear to every lover of his country; and so long as this great city continues to be the gateway of the nation and the centre of its commerce, it must preserve and honor his statue, which to-day we dedicate to the coming generations.— (1881.)

Choate, Rufus (American, 1799–1859)

On the Death of Webster—My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went, it is a day or two since, alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him, all habited as when—

"His look drew audience still as night,
Or summer's noontide air."

tilt the heavens be no more.

Throughout that spacious and calm scene, all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the

Choate, Rufus—Continued

land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged.

The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, were still there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you. You might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory.

And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness with which you see it now, will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither, as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster.

Heroism of the Pilgrims—If one were called on to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphyctionic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world.

Judge if, that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and of the mothers of heroes,—judge if, watching there, in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and when, a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life was in that one moment, that they

cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong on that brief revelry of glory?

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that greatest crisis of Greece.

And yet, do you not think, that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims,—its brief sunshine; the nights of storm, slow waning; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying; its destitutions, its contrasts with all their former experience in life; its utter insulation and loneliness; its deathbeds and burials; its memories; its apprehensions; its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burden, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up, like a bird of dawn, to the skies;—do ye not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian, raised as in act to strike; would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, "melancholy, yea, dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy"; a scene, even better fitted to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more!

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past, with its great eras, that of settlement, and that of independence, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glowing future. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next daybreak. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

Glittering Generalities—The glittering and sounding generalities of natural right, which make up the Declaration of Independence.—(To the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.)

Step to the Music of the Union—We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.—(To the Whig Convention, October 1st, 1855.)

Christy, David (American, nineteenth century.)

Cotton Is King—Cotton is king; or, slavery in the light of political economy.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius (Rome, 106-43 B. C.)

"*Quousque Catilina?*" — How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long also shall thy madness elude us? Whither wilt thy ungovernable audacity impel thee? Could neither the nightly garrison of the citadel, nor the watch of the city, nor the general consternation, nor the congress of all good men, nor this strongly-fortified place where the senate is held, nor the enraged countenances of those senators, deter thee from thy impious designs? Dost thou not perceive that thy counsels are all discovered? Thinkest thou that there are any of us ignorant of thy transactions the past night, the place of rendezvous, thy collected associates? — (Exordium of the first oration against Catiline. Free Translation.)

"*O Tempora! O Mores!*" — The senate understands all this. The consul sees it, yet the traitor lives! Lives? Aye, and truly confronts us here in council — takes part in our deliberations — and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we all this while, strenuous that we are, think that we have amply discharged our duties to the state if we but shun this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thine own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee! Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree — though it rests among our archives, like a sword in the scabbard — a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. — (Continuation of the above exordium.)

He Is Gone. He Is Fled. He Is Escaped. — At length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason! Would that his attendants had not been so few!

Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be speedy and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; his army, I say, — for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and

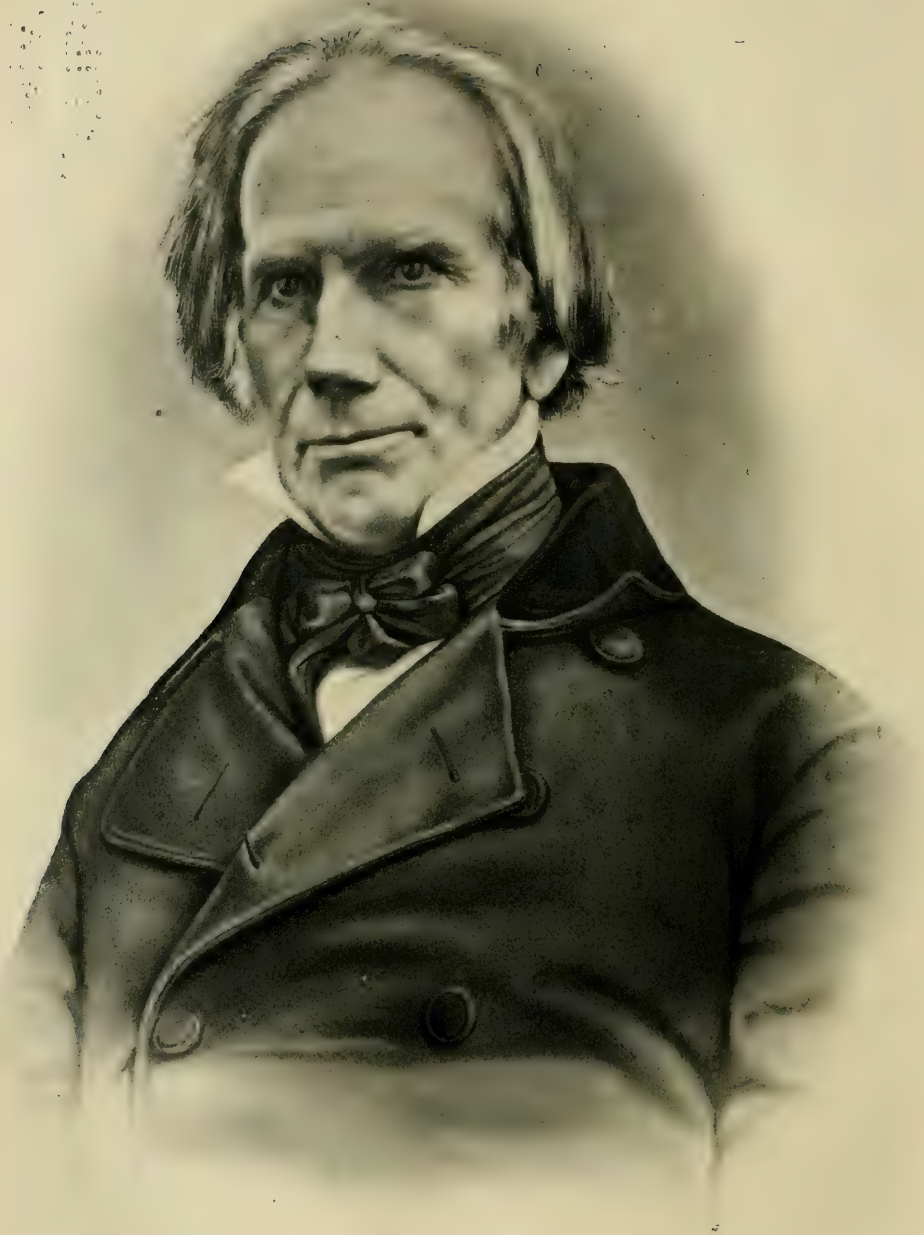
armies; and first, to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your consuls and generals; next, against that miserable outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy!

On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness: here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there age; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were every human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice? — (From the second oration against Catiline. Free translation.)

Against Verres — I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything exaggerated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and I will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution — for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon!

Portrait of
John Jay
1790-1800
by
G. B. S. P.



Cicero, Marcus Tullius—Continued

But what then!—is it to come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

Excess—All things that are pernicious in their progress must be evil in their birth, for no sooner is the government of reason thrown off, than they rush forward of their own accord; weakness takes a pleasure to indulge itself; and having, if the expression may be allowed, imperceptibly launched out into the main ocean, can find no place where to stop.

Example—Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.

Laws and Magistrates—As the laws are above magistrates, so are the magistrates above the people: and it may truly be said that the magistrate is a speaking law and the law a silent magistrate.

Clay, Henry (American, 1777-1852.)

Jackson's Seizure of Pensacola—We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden, the human heart. Obscure that by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? When the minions of despotism heard, in Europe, of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle, and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our country, in the midst of an amicable negotiation! Behold, said they, the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching kings! You saw how those admirers

were astounded and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man who presides over us adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads, with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our government. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character! Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our Republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination! Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte; and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition; they may even vote the general the public thanks; they may carry him triumphantly through this House. But, if they do, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority, a triumph over the powers of this House, a triumph over the Constitution of the land. And I pray most devoutly to heaven, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people!—(1819.)

Government by Conquest—War, pestilence, and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and war, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and famine, no doubt for wise although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission, and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction, while they last, but society soon recovers from their effects.

War is the voluntary work of our own hands and whatever reproaches it may deserve should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out, its duration is indefinite and unknown,—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure,—in its losses and in its burdens,—it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace.

War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp, and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, for engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

Clay, Henry — Continued

History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors in the civilized world were Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

Cæsar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form.

And Napoleon, that most extraordinary man, perhaps, in all history, after subjugating all continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals,—seriously threatening proud Albion itself,—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, was made himself a wretched captive, and, far removed from country, family, and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena.

The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their captives? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

Appeal in Behalf of Greece—There is reason to apprehend that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country—one which may call into action all our vigor, courage, and resources. Is it wise or prudent, then, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission? If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample, and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen, ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend their last cent, in defense of the country, its liberty, and its institutions? And has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she

has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, our utter indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

But it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see the measure adopted. It will give her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States to send a messenger to Greece to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can; go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down. Meet, if you can, the appalling countenance of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrunk from the declaration of your own sentiments—that you cannot tell how; but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose—that the spectres of scimiters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feelings of a majority of this committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

Civil War—If there be any who want civil war—who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt, I am not one of them: I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, do I not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate.—(1850.)

"Free Trade and Seamen's Rights"—We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her; and, if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of providence, we must come out crowned with success;

Clay, Henry—*Continued*

but, if we fail, let us fail like men,—lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for free trade and seamen's rights!— (1813.)

Government a Trust—Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees, and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.— (At Ashland, Kentucky, March, 1829.)

No South, No North, No East, No West—I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West to which I owe any allegiance.— (In the United States Senate. 1848.)

Patriotism—The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transfusing thought of the good and glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

"Rather Be Right than President"—Sir, I had rather be right than President.— (To Senator W. C. Preston of South Carolina, 1839.)

Clayton, John M. (American, 1796-1856.)

Taking Advantage of Weakness—I never have been, and I am not now, willing to acquire one acre of ground from Mexico, or any other nation under heaven, by conquest or robbery. I hold that, in all our transactions with the other nations of the world, the great principle ought to be maintained by us that "Honesty is the best policy," and that an honorable reputation is of more value to a country than land or money. I hold that any attempt on our part, merely because we happen to possess superior strength, to compel a weaker nation to cede to us all that we choose to demand as indemnity, while we at the same time admit that we ask for more than she owes us, is nothing else but robbery.— (1848.)

Clemens, Jeremiah (American, 1814-1865.)

"Manifest Destiny"—Let us set about convincing the world that we are "a power upon earth." Let us rob Spain of Cuba, England of Canada, and Mexico of her remaining possessions, and this continent will be too small a theatre upon which to enact the bloody drama of American progress! Like the Prophet of the East, who carried the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, American armies will be sent forth to proclaim freedom to the serf; but if he happen to love the land in which he was born, and exhibit some manly attachment

to the institutions with which he is familiar, his own lifeblood will saturate the soil, and his wife and children be driven forth as houseless wanderers, in proof of our tender consideration for the rights of humanity. Sir, this is a species of progress with which Satan himself might fall in love.

Mr. President, there are in this connection still other lights in which the question before us may be presented. Look at America as she now is, prosperous in all things, splendid, magnificent, rich in her agriculture, rich in her commerce, rich in arts and sciences, rich in learning, rich in individual freedom, richer still in the proud prerogative of bending the knee to none but the God who made us, and of worshipping even in his temples according to the forms which conscience, not the law, has prescribed. Gaze upon that picture until your soul has drunk in all its beauty, all its glory, and then let me paint for you that which is offered as a substitute. Look upon a land where war has become a passion, and blood a welcome visitant; where every avenue to genius is closed save that which leads through a field of strife; where the widow and the orphan mingle unavailing tears for the husband and the father; where literature has become a mockery, and religion a reproach; upon a people, strong, indeed, but terrible in their strength, with the tiger's outward beauty and the tiger's inward fierceness; upon a people correctly described by the poet when he said:—

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires;
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

— (U. S. Senate. 1853.)

Foreign War and Domestic Despotism—The senator from Michigan was right when he said that our fears were to be found at home. I do fear ourselves. Commit our people once to unnecessary foreign wars,—let victory encourage the military spirit, already too prevalent among them,—and Roman history will have no chapter bloody enough to be transmitted to posterity side by side with ours. In a brief period we shall have re-enacted, on a grander scale, the same scenes which marked her decline. The veteran soldier, who has followed a victorious leader from clime to clime, will forget his love of country in his love for his commander; and the bayonets you send abroad to conquer a kingdom will be brought back to destroy the rights of the citizen, and prop the throne of an emperor.

Cleon (Greece, (?)—422 B. C.)

Democracies and Their "Subjects"—Upon many other occasions my own experience hath convinced me that a democracy is incapable of ruling over others.

Cleveland, Grover (American, 1837-.)

Communism of Capital—Communism is a hateful thing and a menace to peace and organized government. But the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, which assiduously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of misrule.—(1888.)

Condition, Not Theory—It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.—(Annual message. 1887.)

Innocuous Desuetude—After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude, these laws are brought forth.—(Message. March, 1886.)

Clinton, De Witt (American, 1769-1828.)

Law vs. War—What right have the rulers of nations to unsheathe the sword of destruction, and to let loose the demon of desolation upon mankind whenever caprice or pride, ambition or avarice, shall prescribe? And are there no fixed laws, founded in the nature of things, which ordain bounds to the fell spirit of revenge, the mad fury of domination, and the insatiable thirst of cupidity?

Cobb, Howell (American, 1815-1868.)

The Citizen-Soldier—I trust you will never desire to induce this government to create a large standing army in time of peace as preparatory to some future emergency which may require it. The bulwark of the defense of our country lies in the hearts and the spirit of the American people. It is to the citizen-soldier, and not the mercenary hireling, that the American people look for the defense of their rights in an emergency.

Cobden, Richard (England, 1804-1865.)

Small States and Civilization—It may seem Utopian; but I don't feel sympathy for a great nation, or for those who desire the greatness of a people by the vast extension of empire. What I like to see is the growth, development, and elevation of the individual man. But we have had great empires at all times,—Syria, Persia, and the rest. What trace have they left of the individual man? Nebuchadnezzar, and the countless millions under his sway,—there is no more trace of them than of herds of buffaloes, or flocks of sheep. But look at your little states; look at Greece, with its small territories, some not larger than an English county! Italy, over some of whose states a man on horseback could ride in a day,—they have left traces of individual man, where civilization has flourished, and humanity has been elevated. It may appear Utopian, but we can never expect the individual elevated until a practical and better code of moral law prevails among nations, and until the small states obtain justice at the hands of the great.—(1862.)

Armament Not Necessary—I sometimes quote the United States of America; and I think in this matter of national defense, they set us a very good example. Does anybody dare to attack that nation? There is not a more formidable power, in every sense of the word,—although you may talk of France and Russia,—than the United States of America; and there is not a statesman with a head on his shoulders who does not know it, and yet the policy of the United States has been to keep a very small amount of armed force in existence. At the present moment, they have not a line-of-battle ship afloat, notwithstanding the vast extension of their commercial marine.—(From a speech delivered in 1850.)

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (England, 1772-1834.)

Hissing Prejudices—I am not at all surprised that when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason they should go off with a hiss.—(From a speech at Bristol.)

Conkling, Roscoe (American, 1829-1888.)

The Candidate from Appomattox—When asked whence comes our candidate, we say from Appomattox. Obeying instructions I should never dare to disregard; expressing, also, my own firm conviction, I rise in behalf of the State of New York to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide whether for years to come the country will be "Republican or Cossack." The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry the doubtful States, North and South; and believing that he more surely than any other can carry New York against any opponent, and carry not only the North, but several States of the South, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a presidential candidate. Once he carried it even according to a Democratic count, and twice he carried it by the people's vote, and he is stronger now. The Republican party with its standard in his hand is stronger now than in 1863 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man; his services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done, and dangers and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust.—(Nominating Grant. 1880.)

Constant, Benjamin (France, 1767-1830.)

Censorship of the Press—Censors are to thought what spies are to innocence; they both find their gains in guilt, and where it does not exist they create it. Censors class themselves as "literary." Producing nothing themselves,

they are always in the humor of their sterility. No writer who respects himself would consent to be a censor.—(1820.)

Cook, Joseph (American, 1838—.)

The Continental Republic—The Roman eagles, when their wings were strongest, never flew so far as from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. The longest straight line that can be drawn inside the limits of the old Roman Empire will not reach from Boston to San Francisco.

Neither Cæsar's empire nor Alexander's had the vast and multiplex physical opportunity possessed by America. Gibraltar and London, Thebes and the frosty Caucasus were the four corners of imperial Rome, and Alexander ruled from the Adriatic to the Indus; but stretch your compasses on the globe from London to the Egyptian Thebes, or from Gibraltar to the Caucasian summits, or from the Macedonian Adriatic to the Indus at the foot of the Himalayas, and you have not opened them as far as you must separate them to span the green fields and steeped cities between the surf of the Bay of Fundy and the waterfalls of the Yosemite, or to touch, on the one side, the Florida Keys, and on the other, the continuous woods,—

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings." —(1884.)

Corwin, Thomas (American, 1794–1865.)

"Shoot Them Down, and Then Exhort Them to Be Free"—I ask, Mr. President, what has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas, faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain) what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor make?

Do we send our missionaries there, "to point the way to heaven?" Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won?

No, no; none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearthstones against the invasion of these very men, who shoot them down and then exhort them to be free.

Your chaplain of the navy throws aside the New Testament and seizes a bill of rights. He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear and calls on him to take "trial by jury and *habeas corpus*," or nine bullets in his head.

Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt?

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there!

The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them when those battlefields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts,—had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him? Is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood? Is there a field but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battlefields of liberty should have been wrested from us?—(February 11th, 1847.)

With Bloody Hands to Hospitable Graves

—With the 20,000,000 of people you have about 1,000,000,000 acres of land inviting settlement by every conceivable argument, bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the senator from Michigan says we shall be 200,000,000 in a few years, and "we want room." If I were a Mexican, I would tell you: "Have you not room enough in your own country to bury your dead? If you come into mine, we will greet you with bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves."—(Congress, February 11th, 1847.)

God's Judgments on Nations—Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of heaven in the doings of men than mine, cannot fail to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved, and rolled upwards, higher and yet higher, till its flames aspired the stars and lit the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of nations was writing, in characters of flame on the front of his throne, the doom that shall fall upon the strong nation, which tramples in scorn upon the weak. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his "destiny" pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea took possession of his soul, he, too, became powerless. His terminus must recede, too. Right there, while he witnessed the

humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, he who holds the winds in his fist, gathered the snows of the North and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled—they froze—they perished! and now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion,—he, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled,—he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena. And there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea in the crater of an extinguished volcano,—there is the deathbed of the mighty conqueror! All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now come, and he, "the Man of Destiny"; he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless and still. Even as the beggar dies, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last. And France,—she, too, has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream upon the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home to their old eyrie between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees; so shall it be with your banners of conquest. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave with insolent triumph in the Halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them; but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.—(February 11th, 1847.)

Cousin, Victor (France, 1792-1867.)

Truth and Liberty—I owe to you truth as I owe it to myself; for truth is the law of your reason as of mine. Without doubt there ought to be measure in the communication of truth,—all are not capable of it at the same moment and in the same degree. It is necessary to portion it out to them in order that they may be able to receive it; but, in fine, the truth is the proper good of the intelligence; and it is for me a strict duty to respect the development of your mind,—not to arrest,—and even to favor its progress towards truth.

I ought also to respect your liberty. I have not even always the right to hinder you from committing a fault. Liberty is so sacred that, even when it goes astray, it still deserves, up to a certain point, to be managed. We are often wrong in wishing to prevent too much the evil that God himself permits. Souls may be corrupted by an attempt to purify them.

Cox, Samuel S. (American, 1824-1889.)

True Religion and Politics—The moun-

tains of our Scriptures are full of inspiration for our guidance. Their teachings may well be carried into our political ethics. But it was not from Ararat, which lifted its head first above the flood and received the dove with its olive branch; not from Sinai, which looks proudly upon three nations and almost three countries, and overlooks our kind with its great moral code; not from Horeb, where Jehovah with his fearful hand covered his face that man might not look upon his brightness; not from Tabor, where the great transformation was enacted; not from Pisgah, where Moses made his farewell to the people he had delivered and led so long; not from Carmel, where the prayer of Elijah was answered in fire; not from Lebanon, whose cedars were the beauty of the earth; not from the Mount of Olives, which saw the agony of the Savior; not from Calvary, at whose great tragedy nature shuddered and the heavens were covered with gloom; not from one or all of these secular or sacred mountains that our best teaching for duty comes. It comes from that nameless mountain, set apart, because from it emanated the great and benignant truths of him who spake as never man spake. Here is the sublime teaching:—

"Ye have heard in the aforetime, that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you.

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The spirit of this teaching has no hospitality for test oaths, and asks no compensation for grace. Along with this teaching and to the same good end, are the teachings of history, patriotism, chivalry, and even economic selfishness. Yet these teachers are often blind guides to duty. They are but mole-hills compared with the lofty mountain whose spiritual grandeur brings peace, order, and civilization!

When these principles obtain in our hearts, then our legislation will conform to them. When they do obtain their hold in these halls, there will rise a brilliant day-star for America. —(1879.)

Crapo, William Wallace (American, nineteenth century.)

Public Office a Public Trust—Public offices are a public trust, to be held and administered with the same exact justice and the same conscientious regard for the responsibilities involved as are required in the execution of private trusts.—(From an opening address to the Massachusetts Republican State Convention. 1881.)

Crittenden, John Jordan (American, 1787-1863.)

Clay as a Representative Man—Henry Clay is the fair representative of the age in

which he lived; an age which forms the greatest and brightest era in the history of man; an age teeming with new discoveries and developments, extending in all directions the limits of human knowledge,—exploring the agencies and elements of the physical world, and turning and subjugating them to the uses of man,—unfolding and establishing, practically, the great principles of popular rights and free government; and which, nothing doubting, nothing fearing, still advances in majesty, aspiring to and demanding further improvement and further amelioration of the condition of mankind. — (1852.)

Crockett, David (American, 1786–1836.)

A Raccoon in a Bag—Their policy reminds me of a certain man in the State of Ohio, who, having caught a raccoon, placed it in a bag, and as he was on his way home he met a neighbor who was anxious to know what he had in his bag. He was told to put his hand in and feel, and in doing so he was bit through the fingers; he then asked what it was and was told that it was “only a bite.” I fear that our good Eastern friends have a hook and a bite for us. — (1830.)

“Be Sure You’re Right”—“Be sure you’re right—then go ahead.”

Culpeper, Sir John (England, ~1660.)

“Monopolies and Polers of the People”—I have but one grievance more to offer you; but this one compriseth many; it is a nest of wasps, or swarm of vermin, which have overcrept the land.—I mean the monopolies and polers of the people; these, like the frogs of Egypt, have gotten possession of our dwellings, and we have a room scarce free from them; they sup in our cup, they dip in our dish, they sit by our fire, we find them in the dye-vat, washbowl, and powdering tub. They share with the butler in his box; they have marked and sealed us from head to foot. Mr. Speaker, they will not bate us a pin; we may not buy our own clothes without their brokage; these are the leeches that have sucked the commonwealth so hard that it is almost become hectic; and, Mr. Speaker, some of these are ashamed of their right names; they have a vizard to hide the brand made by that good law in the last Parliament of King James; they shelter themselves under the name of a Corporation; they make by-laws which serve their turns to squeeze us and fill their purses. Unface these and they will prove as bad cards as any in the pack; these are not petty chapmen, but wholesale men. Mr. Speaker, I have echoed to you the cries of the kingdom; I will tell you their hopes: they look to heaven for a blessing upon this Parliament; they hang upon his Majesty’s exemplary piety and great justice, which renders his ears open to the just complaints of his subjects; we have had lately a gracious assurance of it; it is the wise conduct of this, whereby the other great affairs of the kingdom and this our grievance of no less importance may go hand in hand in

preparation and resolution; then, by the blessing of God, we shall return home with an olive branch in our mouths, and a full confirmation of the privileges which we received from our ancestors and owe to our posterity, and which every free-born Englishman hath received with the air he breathed in.—(1640.)

Curran, John Philpot (Ireland, 1750–1817.)

Pensions and Patriotism—This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities—the Pension List—embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection: It teacheth, that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the Pension List, that are like the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson, which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictetus, that it is sometimes good not to be over-virtuous; it shows that, in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

Notwithstanding that the Pension List, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this House;—give me leave to say, that the crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of Parliament; for, hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the state; and they will, by so doing, have this security for their independence,—that while any man in the kingdom has a shilling, they will not want one! — (1786.)

Reply to Threats—I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall;—it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but, should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and, if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be, that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor, and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can

Curran, John Philpot — *Continued*

give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual.— (1790.)

The Irresistible March of Progress— Another gentleman has said, the Catholics have got much, and ought to be content. Why have they got that much? Is it from the minister? Is it from the Parliament, which threw their petition over its bar? No,—they got it by the great revolution of human affairs; by the astonishing march of the human mind; a march that has collected too much momentum, in its advance, to be now stopped in its progress. The bark is still afloat; it is freighted with the hopes and liberties of millions of men; she is already under way; the rower may faint, or the wind may sleep, but, rely upon it, she has already acquired an energy of advancement that will support her course, and bring her to her destination; rely upon it, whether much or little remains, it is now vain to withhold it; rely upon it, you may as well stamp your foot upon the earth in order to prevent its revolution. You cannot stop it! You will only remain a silly gnomon upon its surface, to measure the rapidity of rotation, until you are forced round and buried in the shade of that body whose irresistible course you would endeavor to oppose! — (1796.)

"Such Is the Oscitancy of Man"—Such is the oscitancy of man that he lies torpid for ages under these aggressions, until, at last, some signal abuse—the violation of Lucrece, the death of Virginia, the oppression of William Tell—shakes him from his slumber. For years had those drunken gambols of power been played in England; for years had the waters of bitterness been rising to the brim; at last, a single drop caused them to overflow,—the oppression of a single individual raised the people of England from their sleep. And what does that great statute do? It defines and asserts the right, it points out the abuse, and it endeavors to secure the right, and to guard against the abuse, by giving redress to the sufferer, and by punishing the offender. For years had it been the practice to transport abnoxious persons out of the realm into distant parts, under the pretext of punishment, or of safe custody. Well might they have been said to be sent "to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"; for of these wretched travelers how few ever did return!

But of that flagrant abuse this statute has laid the ax to the root. It prohibits the abuse; it declares such detention or removal illegal; it gives an action against all persons concerned in the offense by contriving, writing, signing, countersigning such warrant, or advising or assisting therein. Are bulwarks like these ever constructed to repel the incursions of a contemptible enemy? Was it a trivial and ordinary occasion which raised this storm of indignation in the Parliament of that day? Is the ocean ever lashed by

the tempest to waft a feather, or to drown a fly? By this act you have a solemn legislative declaration, "that it is incompatible with liberty to send any subject out of the realm, under pretense of any crime supposed or alleged to be committed in a foreign jurisdiction, except that crime be capital." Such were the bulwarks which our ancestors placed about the sacred temple of liberty, such the ramparts by which they sought to bar out the ever-toiling ocean of arbitrary power; and thought (generous credulity!) that they had barred it out from their posterity forever. Little did they foresee the future race of vermin that would work their way through those mounds, and let back the inundation! — (In the case of Johnson.)

Appeal to Lord Avonmore—I am not ignorant, my lords, that the extraordinary construction of law against which I contend has received the sanction of another court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon the general heart of the bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told it.

But I cherish, too, the consolatory hope that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend whom I would put above all the sweepings of their hall, who was of a different opinion; who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome; who had fed the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen; and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples,—by dwelling on the sweet-souled piety of Cimon, on the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas, on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from his course.

I would add, that, if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was like the passing cloud that floats across the morning sun, and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator, without even approaching the face of the luminary. And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life; from the remembrance of those Attic nights and those reflections of the gods which we have partaken with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions, who have gone before us,—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed.*

* Here, according to the original report, Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears. In the midst of Curran's legal argument, "this most beautiful episode," says Charles Phillips, "bloomed like a green spot amid the desert. Mr. Curran told me himself that when the court rose the tipstaff informed him he was wanted im-

Curran, John Philpot—Continued

Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man; where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return; for,

* We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.*

Informers in Treason Cases—Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Liberty of the Press—As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture! Guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown!

mediately in chamber by one of the judges of the exchequer. He, of course, obeyed the judicial mandate; and the moment he entered, poor Lord Avonmore, whose cheeks were still wet with the tears extorted by this heart-touching appeal, clasped him to his bosom." A coolness caused by political differences, which had for some time existed between them, gave place to a renewal of friendship, which was not again interrupted.—(Sargent.)

Curtis, George William (American, 1824-1892.)

His Sovereignty under His Hat—The gentleman who was last upon the floor dared anyone upon this floor to vote against that resolution. I say to him in reply that the presentation of such a resolution in such a convention as this is a stigma, an insult, upon every man who stands here. The question is no question at all. Precisely the same motion was brought up at the last convention, and a man from West Virginia (I honor his name!) said in the face of the roaring galleries: "I am a Republican who carries his sovereignty under his own hat."—(Chicago, 1884.)

Cushing, Caleb (American, 1800-1879.)

Primordial Rights—Gentlemen talk to us of these our great fundamental rights—as the freedom of speech, of opinion, of petition—as if they were derived from the Constitution of the United States. I scout such a doctrine. If there were a drop in my veins that did not rebel against the sentiment, it would be bastard blood. Sir, I claim to be descended from the king-killing Roundheads of the reign of Charles I. through a race of men not unremembered in peace or war; never backward in the struggles of liberty; a family upon the head of a member of which the first price of blood was set by Great Britain, in revenge of his early devotion to the cause of independence. I venerate their character and their principles. I am ready to do as they did,—to abandon all the advantages of country, home, fortune, station,—to fly to some western wilderness,—and to live upon a handful of parched corn and a cup of cold water, with God's blessing on honest independence,—sooner than I will surrender one jot or tittle of those great principles of liberty which I have sucked in with my mother's milk. I disdain to hold these rights by any parchment title. The people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the people of every State of this Union, came into it in the full possession and fruition of all these rights. We did not constitute this Government as the means of acquiring new rights, but for the protection of old ones which nature had conferred upon us; which the Constitution rightly regards as pre-existing rights, and as to which all the Constitution does is to provide that these rights neither you, nor any power on earth, shall alter, abrogate, or abridge. They are rights of heaven's own giving. We hold them by the supreme tenure of revolution. We hold them by the dread arbitrament of battle. We hold them by the concession of a higher and broader charter than all the constitutions in the land,—the free donation of the eternal God when he made us be men. These, the cardinal principles of human freedom, he has implanted in us, and placed them before and behind and around us, for our guard and guidance, like the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which led the Israelites through the desert. It is a liberty, native, in-born, original, underived, imprescriptible, and

acknowledged in the Constitution itself as pre-eminently before and above the Constitution. — (In Congress. 1837.)

Cyprian, St. (Carthage, 200-258.)

Contentment a Duty — "We brought nothing into this world, and neither can we carry anything out. Having, therefore, food and raiment, let us herewith be content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have made shipwreck from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Cyril (Jerusalem 315-386.)

The Wonders of Nature — Who is the father of rain; and who hath given birth to the drops of dew? Who hath condensed the air into clouds, and bidden them carry the fluid mass of showers, at one time bringing from the north golden clouds, at another giving these a uniform appearance, and then again curling them up into festoons and other figures manifold? Who can number the clouds in wisdom? of which Job saith, "He knoweth the balancings of the clouds, and hath bent down the heaven to the earth; and he who numbereth the clouds in wisdom; and the cloud is not rent under them." For though measures of water ever so many weigh upon the clouds, yet they are not rent, but with all order come down upon the earth. Who brings the winds out of his treasures? Who, as just now said, "hath given birth to the drops of dew? Out of whose womb cometh forth the ice," watery in its substance, but like stone in its properties? And at one time the water becomes snow like wool, at another it ministers to him who scatters the hoarfrost like ashes; at another it is changed into a stony substance, since he fashions the waters as he will. Its nature is uniform, its properties manifold. Water in the vines is wine, which maketh glad the heart of man; and in the olives oil, to make his face to shine; and is further transformed into bread, which strengtheneth man's heart, and into all kinds of fruits.

For such wonders was the great artificer to be blasphemed, or rather worshiped? And, after all, I have not yet spoken of that part of his wisdom which is not seen. Contemplate the spring and the flowers of all kinds, in all their likeness, still diverse from one another: the deep crimson of the rose, and the exceeding whiteness of the lily. They come of one and the same rain, one and the same earth. Who has distinguished, who has formed them? Now do consider this attentively: The substance of the tree is one — part is for shelter, part for this or that kind of fruit, and the artificer is one. The vine is one, and part of it is for fuel, part for clusters. Again, how wondrously thick are the knots which run round the reeds, as the artificer hath made them! But of the one earth came creeping things, and wild

beasts and cattle and trees and food and gold and silver and brass and iron and stone. Water was but one nature; yet of it comes the life of things that swim and of birds, and as the one swims in the waters, so also the birds fly in the air.

And this great and wide sea, in it are things creeping innumerable. Who can tell the beauty of the fishes that are therein? Who can describe the greatness of the whales, and the nature of its amphibious animals? how they live both on dry land and in the waters? Who can tell the depth and breadth of the sea, or the force of its enormous waves? Yet it stays within its boundaries, because of him who said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Daniel, John W. (American, 1842-.)

Washington a Man of Genius — There can, indeed, be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a great and extraordinary genius. I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakespeare or a poem of Milton; handled with Kant the tangled skin of metaphysics; probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon; constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson; wooed the electric spark from heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order, it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete — with his vast concerns of business stretching over a continent and projected into the ages; with his seething passions; with his marvelous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man; by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers; by reflection upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. — (1885.)

Danton, George Jacques (France, 1759-1794.)

"To Dare, to Dare Again; Always to Dare" — It seems a satisfaction for the ministers of a free people to announce to them that their country will be saved. All are stirred, all are enthused, all burn to enter the combat.

You know that Verdun is not yet in the power of our enemies and that its garrison swears to immolate the first who breathes a proposition of surrender.

One portion of our people will guard our frontiers, another will dig and arm the entrenchments, the third with pikes will defend the interior of our cities. Paris will second these great efforts. The commissioners of the Commune will solemnly proclaim to the citizens the invitation to arm and march to the defense of the country. At such a moment you can proclaim that the capital deserves the esteem of all France. At such a moment this National Assembly becomes a veritable committee of war. We ask that you concur with us in directing this sublime movement of the people, by naming commissioners to second and assist all these

great measures. We ask that anyone refusing to give personal service or to furnish arms shall meet the punishment of death. We ask that proper instructions be given to the citizens to direct their movements. We ask that carriers be sent to all the departments to notify them of the decrees that you proclaim here. The tocsin we shall sound is not the alarm signal of danger; it orders the charge on the enemies of France. To conquer we have need to dare, to dare again, always to dare! And France will be saved! (*Pour les vaincre, il nous faut de l'audace; encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace; et la France est sauvée.*)—(1792. From the "World's Best Orations.")

Davis, David (American, 1815-1886.)

Lincoln and His Work—No man loved Mr. Lincoln better or honors his memory more than I do, nor had anyone greater opportunities to learn the constitution of his mind and character and his habits of thought. He was large-hearted, wiser than those associated with him, full of sympathy for struggling humanity, without malice, with charity for erring man, loving his whole country with a deep devotion, and intensely anxious to save it. Believing as I do that he was raised up by Providence for the great crisis of the War of the Rebellion, I have equal belief, had he lived, we would have been spared much of the strife of these latter days, and that we now would be on the highroad to prosperity. Such a man, hating all forms of oppression, and deeply imbued with the principle that induced the men of 1776 to resist the stamp tax, would never have willingly intrusted power to anyone, unless war was flagrant, to send troops to oversee an election.—(1879.)

Davis, Henry Winter (American, 1817-1865.)

Corrupt Politics and Civil War—We are at the end of the insane revel of partisan license, which, for thirty years, has, in the United States, worn the mask of government. We are about to close the masquerade by the dance of death. The nations of the world look anxiously to see if the people, ere they tread that measure, will come to themselves.

Yet in the early youth of our national life we are already exhausted by premature excesses. The corruption of our political maxims has relaxed the tone of public morals and degraded the public authorities from the terror to the accomplices of evil-doers. Platforms for fools,—plunder for thieves,—offices for service,—power for ambition,—unity in these essentials,—diversity in the immaterial matters of policy and legislation,—charity for every frailty,—the voice of the people is the voice of God,—these maxims have sunk into the public mind, have presided at the administration of public affairs, have almost effaced the very idea of public duty. The government, under their disastrous influence, has gradually ceased to fertilize the fields of domestic and useful legislation, and pours itself, like an impetuous torrent, along the barren ravine of party and sectional strife.—(1861.)

Davis, Jefferson (American, 1808-1889.)

Commerce Supported by Agriculture—Mr. President, is there such incompatibility of interest between the two sections of this country that they cannot profitably live together? Does the agriculture of the South injure the manufactures of the North? On the other hand, are they not their lifeblood? And think you if one portion of the Union, however great it might be in commerce and manufactures, were separated from all the agricultural districts, that it would long maintain its supremacy? If anyone so believes, let him turn to the written history of commercial states; let him look upon the moldering palaces of Venice; let him ask for the faded purple of Tyre, and visit the ruins of Carthage; there he will see written the fate of every country which rests its prosperity on commerce and manufactures alone. United we have grown to our present dignity and power,—united we may go on to a destiny which the human mind cannot measure. Separated, I feel that it requires no prophetic eye to see that the portion of the country which is now scattering the seeds of disunion to which I have referred, will be that which will suffer most. Grass will grow on the pavements now worn by the constant tread of the human throng which waits on commerce, and the shipping will abandon your ports for those which now furnish the staples of trade. And we who produce the great staples upon which your commerce and manufactures rest, will produce those staples still; shipping will fill our harbor; and why may we not found the Tyre of modern commerce within our own limits? Why may we not bring the manufacturers to the side of agriculture, and commerce, too, the ready servant of both?—(1850.)

The Characteristic of the Chivalrous—It is essentially the characteristic of the chivalrous, that they never speculate upon the fears of any man.

Davitt, Michael (Ireland, 1846-.)

The National Life of Ireland—Every chapter of our history, every ensanguined field upon which our forefathers died in defense of that cause, every name in the martyrology of Ireland, from Fitzgerald to Charles McCarthy, proclaim the truth of Meagher's impassioned words: "From the Irish mind the inspiring thought that there once was an Irish nation, self-chartered and self-ruled can never be effaced; the burning hope that there will be one again can never be extinguished."

Dayton, William L. (American, 1807-1864.)

Mexican Territory and Issues Against Slavery—The war with Mexico has brought with it much territory and much trouble. This result was early foreseen. It was not only foreseen, but it was strongly deprecated. We now have a national estate beyond our national wants or means of enjoyment, and yet not less the subject of contention among the heirs.

Some gentlemen on this side of the chamber, in anticipation of the difficulties which now surround us, never assented to the treaty by which this territory was acquired; they preferred the hazard of a continuance of the war with Mexico rather than a peace which should bring territory along with it.

Decatur, Stephen (American, 1751-1808.)

"**Right or Wrong, Our Country**"—Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our Country, right or wrong.—(A toast in 1816.)

Demosthenes (Greece, 384-322 B. C.)

Exordium of the "Oration on the Crown"—I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every god and goddess that the same good-will which I have ever cherished toward the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise,—and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor,—that the gods may put it in your minds not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard,—that would, indeed, be cruel!—but of the laws and of your oath, wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means not only that you must pass no pre-condemnation, not only that you must extend your good-will equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defense as they severally choose and prefer.—(320 B. C. Kennedy's translation.)

Lord Brougham's Translation of the Exordium "On the Crown"—Let me begin, men of Athens, by imploring of all the heavenly powers, that the same kindly sentiments which I have, throughout my public life, cherished towards this country and each one of you, may now by you be shown towards me in the present contest! In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake: it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for Æschines, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication. To my adversary, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to me there is only left that which, I may almost say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if I do not speak of myself and my own conduct, I shall appear defenseless against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned. This, therefore, I must do; but it shall be with moderation. And bear in mind that the blame of my dwelling on personal topics must justly rest upon him who has instituted this personal impeachment.

At least, my judges, you will admit that this question concerns me as much as Ctesiphon, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety. To

be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous to bear; but to be robbed of your confidence and esteem,—of all possessions the most precious,—is, indeed, intolerable. Such, then, being my stake in this cause, I conjure you all to give ear to my defense against these charges, with that impartiality which the laws enjoin,—those laws first given by Solon, and which he fixed, not only by engraving them on brazen tables, but by the sanction of the oaths you take when sitting in judgment; because he perceived that, the accuser being armed with the advantage of speaking first, the accused can have no chance of resisting his charges, unless you, his judges, keeping the oath sworn before Heaven, shall receive with favor the defense which comes last, and, lending an equal ear to both parties, shall thus make up your minds upon the whole of the case.

But, on this day, when I am about to render up an account, as it should seem, of my whole life, both public and private, I would again, as in the outset, implore the gods, and in your presence pour out to them my supplications,—first, to grant me at your hands the same kindness, in this conflict, which I have ever borne towards our country and all of you; and next, that they may incline you all to pronounce upon this impeachment the decision which shall best consult the glory of the state, and the religious obligations of each individual judge!

Peroration "On the Crown"—Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen,—so may I speak of myself and give the least offense:—In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded—when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me—when they menaced—when they promised—when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me—never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those whom I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrive by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if

Demosthenes—Continued

they are, indeed, incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!—(Kennedy's translation.)

"A Wicked Thing is a Calumniator"—A wicked thing, Athenians, a wicked thing is a calumniator, ever; querulous and industrious in seeking pretenses of complaint. But this creature is despicable by nature, and incapable of any trace of generous and noble deeds; ape of a tragedian, third-rate actor, spurious orator! For what, Æschines, does your eloquence profit the country? You now descant upon what is past and gone; as if a physician, when called to patients in a sinking state, should give no advice, nor prescribe any course by which the disease might be cured; but, after one of them had died, and the last offices were performing to his remains, should follow him to the grave, and expound how the poor man never would have died had such and such things only been done. Moon-stricken! is it now that at length you too speak out?—("On the Crown." Brougham's translation.)

Liberty Sold at Athens—Once, O Athenians, in the hearts of all our people, a sentiment presided, which is paramount no more; a sentiment which triumphed over Persian gold, and maintained Greece free, and invincible by land and sea; but the loss of that sentiment has brought down ruin, and left the country in the dust. What was it—this sentiment so powerful? Was it the result of any subtle policy of state? No: it was a universal hatred for the bribed traitors, in the pay of those powers seeking to subdue or dishonor Greece! Venality was a capital offense, and punished with the extremest rigor. Pardon, palliation, were not thought of. And so, orators and generals could not with impunity barter those favorable conjunctures which fortune oftentimes presents to negligence and inactivity, against vigilance and vigor. The public concord, the general hatred and distrust of tyrants and barbarians, all the guarantees of liberty, were inaccessible to the power of gold. But now all these are offered for sale in the open market! And, in exchange, we have an importation of morals which are desolating and destroying Greece. What do they exhibit? Envy, for the recipient of base bribes; derision, should he confess his crime; pardon, should he be convicted; and resentment towards his accuser!—in a word, all the laxities which engender corruption.

In vessels, in troops, in revenues, in the various resources of war, in all that constitutes the strength of a state, we are richer than ever before; but all these advantages are paralyzed, crushed, by an infamous traffic. And all this you behold with your own eyes, and

my testimony in regard to it is quite superfluous!—("On the Crown." Sargent's translation.)

The Orator's Greatest Crime—And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the face!—(Against Æschines. From the "Oration on the Crown.")

How to Avoid Censure—The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure, is to correct ourselves.

"Consider Whether You Are Not the Country's Enemy"—Consider, Æschines, whether you are not in reality the country's enemy, while you pretend to be only mine. Let us look at the acts of the orator rather than at the speech. He who pays his court to the enemies of the state does not cast anchor in the same roadstead with the people. He looks elsewhere than to them for his security. Such a man—mark me!—am not I. I have always made common cause with the people, nor have I shaped my public course for my individual benefit. Can you say as much? Can you? You, who, instantly after the battle, repaired as ambassador to Philip, the author of all our calamities; and this after you had declared loudly, on previous occasions, against engaging in any such commission,—as all these citizens can testify!

What worse charge can anyone bring against an orator than that his words and his deeds do not tally? Yet you have been discovered to be such a man; and you still lift your voice and dare to look this assembly in the face! Think you they do not know you for what you are? or that such a slumber and oblivion have come over them all as to make them forget the speeches in which, with oaths and imprecations, you disclaimed all dealings with Philip, and declared that I falsely brought this charge against you from personal enmity? And yet, no sooner was the advice received of that fatal—O! that fatal—battle, than your asseverations were forgotten, your connection publicly avowed! You affected to have been Philip's friend and guest. Such were the titles by which you sought to dignify your prostitution!

But read here the epitaph inscribed by the state upon the monument of the slain, that you may see yourself in it, Æschines,—unjust, calumnious, and profligate. Read!—

"These were the brave, unknowing how to yield,
Who, terrible in valor, kept the field
Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath
Prizing their honor, met the doom of death,
Our common doom—that Greece unyoked might
stand,
Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest

Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast.
The immortal gods alone are ever great,
And erring mortals must submit to Fate."

Do you hear, Æschines? It pertains only to the gods to control fortune and command success. To them the power of assuring victory to armies is ascribed,—not to the statesman, but to the gods. Wherefore, then, execrable wretch, wherefore upbraid me with what has happened? Why denounce against me, what may the just gods reserve for the heads of you and yours!—"On the Crown.")

Dewey, Chauncey M. (American, 1834--.)

"Liberty Enlightening the World"—American liberty has been for a century a beacon light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example, the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race has demonstrated its power for empire and its ability to govern itself. The Austrian monarch, who, when a hundred years ago, Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmutz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a congress which protects and enlarges them. Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses. — (1886.)

Dering, Sir Edward (England, 1598-1644.)

The Bottomless Pit of Error—One absurdity leads to a thousand, and when you are down the hill of error there is no bottom but in hell, and that is bottomless, too.

De Ségur, Louis Phillipe (France, 1753-1830.)

The Lesson of History—Everywhere shall you recognize the proof of this antique maxim, that, in the end, only what is honest is useful; that we are truly great only through justice, and entirely happy only through virtue. Time dispenses equitably its recompenses and its chastisements; and we may measure the growth and the decline of a people by the purity or corruption of their morals. Virtue is the enduring cement of the power of nations; and without that, their ruin is inevitable!—(Sargent's translation.)

Deseze, Raymond (France, 1748-1828.)

Nations and Their Right of Revolution—Nations are sovereigns; they are at liberty to

assume any species of government that appears most agreeable to themselves. After having recognized and discovered the badness of their ancient form, they may enact for themselves a new one; this is a position which one of the council of Louis procured the insertion of in the constitutional code. But the whole nation cannot exercise the sovereignty; it is necessary, therefore, that it should delegate the exercise of it.—(1792. At the trial of Louis XVI.)

Dewey, Orville (American, 1794-1882.)

Demosthenes and His Growth—That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was once a feeble, infant thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early youth. It soon trod, with youthful steps, the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on, but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolution of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures, till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says: "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

Exclusiveness—Why should those who are surrounded with everything that heart can wish, or imagination conceive,—the very crumbs that fall from whose table of prosperity might feed hundreds,—why should they sigh amidst their profusion and splendor? They have broken the bond that should connect power with usefulness, and opulence with mercy. That is the reason. They have taken up their treasures and wandered away into a forbidden world of their own, far from the sympathies of suffering humanity.

Dexter, Samuel (American, 1761-1816.)

Self-Defense—It is more dangerous for the laws to give security to a man disposed to commit outrages on the persons of his fellow-citizens than to authorize those who must otherwise meet irreparable injury to defend themselves at every hazard. Men of eminent talents and virtues, on whose exertions in perilous times the honor and happiness of their country must depend, will always be liable to be degraded by every daring miscreant, if they cannot defend themselves from personal insult and outrage.—(In the case of Selfridge.)

Dickinson, Daniel S. (American, 1800-1866.)

The Constitution the Soul of the Union—I sing no hosannas to a Union without a con-

stitution. I admit that when the life and spirit have departed, the framework will be valueless and will tumble to decay. But the spirit has not yet departed—the life is not yet gone. It is true it has received many assaults, but it is capable of receiving and sustaining many more. — (1850.)

Dickinson, John (American, 1732-1808.)

Peroration of the Declaration on Taking Up Arms in 1775—We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without any imputation or even suspicion of offense. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.

In our own native land, in defense of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it,—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.

Didon, Père Henri (France, 1840-1900.)

"Higher Criticism"—We must not confound criticism with history. Though inseparable from each other, they must remain distinct. In its general sense criticism is the exercise of the judgment, a faculty essential in all reasonable beings. To criticize and to judge are synonymous terms. For judgment as criticism first tries to discern the true from the false. This is the first right and the most necessary duty of the mind. Whatever the domain it explores, religion, philosophy, science, literature, aesthetics, even in mathematics, reason must be attentive to discern the real from the apparent, the true, sometimes unapparent, from the false, which is frequently most plausible.

Criticism, therefore, cannot be a special science. It is rather a condition of all science. It enters into the logical rules which determine how men shall think fairly and judge justly. These simple considerations demonstrate the vanity of those who would arrogate a monopoly of criticism. The school of criticism is the school of all the world. Each has a right to claim and to exercise it. The most ordinary temptation of the cultivated mind is to desire to criticize too much, to overjudge, to criticize even that of which he knows nothing. The sage moderates this intem-

perance. He learns to judge only what he knows, never forgetting that his knowledge is limited and his ignorance immeasurable.

Dilke, Sir Charles Wentworth (England, 1843-.)

"Finding America"—A man may see American countries from the pine wastes of Maine to the slopes of Sierra; may talk with American men and women, from the sober citizens of Boston to Digger Indians in California; may eat of American dishes, from jerked buffalo in Colorado to clambakes on the shores near Salem; and yet, from the time he first "smells the molasses" at Nantucket light-ship to the moment when the pilot quits him at the Golden Gate, may have no idea of an America. You may have seen the East, the South, the West, the Pacific States, and yet have failed to find America. It is not till you have left her shores that her image grows up in the mind.

Dinarchus (Greece, 361-291 B. C.)

Demosthenes Denounced—Let us no longer suffer by the corrupt and pernicious conduct of Demosthenes. Let it not be imagined that we shall ever want good men and faithful counselors. With all the generous severity of our ancestors, let us punish the man whose bribery, whose treason, are unequivocally detected; who could not resist the temptation of gold; who in war has proved himself a coward, in his civil conduct a busybody; who, when his fellow-citizens are called forth to meet their enemies in the field, flies from his post, and hides himself at home; when the danger is at home, and his aid is demanded here, pretends that he is an ambassador, and runs from the city!

Let this man no longer amuse you with airy hopes and false representations, and promises which he forgets as soon as uttered! Let not his ready tears and lamentations move you! Reserve all your pity for your country: your country, which his practices have undone,—your country, which now implores you to save it from a traitor's hand. When he would waken all your sympathy for Demosthenes, then turn your eyes on Athens. Consider her former glory. Contrast it with her present degradation! And ask yourselves whether Demosthenes has been reduced to greater wretchedness by Athens, or Athens by Demosthenes! — (From an oration delivered at Athens against Demosthenes, c. 324 B. C.)

Dix, John A. (American, 1798-1879.)

Religion and Civilization—The influence of Christianity upon the political condition of mankind, though silent and almost imperceptible, has doubtless been one of the most powerful instruments of its amelioration. The principles and the practical rules of conduct which it prescribes; the doctrine of the natural equality of men, of a common origin, a common responsibility, and a common fate; the lessons of humility, gentleness and forbearance, which it teaches, are as much at war with political as

Dix, John A.—*Continued*

they are with all moral injustice, oppression, and wrong.

"Shoot Him on the Spot"—If anyone attempt to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—(A telegram sent January 29th, 1861.)

Dod, Albert B. (American, 1805-1845.)

Truth and Error—We never think of working a permanent good in any other way than by instilling the truth; nor do we ever dream that error would answer our purpose equally well, if we could only succeed in making it pass for truth. Any man would spurn the shameless effrontery of the scorners who should tell him that the good of society and of its individual members would be equally well promoted by teaching them to lie and steal and murder, provided we could only persuade them that these things were right. That men can be elevated in their moral character, or in any way benefitted by being taught to receive error as truth, is as monstrous an absurdity and as palpable a contradiction to all the lessons of experience as can be conceived. Man is so made as to be swayed to good only by the truth. His moral nature cannot respond to any other influence.

Dorset, the Earl of (England, 1591-1652.)

Against Prynne in the Star Chamber—Mr. Prynne, your iniquity is full, it runs over, and judgment is come; it is not Mr. Attorney that calls for judgment against you, but it is all mankind; they are the parties grieved, and they call for judgment.

Mr. Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism maker in the Church, a seditious sower in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing; in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine you ten thousand pounds sterling, which [addressing the other lords] is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserveth; I will not set him at liberty no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who though he cannot bite, he will foam; he is so far from being a sociable soul that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself. Therefore, I do condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live among men nor to see light. Now for corporal punishment, my lords, whether I should burn him in the forehead, or slit him in the nose? He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was. I should be loath he should escape with his ears, for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore, I would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped too.

Dougherty, Daniel (American, 1826-1889.)

"Hancock the Superb"—I propose to present to the thoughtful consideration of the con-

vention the name of one who, though on the field of battle he was styled "The Superb," won still nobler renown as a military governor, whose first act when in command of Louisiana and Texas was to salute the Constitution by proclaiming that military rule shall ever be subservient to the civil power. The plighted word of the soldier was made good by the acts of the statesman.—(Cincinnati Convention, 1880.)

Douglass, Frederick (American, 1817-1895.)

The Right to Speak Out—No right was deemed by the fathers of the government more sacred than the right of speech. It was in their eyes, as in the eyes of all thoughtful men, the great moral renovator of society and government. Daniel Webster called it a homebred right, a fireside privilege. Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thoughts and opinions has ceased to exist. That, of all rights, is the dread of tyrants. It is the right which they first of all strike down. They know its power. Thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, founded in injustice and wrong, are sure to tremble, if men are allowed to reason of righteousness, temperance, and of a judgment to come in their presence.—(1860.)

Douglas, Stephen A. (American, 1813-1861.)

His Last Words in Politics—I am not prepared to take up arms, or to sanction a policy of our government to take up arms, to make any war on the rights of the Southern States, on their institutions, on their rights of person or property, but, on the contrary, would rush to their defense and protect them from assault; but, while that is the case, I will never cease to urge my countrymen to take arms to fight to the death in defense of our indefeasible rights. Hence, if a war does come, it is a war of self-defense on our part. It is a war in defense of our own just rights; in defense of the government which we have inherited as a priceless legacy from our patriotic fathers; in defense of our great rights of freedom of trade, commerce, transit, and intercourse from the centre to the circumference of this great continent. . . .

My friends, I can say no more. To discuss these topics is the most painful duty of my life. It is with a sad heart, with a grief that I have never before experienced, that I have to contemplate this fearful struggle; but I believe in my conscience that it is a duty we owe to ourselves, our children, and our God, to protect this government and that flag from every assailant, be he who he may.—(1861.)

Dow, Lorenzo (American, 1777-1834.)

The Contrasts of Life—The whitest foam dances upon the darkest billow, and the stars shine the brightest when surrounded by the blackest of thunder clouds, even as a diamond pin glistens with the greatest effulgence when fastened upon the ebony bosom of an Ethiopian wench. So hope mirrors its most brilliant rays in the dark wave of despair, and happiness is never so complete as when visited occasionally by the ministers of misery. These ups and

downs in the pathway of man's existence are all for the best, and yet he allows them to vex and torment his peace till he bursts the boiler of his rage, and scalds his own toes. . . . Plum pudding is most excellent stuff to wind off a dinner with; but all plum pudding would be worse than none at all. So you see, my friends, the troubles and trials of life are absolutely necessary to enable us to judge rightly of genuine happiness, whenever it happens to enliven the saturnine region of the heart with its presence.

If we never were to have our jackets and shirts wet with the cold rain of misfortune, we could never know how good it feels to stand out and dry in the warm rays of comfort.

Drummond, Henry (Scotland, 1851-1897.)

"The Greatest Thing in the World"—We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the religious world is Faith. That great word has been the keynote for centuries of the popular religion, and we have easily learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong. If we have been told that, we may miss the mark. I have taken you, in the chapter which I have just read, to Christianity at its source, and there we have seen "The greatest of these is love." It is not an oversight. Paul was speaking of faith just a moment before. He says: "If I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." So far from forgetting, he deliberately contrasts them, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love," and without a moment's hesitation the decision falls: "The greatest of these is Love."

Dwight, Timothy (American, 1752-1817.)

"Men Are Merely Taller Children"—Men are merely taller children. Honor, wealth, and splendor are the toys for which grown children pine; but which, however accumulated, leave them still disappointed and unhappy. God never designed that intelligent beings should be satisfied with these enjoyments. By his wisdom and goodness they were formed to derive their happiness from virtue.

Edmunds, George F. (American, 1828-.)

"The Constitution Is the Ruler"—Whatever the Constitution commands, you are to do. Whatever the Constitution commands the Executive, he is to do. Whatever the Constitution authorizes to be decided, the judiciary, or some other tribunal fixed by law or by the Constitution itself, is to decide. Those are the only three ways in which government can express itself. —(1877.)

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (American, 1803-1882.)

"Nature Exists for the Excellent"—Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language,

their works and effigies are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them.

Individual Growth—Men, such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy,—more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man and have passed on. First, one; then, another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily; and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men. —(From the "American Scholar." Cambridge, 1837.)

Emmet, Robert (Ireland, 1778-1803.)

On Being Found Guilty of High Treason—What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled

Emmet, Robert—Continued

as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice;—the man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and of virtue,—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High,—which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forests,—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.*

I appeal to the immaculate God,—to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before; that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasi-

ness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords; a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.†

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—‡

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions,—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice,—if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man,—you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions. As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me,

† He was here interrupted by Lord Norbury, who said: "You proceed to unwarrantable lengths in order to exasperate and delude the unwary, and circulate opinions of the most dangerous tendency, for the purposes of mischief."

‡ Lord Norbury here interrupted the speaker with,—“What you have hitherto said confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury.”

* Here Lord Norbury said: "The weak and wicked enthusiasts who feel as you feel are unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."

Emmet, Robert — *Continued*

and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives,—my country's oppressors or—*

My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering! This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was impaneled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.†

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country,—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! O God! No! my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

* Here Lord Norbury exclaimed: "Listen, sir, to the sentence of the law."

† Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it,—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave in charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted, that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country! I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America,—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as by its valor,—allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would preserve the good and polish the rough points of our character; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country. ‡

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand! §

‡ Here he was interrupted by the court.

§ Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.

Emmet, Robert—*Continued*

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it!*

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery, from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country,—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No! God forbid!†

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim;—it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that

they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written! I have done. (Complete.)

Erskine, Thomas, Baron (England, 1750–1823.)

Degradation of Religion by Politics—The universal God of nature,—the Savior of mankind,—the fountain of all light, who came to pluck the world from eternal darkness, expired upon a cross,—the scoff of infidel scorn; and his blessed Apostles followed him in the train of martyrs. When he came in the flesh, he might have come like the Mohammedan prophet, as a powerful sovereign, and propagated his religion with an unconquerable sword which even now, after the lapse of ages, is but slowly advancing under the influence of reason, over the face of the earth; but such a process would have been inconsistent with his mission, which was to confound the pride and to establish the universal rights of men; he came, therefore, in that lowly state which is represented in the Gospel, and preached his consolations to the poor.

When the foundation of this religion was discovered to be invulnerable and immortal, we find political power taking the church into partnership; thus began the corruptions both of religious and civil power, and, hand in hand together, what havoc have they not made in the world? Ruling by ignorance and the persecution of truth, this very persecution only hastened the revival of letters and liberty. Nay, you will find that in the exact proportion that knowledge and learning have been beat down and fettered, they have destroyed the governments which bound them. The Court of Star Chamber, the first restriction of the press of England, was erected, previous to all the great changes in the constitution. From that moment no man could legally write without an imprimatur from the state; but truth and freedom found their way with greater force through secret channels, and the unhappy Charles, unwarned by a free press, was brought to an ignominious death. When men can freely communicate their thoughts and their sufferings, real or imaginary, their passions spend themselves in air, like gunpowder scattered upon the surface; but pent up by terrors, they work unseen, burst forth in a moment, and destroy everything in their course. Let reason be opposed to reason, and argument to argument,

* Here the judge interfered.

† Here Lord Norbury told the prisoner that his principles were treasonable and subversive of government, and his language unbecoming a person in his situation; and that his father, the late Dr. Emmet, was a man who would not have countenanced such sentiments.

Erskine, Thomas, Baron—Continued

and every good government will be safe.
— (From his Defense of Paine.)

Precedents of Madness—Gentlemen, if precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the lords and commons have investigated these charges, and the crown have put them into this course of judicial trial? since, without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon one, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of Parliament; they did so in the case of Lord Strafford. There are precedents, therefore, for all such things; but such precedents as could not, for a moment, survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth; and which, as soon as the spurs of the occasion were blunted, were repealed and execrated even by parliaments, which, little as I think of the present, ought not to be compared with it;—parliaments sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burned, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible in after ages; an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honor, and meant as a charitably covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity, it was a treason against society; for, instead of commanding them to be burned, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned, in large letters, upon the walls of our courts of justice; that, like the characters deciphered by the Prophet to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights,—to terrify you from acts of injustice!

"The Age of Reason"—Gentlemen, I have no objection to the most extended and free discussion upon doctrinal points of the Christian religion; and, though the law of England does not permit it, I do not dread the reasonings of deists against the existence of Christianity itself, because, as it was said by its divine author, if it be of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world upon so profound and complicated a subject, can never work the mischief it is calculated to repress. Such works will only incite the minds of men, enlightened by study, to a closer investigation of a subject well worthy of their deepest and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences are certain in their progression, and make their way imperceptibly by the final and irresistible power of truth.

If Christianity be founded in falsehood, let us become deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book has no such object and no such capacity; it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened; on the contrary, it

treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men, without the advantages of learning or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of everything hitherto held sacred; and, consequently, to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

Gentlemen, I can not conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all the attacks upon the Christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For under what other auspices than Christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been reasserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness, has this bald religion of nature ever established?

We see, on the contrary, those nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments; while under the Christian dispensation the great career of the world has been slowly but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the encouraging prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence.

Evarts, William Maxwell (American, 1818–.)

The Wisdom of Second Thought—*Idem sentire de republica*, to agree in opinion concerning the public interest, is the bond of one party, and diversity from those opinions the bond of the other; and where passions and struggles of force in any form of violence or of impeachment as an engine of power come into play, then freedom has become license, and then party has become faction, and those who do not withhold their hands until the ruin is accomplished will be subject to that judgment that temperance and fortitude and patience were not the adequate qualities for their conduct in the situation in which they were placed. Oh, why not be wise enough to stay the pressure till adverse circumstances shall not weigh down the state? Why not in time remember the political wisdom,—

"Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

— (At the Johnson impeachment trial.)

Everett, Edward (American, 1794–1865.)

American Responsibilities—In that unceasing march of things, which calls forward the successive generations of men to perform their part on the stage of life, we at length are summoned to appear. Our fathers have

Everett, Edward—*Continued*

passed their hour of visitation,—how worthily, let the growth and prosperity of our happy land and the security of our firesides attest. Or, if this appeal be too weak to move us, let the eloquent silence of yonder famous heights—let the column which is there rising in simple majesty—recall their venerable forms, as they toiled in the hasty trenches through the dreary watches of that night of expectation, heaving up the sods, where many of them lay in peace and honor before the following sun had set. The turn has come to us. The trial of adversity was theirs; the trial of prosperity is ours. Let us meet it as men who know their duty and prize their blessings. Our position is the most enviable, the most responsible, which men can fill. If this generation does its duty, the cause of constitutional freedom is safe. If we fail—if we fail, not only do we defraud our children of the inheritance which we received from our fathers, but we blast the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout our continent, throughout Europe, throughout the world, to the end of time.—(1828.)

The Cloud of Witnesses—One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old,—who spake and wrote, who labored, fought, and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth,—are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison house, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time; by the eloquent ruins of nations,—they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

Liberty Protected by Law—Ye winds that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood which our fathers shed cry from the ground; echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days;

glorious Washington! beloved Lafayette! teach, oh teach us the love of liberty protected by law!

Efficiency the End of Existence—Man is, by nature, an active being. He is made to labor. His whole organization, mental and physical, is that of a hard-working being. Of his mental powers we have no conception but as certain capacities of intellectual action. His corporeal faculties are contrived for the same end, with astonishing variety of adaptation. Who can look only at the muscles of the hand, and doubt that man was made to work? who can be conscious of judgment, memory, and reflection, and doubt that man was made to act? He requires rest, but it is in order to invigorate him for new efforts; to recruit his exhausted powers, and, as if to show him, by the very nature of rest, that it is means, not end, that form of rest which is most essential and most grateful, sleep, is attended with the temporary suspension of the conscious and active powers,—an image of death.

The Village School—From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt; with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of hitherto undiscovered planets; with Franklin, grasp the lightning. Columbus, fortified with a few sound geographical principles, was, on the deck of his crazy caravel, more truly the monarch of Castile and Aragon, than Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned beneath the golden vaults of the conquered Alhambra. And Robinson, with the simple training of a rural pastor in England, when he knelt on the shore of Delft Haven, and sent his little flock upon their Gospel errantry beyond the world of waters, exercised an influence over the destinies of the civilized world, which will last to the end of time.

Sir, it is a solemn, a tender, and sacred duty, that of education. What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding places in the sea, and spread out your wheat fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine! What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked! What! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and work shops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out!

Everett, Edward—Continued

What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that there must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may there be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens! I can add nothing, sir, to this consideration. I will only say, in conclusion, education,—when we feed that lamp, we perform the highest social duty! If we quench it, I know not where (humanly speaking), for time or for eternity,—

* I know not where is that Promise's heat,
That can its light relume !"

The People Always Conquer—They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjections runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless hicket their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally! Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; he never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

* For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Imperishability of Great Examples—To be cold and breathless,—to feel not and speak not,—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent

lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

Farrar, Frederick William (England, 1831—)

"The Same Old Tears, Old Crimes, and Oldest Ill"—"Let us auspicate all our proceedings in America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old church cry, *Sursum corda!*" But it is for America to live up to the spirit of such words, not merely to quote them with proud enthusiasm. We have heard of—

"New times, new climes, new lands, new men,
but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and of progress, united by a common language, by common blood, by common measures, by common interests, by a common history, by common hopes; united by the common glory of great men, of which this great temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples which are one people, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging laws of God.—(From the funeral oration on the death of General Grant. Preached in Westminster Abbey, 1885.)

Fénelon, François de Salignac de la Mothe
(France, 1651–1715.)

The Power of Self-Forgetfulness—Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to self; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere, without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and reviewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others, and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less artificial. This is the decision of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror.

Field, David Dudley (American, 1805–1894.)

Civil Liberty vs. Martial Usurpation—I could not look into the pages of English law—I could not turn over the leaves of English

literature—I could not listen to the orators and statesmen of England without remarking the uniform protest against martial usurpation, and the assertion of the undoubted right of every man, high or low, to be judged according to the known and general law, by a jury of his peers, before the judges of the land. And when I turned to the history, legal, political, and literary, of my own country,—my own undivided and forever indivisible country,—I found the language of freedom intensified. Our fathers brought with them the liberties of Englishmen. Throughout the colonial history, we find the colonists clinging, with immovable tenacity, to trial by jury, Magna Charta, the principle of representation, and the Petition of Right. They had won them in the fatherland in many a high debate and on many a bloody field; and they defended them here against the emissaries of the crown of England and against the veteran troops of France. We, their children, thought we had superadded to the liberties of Englishmen the greater and better guarded liberties of Americans.—(In the Milligan case.)

Field, Stephen J. (American, 1816—.)

Intimidation of Judges—When judges shall be obliged to go armed, it will be time for the courts to be closed.

Fisher, John (England, c. 1459-1535.)

"A Pot that Is Bruckle"—An house made of clay, if it be not oft renewed and repaired with putting to of new clay, shall at the last fall down. And much more this house made of flesh, this house of our soul, this vessel wherein our soul is holden up and borne about, but if it be not refreshed by oft feeding and putting to of meat and drink, within the space of three days it shall waste and slip away. We be daily taught by experience how feeble and frail man's body is. Also, beholding daily the goodly and strong bodies of young people, how soon they die by a short sickness. And, therefore, Solomon, in the book called Ecclesiastes, compareth the body of man to a pot that is bruckle, saying: *Memento creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tue, antequam conteratur hydria super fontem.* Have mind on thy Creator and Maker in the time of thy young age, or ever the pot be broken upon the fountain, that is to say, thy body, and thou, peradventure, fall.

Flanagan, Webster M. (American, nineteenth century.)

What Are We Here for?—What are we here for but the offices?—(At the Republican National Convention, Chicago, 1880.)

Fléchier, Esprit (France, 1632-1710.)

The Pride of the Soldier—How difficult it is to be at once victorious and humble! Military success leaves in the mind I know not what exquisite pleasure, which fills and absorbs it. In such circumstances, one attributes to himself a superiority of force and capacity. He crowns himself with his own hands; he

decrees to himself a secret triumph; he regards as his own the laurels which he gathers with infinite toil, and frequently moistens with his blood; and even when he renders to God solemn thanks, and hangs in his temples the torn and blood-stained trophies which he has taken from the enemy, is not vanity liable to stifle a portion of his gratitude, and mingle with the vows which he pays to God, applauses which he thinks due to himself; at least, does he not retain some grains of the incense which he burns upon his altars?—(1676. On the death of Turenne.)

Flood, Henry (Ireland, 1732-1791.)

On Grattan—A mendicant patriot, subsisting upon the public accounts,—who, bought by his country for a sum of money, then sold his country for prompt payment.

Fox, Charles James (England, 1749-1806.)

The Character of a Virtuous Man—It has happened to many, and he was certainly one of the number to grow wiser as they advanced in years. Some have even improved in virtue; but it has generally been in that class of virtues only which consists in resisting the allurements of vice; and too often have these advantages been counterbalanced by the loss, or at least the diminution, of that openness of heart, that warmth of feeling, that readiness of sympathy, that generosity of spirit, which have been reckoned among the characteristic attributes of youth. In his case it was far otherwise; endued by nature with an unexampled firmness of character, he could bring his mind to a more complete state of discipline than any man I ever saw. But he had, at the same time, such a comprehensive and just view of all moral questions, that he well knew how to distinguish between those inclinations which, if indulged, must be pernicious, and the feelings which, if cultivated, might prove beneficial to mankind. All bad propensities, therefore, if any such he had, he completely conquered and suppressed; while, on the other hand, no man ever studied the trade by which he was to get his bread, the profession by which he hoped to rise to wealth and honor, nor even the higher arts of poetry or eloquence, in pursuit of a fancied immortality, with more zeal and ardor than this excellent person cultivated the noble art of doing good to his fellow-creatures. In this pursuit, above all others, diligence is sure of success, and, accordingly, it would be difficult to find an example of any other man to whom so many individuals are indebted for happiness or comfort, or to whom the public at large owe more essential obligation.—(On the Duke of Bedford. 1802.)

"The Tory System of Blood and Massacre"

—We are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the ministry had succeeded in their first scheme on the liberties of America, the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an hon-

Fox, Charles James — Continued

est heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native country, thanked God that America had resisted.

But it seems, "all the calamities of the country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches, of opposition." Oh, miserable and unfortunate ministry! Oh, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring on the ruin of their country, merely because one rash, weak, or wicked man, in the House of Commons, makes a speech against them!

But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the house with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortunes of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflammatory harangues have led the nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood and massacre which every honest man must detest, which every good man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! — (1780.)

"Happy Americans" — Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly condemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction. — (1794.)

"Liberty Is Order! Liberty Is Strength!" — Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible, — that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty — the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact — can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men, who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent

attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course. — (1797.)

Vigor of Democratic Governments — When we look at the democracies of the ancient world, we are compelled to acknowledge their oppressions to their dependencies; their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens; but, they compel us, also, to admiration, by their vigor, their constancy, their spirit, and their exertions, in every great emergency in which they were called upon to act. We are compelled to own that the democratic form of government gives a power of which no other form is capable. Why? Because it incorporates every man with the state. Because it arouses everything that belongs to the soul, as well as to the body, of man. Because it makes every individual feel that he is fighting for himself; that it is his own cause, his own safety, his own dignity, on the face of the earth, that he is asserting. — (1797.)

Franklin, Benjamin (American, 1706-1790.)

Despotism and Popular Corruption — I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, — if they are such, — because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people, if well administered; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. — (1787.)

Prayer and Providence — In this situation of this assembly, — groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, — how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding? . . . I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, — that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword

Franklin, Benjamin — *Continued*

down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.—(From a speech in the Constitutional Convention of 1787.)

"We Must Hang Together"—We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.—(Said at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776.)

Frelinghuysen, Frederick Theodore (American, 1817-1885.)

Self-Government in America—A principle is always true to itself. You may take an acorn and place it under the forcing glass and nurse it, or you may throw it out to the winter's snows and the summer's rains, and it will never produce anything but an oak. A principle, moral or political, that is good for me is good for you; if it is good for the white man, it is good for the black man. Does anyone think that this principle of self-government will ever die? No; it is truth, and it has something of omnipotence and immortality of its great source. It may be retarded; it may be hindered; it may be, as was intimated by my distinguished friend from Maryland, that in sustaining this franchise the Republican party has a heavy load; but I am glad to belong to the party and help to carry it. It is a true principle, and, though retarded, will not be destroyed:—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers."

Take the doctrine that the governed shall have a voice in making the laws that govern them from this country, and you destroy our characteristic, that which makes this America, and you leave it a mammoth country, within the broad extending ribs of which there is no soul, no spirit.—(1868.)

Gallatin, Albert (American, 1761-1849.)

Against the Alien and Sedition Laws—We may feel alarmed when we see a committee of the House asserting that the powers not given to the States (and it may be added, by the same rule of construction, the powers not given to the people by the Constitution) belong to the general government. We may feel alarmed when that committee insists that, although it is true that the trial of all crimes must be by jury, yet, to inflict a punishment when no offense, no crime, has been committed, is not a violation of the Constitution; when the only distinction they apply to citizens consists in the difference of punishment, but not in a difference of the principle. We may feel alarmed when we find that Congress has already acted on those principles towards citizens; that they have already passed another law,—the Sedition Law,—grounded on the same principles, on the same doctrine, or rather on the same abandonment of the explicit and evident sense of the Constitution, which alone could justify the Alien Law. I hope—I trust—that the spirit which

dictated both laws has subsided, even within these walls, and that the same Congress who, under the impressions of a momentary alarm, which prevented a cool investigation, hastily adopted those two measures, will have courage enough to revise their own conduct, to acknowledge their own errors, and, by a repeal of the obnoxious acts, restore general confidence, union, and harmony amongst the States and the people.—(1799.)

Gambetta, Leon (France, 1838-1882.)

Foundations for an Enduring Republic—Our Republic must be founded on, and maintained in, truth and right. "To the wisest! to the most worthy!"—this is a standard which we should accept without reserve! It is not a new formula for republicans; it is their dogma to see awarded the distinctions of public service only to merit and virtue.—(1871.)

Garfield, James A. (American, 1831-1881.)

"Great Ideas Travel Slowly"—Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods, whose feet are shod with wool. Our War of Independence was a war of ideas, of ideas evolved out of two hundred years of slow and silent growth. When, one hundred years ago, our fathers announced as self-evident truths the declaration that all men are created equal, and the only just power of governments is derived from the consent of the governed, they uttered a doctrine that no other nation had ever adopted, that not one kingdom on the earth then believed. Yet to our fathers it was so plain that they would not debate it. They announced it as a truth "self-evident."

Garrison, William Lloyd (American, 1804-1879.)

"Covenant with Death and Agreement with Hell"—Resolved, That the compact which exists between the North and South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell involving both parties in atrocious criminality, and should be immediately annulled.—(Adopted at a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society.)

Gibbons, James, Cardinal (American, 1834-.)

"Every Man Has a Mission"—Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-beings. Though we differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more Godlike than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause

the flowers of joy and of gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widow in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Or, to borrow the words of pagan Cicero, "*Homines ad Deos nulla re proprius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.*" (There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures.) — (At the Parliament of Religions, 1893.)

Gladstone, William Ewart (England, 1809-1898.)

The Covetousness of Nations—No doubt it is a very natural, though it is a very dangerous and a very culpable sentiment, which leads nations to desire their neighbor's property, and I am sorry to think that we have had examples—perhaps we have an example even at this moment before our eyes—to show that even in the most civilized parts of the world, even in the midst of the oldest civilization upon the continent of Europe, that thirst for territorial acquisition is not yet extinct. But I wish to call your attention to a peculiar form in which, during the later part of human history, this thirst for territorial acquisition became an extensive cause of bloodshed. It was when the colonizing power took possession of the European nations. It seems that the world was not wide enough for them. One would have thought, upon looking over the broad places of the earth, and thinking how small a portion of them is even now profitably occupied, and how much smaller a portion of them a century or two centuries ago,—one would have thought there would have been ample space for all to go and help themselves; but, notwithstanding this, we found it necessary, in the business of planting colonies, to make those colonies the cause of bloody conflicts with our neighbors; and there was at the bottom of that policy this old lust of territorial aggrandizement. When the state of things in Europe had become so far settled that that lust could not be as freely indulged as it might in barbarous times, we then carried our armaments and our passions across the Atlantic, and we fought upon American and other distant soils for the extension of our territory. That was one of the most dangerous and plausible, in my opinion, of all human errors; it was one to which a great portion of the wars of the last century was due; but had our forefathers then known, as we now know, the blessings of free commercial intercourse, all that bloodshed would have been spared.

The Secret of Success—The mountain tops of Scotland behold on every side of them the witness, and many a one of what were once her morasses and her moorlands, now blossoming as the rose, carries on its face the proof, how truly it is in man and not in his circumstances that the secret of his destiny resides. For most of you that destiny will take its final bent towards

evil or towards good, not from the information you imbibe, but from the habits of mind, thought, and life that you shall acquire during your academical career. Could you with the bodily eye watch the moments of it as they fly, you would see them all pass by you, as the bee that has rifled the heather bears its honey through the air, charged with the promise, or it may be with the menace, of the future. In many things it is wise to believe before experience; to believe, until you may know; and believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings. . . .

I am Scotchman enough to know that among you there are always many who are already, even in their tender years, fighting with a mature and manful courage the battle of life. When these feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd; when they are for a moment disheartened by that difficulty which is the rude and rocking cradle of every kind of excellence; when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial; let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless Eye is watching them from above, their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night; which lights up for you the cheerless world, and transfigures and glorifies all that you encounter, whatever be its outward form, with hues brought down from heaven?—(Edinburgh University, 1860.)

The Company of Books—Books are delightful society. If you go into a room and find it full of books,—even without taking them from their shelves, they seem to speak to you, to bid you welcome. They seem to tell you that they have something inside their covers that will be good for you, and that they are willing and desirous to impart to you. Value them much. Endeavor to turn them to good account, and pray recollect this, that the education of the mind is not merely a storage of goods in the mind.

The American Constitution—As far as I can see, the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man.

Gough, John B. (American, 1817-1886.)

Water*—Sweet, beautiful water!—brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain, and the laughing rill—in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain. Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peaks glitter like gold bathed in the morning sun—brewed in the sparkling dewdrop: sweet, beautiful water!—brewed in the crested wave

* It is claimed that Gough quoted this from another speech, but the assertion is unsupported by convincing evidence.

of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the Sea—brewed in the fleecy foam, and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract—brewed in the clouds of heaven: sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hail storm—as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white—always beautiful! Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon—sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven—sweet, beautiful water!—(From his temperance lectures.)

Grady, Henry W. (American, 1851–1889.)

New England—Here within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill,—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sung, Emerson thought, and Channing preached,—here in the cradle of American letters and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure, carved from the ocean and the wilderness, its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars, until, at last, the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the tranquil sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base, while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers,—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons,—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork!—(Boston, 1839.)

"We, Sir, Are Americans!"—This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section, and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts,—that "knows no South, no North, no East, no West"; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels everyone of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty! The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil,—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission! and we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until his full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way,—

aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day,—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered pleasures,—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love,—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf,—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill,—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory,—blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!—(1839.)

Grant, Ulysses S. (American, 1822–1885.)

Freedom and Education—The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition and ambition and ignorance on the other. Now in this centennial year of our existence I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that the State or nation, or both combined, shall furnish to every child growing up in the land the means of acquiring a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistic tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the Church and State forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain.—(From an address to the Army of the Tennessee, at its reunion, September 29th, 1875, at Des Moines, Iowa.)

Grattan, Henry (Ireland, 1746–1820.)

"In a Swoon, but She is Not Dead"—Connection is a wise and a profound policy; but connection without an Irish parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation,—not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but, without union

Grattan, Henry—Continued

of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest,—not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country: I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty,—

* Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind: I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall. — (Against union with England. 1800.)

Declaration of Irish Rights—Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it. England now smarts under the lesson of the American War; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection,—you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy.

Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this hour of redemption. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the people?

I therefore say, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing except a declaration of rights. What! are you, with three hundred thousand men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? If England is a tyrant, it is you who have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her rights, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood.

The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great nations; by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty,—America! They judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction.

I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked,—he shall not be in irons.

And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

Reply to Flood—It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived. No country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last stage of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor

Grattan, Henry—*Continued*

in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America,—of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, and toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him and say:—

Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue; after a rank and clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, silent; you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money!—(1783.)

The Character of Chatham—The secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded with the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England and the present age only, but Europe, and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

Graves, John Temple (American, nineteenth century.)

On Henry W. Grady—No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than such living.

I have seen the light that gleamed from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf, and tree, and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray, and I

thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the everlasting God.

Greeley, Horace (American, 1811–1872.)

After-Dinner Speech on Franklin—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, if I were required to say for which of Franklin's achievements he deserved most and best of mankind, I should award the palm to his autobiography—so frank, so sunny, so irradiated by a brave, blithe, hearty humanity. For if our fathers had not—largely by the aid of his counsel, his labors, his sacrifices—achieved their independence at the first effort, they would have tried it again and again until they did achieve it; if he had not made his immortal discovery of the identity of electricity with the lightning, that truth would nevertheless have at length been demonstrated; but if he had not so modestly and sweetly told us how to wrestle with poverty and compel opportunity, I do not know who beside would or could have done it so well. There is not to-day, there will not be in this nor in the next century, a friendless, humble orphan, working hard for naked daily bread, and glad to improve his leisure hours in the corner of a garret, whom that biography will not cheer and strengthen to fight the battle of life buoyantly and manfully. I wish some humane tract society would present a copy of it to every poor lad in the United States.

But I must not detain you. Let me sum up the character of Franklin in the fewest words that will serve me. I love and revere him as a journeyman printer, who was frugal and didn't drink; a *parvenu* who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never loved, and an officeholder who didn't steal. So regarding him, I respond to your sentiment with "Honor to the memory of Franklin." — (Complete text of Mr. Greeley's speech at the Franklin Banquet of 1870, in New York city.)

The Bloody Chasm—I accept your nomination in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them.—(Accepting the Liberal Republican nomination. 1872.)

Gregory of Nazianzus (Cappadocia *c.* 325–390.)

Basil the Great as an Orator—Not with him as with the majority, was there a failure, either of thought sustaining his diction, or of language keeping pace with thought; but alike distinguished in both, he showed himself as an

orator throughout, self-consistent and complete. It is the prerogative of the spirit to search the deep things of God, not as ignorant, but as making the survey with infinite ease and delight. But all the mysteries of the spirit were profoundly investigated by Basil; and from these sources he trained and disciplined the characters of all, taught loftiness of speech, and, withdrawing men from the present, directed them to the future. The sun is praised by the Psalmist for his beauty and magnitude, for the swiftness and power of his course, resplendent as a bridegroom, mighty as a giant. His mighty circuit has power to light equally the opposite extremes of the globe, the extent of their diffusion lessens not the power of his beams. But the beauty of Basil was virtue; his greatness, theology; his course, perpetual activity, ever tending upward to God; his power, the sowing and distribution of the word.

Grimstone, Sir Harbottle (England, 1603-1685.)

Abuses under Charles I.—Mr. Speaker, the case is this: The charter of our liberties, called Magna Charta, was granted unto us by King John, which was but a renovation and restitution of the ancient laws of this kingdom. This charter was afterwards, in the succession of several ages, confirmed unto us above thirty several times, and in the third year of his Majesty's reign that now is, we had more than a confirmation of it,—for we had an act declaratory passed,—and then to put it out of all question and dispute for the future, his Majesty, by his gracious answer, *soit droit fait come est desire*, invested it with the title of Petition of Right. What expositions contrary to that law of right have some men given to undermining the liberty of the subjects with new invented subtle distinctions, and assuming to themselves a power (I know not where they had it) out of Parliament, to supersede, to annihilate, and make void the laws of the kingdom; the commonwealth hath been miserably torn and massacred, and all property and liberty shaken, the church distracted, the Gospel and professors of it prosecuted, and the whole nation overrun with swarms of projecting canker worms and caterpillars, the worst of all the Egyptian plagues; then (as the case now stands with as) I conceive there are two points very considerable in it. The first is: What hath been done any way to impeach the liberties of the subjects, contrary to the Petition of Right? The second is: Who have been the authors and causes of it?—(1640.)

Guizot, François Pierre-Guillaume (France, 1787-1874.)

The Two Elements of Civilization—Two elements seem to be comprised in the great fact which we call civilization;—two circumstances are necessary to its existence—it lives upon two conditions—it reveals itself by two symptoms: the progress of society, the progress of individuals; the melioration of the social sys-

tem, and the expansion of the mind and faculties of man. Wherever the exterior condition of man becomes enlarged, quickened, and improved; wherever the intellectual nature of man distinguishes itself by its energy, brilliancy, and its grandeur; wherever these two signs concur, and they often do so, notwithstanding the gravest imperfections in the social system, there man proclaims and applauds civilization.

Hale, Nathan (American, 1755-1776.)

But One Life to Lose—I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—(Last words on the scaffold. New York, September 22d, 1776.)

Hall, Robert (England, 1764-1831.)

Duty and Moral Health—Of an accountable creature duty is the concern of every moment, since he is every moment pleasing or displeasing to God. It is a universal element, mingling with every action, and qualifying every disposition and pursuit. The moral quality of conduct, as it serves both to ascertain and to form the character, has consequences in a future world so certain and infallible, that it is represented in Scripture as a seed no part of which is lost, "for whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." That rectitude which the inspired writers usually denominate holiness is the health and beauty of the soul, capable of bestowing dignity in the absence of every other accomplishment, while the want of it leaves the possessor of the richest intellectual endowments a painted sepulchre.—(From a sermon preached at Leicester, England, in 1810.)

Hamilton, Alexander (American, 1757-1804.)

"A Nation at War with Itself"—It has been observed, to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. A failure of compliance will never be confined to a single State. This being the case, can we suppose it wise to hazard a civil war? Suppose Massachusetts, or any large State, should refuse, and Congress should attempt to compel them, would they not have influence to procure assistance, especially from those States which are in the same situation as themselves? What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at war with a noncomplying State; Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another; this State collecting auxiliaries, and forming, perhaps, a majority against its federal head. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself,—a government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a government.

But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream; it is impossible.—(New York Convention. 1788.)

Hamilton, Alexander—*Continued.*

"Let Us Not Mistake Words for Things"—I will not agree with gentlemen who trifle with the weaknesses of our country and suppose that they are enumerated to answer a party purpose and to terrify with ideal dangers. No. I believe these weaknesses to be real and pregnant with destruction. Yet, however weak our country may be, I hope we never shall sacrifice our liberties. If, therefore, on a full and candid discussion, the proposed system shall appear to have that tendency, for God's sake let us reject it! But let us not mistake words for things, nor accept doubtful surmises as the evidence of truth. Let us consider the Constitution calmly and dispassionately, and attend to those things only which merit consideration.—(New York Convention. 1788.)

Despotism and Extensive Territory—It has been advanced as a principle, that no government but a despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a republican government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the people meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative governments, but especially in relation to a confederacy of States, in which the supreme legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the people are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national legislature to destroy the State governments.

National Debt a National Blessing—A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing.—(From a letter to Robert Morris, April 30th, 1781.)

Hamilton, Andrew (American, 1676-1741.)

"Heresy in Law as Well as in Religion"—There is heresy in law as well as in religion, and both have changed very much; and we well know that it is not two centuries ago that a man would have been burned as a heretic for owning such opinions in matters of religion as are publicly written and printed at this day. They were fallible men, it seems, and we take the liberty, not only to differ from them in religious opinion, but to condemn them and their opinions, too; and I must presume that in taking these freedoms in thinking and speaking about matters of faith or religion, we are in the right.—(In the case of Zenger. 1735.)

Law and Liberty—It is agreed upon by all men that this is a reign of liberty, and while men keep within the bounds of truth, I hope they may with safety both speak and write their sentiments of the conduct of men of power; I mean of that part of their conduct only which affects the liberty or property of the people un-

der their administration; were this to be denied, then the next step may make them slaves. For what notions can be entertained of slavery, beyond that of suffering the greatest injuries and oppressions, without the liberty of complaining; or if they do, to be destroyed, body and estate, for so doing?

It is said, and insisted upon by Mr. Attorney, that government is a sacred thing; that it is to be supported and revered; it is government that protects our persons and estates; that prevents treasons, murders, robberies, riots, and all the train of evils that overturn kingdoms and states, and ruin particular persons; and if those in the administration, especially the supreme magistrates, must have all their conduct censured by private men, government cannot subsist. This is called a licentiousness not to be tolerated. It is said that it brings the rulers of the people into contempt so that their authority is not regarded, and so that in the end the laws cannot be put in execution. These, I say, and such as these, are the general topics insisted upon by men in power and their advocates. But I wish it might be considered at the same time how often it has happened that the abuse of power has been the primary cause of these evils, and that it was the injustice and oppression of these great men which has commonly brought them into contempt with the people. The craft and art of such men are great, and who that is the least acquainted with history or with law can be ignorant of the specious pretenses which have often been made use of by men in power to introduce arbitrary rule and destroy the liberties of a free people.—(In the case of Zenger. 1735.)

Hammond, James H. (American, 1807-1864.)

Mudsills—In all social systems there must be a class to do the mean duties, to perform the drudgery of life; that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, refinement, and civilization. It constitutes the very mudsills of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on the mudsills. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand,—a race inferior to herself, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity, to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. We use them for the purpose and call them slaves. We are old-fashioned at the South yet; it is a word discarded now by ears polite; but I will not characterize that class at the North with that term; but you have it; it is there; it is everywhere; it is eternal.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, 1858.)

Cotton Is King—No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king, but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last,

upon the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered.—(U. S. Senate, March, 1858.)

Hampden, John (England, 1594-1643.)

"All Things Happen Alike to All Men"—It is a true saying of a wise man, that all things happen alike to all men, as well to the good man as to the bad; there is no state or condition whatsoever, either of prosperity or adversity, but all sorts of men are sharers in the same; no man can be discerned truly by the outward appearance, whether he be a good subject either to his God, his prince, or his country, until he be tried by the touchstone of loyalty: give me leave, I beseech you, to parallel the lives of either sort, that we may, in some measure, discern truth from falsehood, and in speaking I shall similize their lives.

1. In religion towards God. 2. In loyalty and true subjection to their sovereign; in their affection towards the safety of their country.

1. Concerning religion, the best means to discern between the true and false religion is by searching the sacred writing of the Old and New Testaments, which is of itself pure, indited by the spirit of God, and written by holy men, unspotted in their lives and conversations; and by this sacred word may we prove whether our religion be of God or no; and by looking in this glass, we may discern whether we are in the right way or no.

And looking into the same, I find that by this truth of God, that there is but one God, one Christ, one faith, one religion, which is the Gospel of Christ, and the doctrine of the Prophets and the Apostles.—(Exordium of the speech in Parliament against his own impeachment. January 4th, 1641. "World's Best Orations.")

Hancock, John (American, 1737-1793.)

"I Am a Friend to Righteous Government"—Security to the persons and properties of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning tapers at noonday, to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render the persons and properties of the governed insecure. Some boast of being friends to government; I am a friend to righteous government, to a government founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny.—(1774. On the Boston Massacre.)

Hannibal (Carthage, 247-183 B. C.)

Address to His Army (Livy)—Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive.

There is a necessity for us to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death; and, if it must be death, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight? The immortal gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors!

Hare, Julius Charles (England, 1795-1855.)

Light as an Emblem—It is to light that all nations and languages have had recourse, whenever they wanted a symbol for anything excellent in glory; and if we were to search through the whole of inanimate nature for an emblem of pure unadulterated happiness, where could we find such an emblem, except in light?—traversing the illimitable regions of space with a speed surpassing that of thought, incapable of injury or stain, and, whithersoever it goes, showering beauty and gladness.—(1828.)

Harrison, Benjamin (American, 1833-.)

"What Is to Be the End?"—If our great corporations would more scrupulously observe their legal limitations and duties, they would have less cause to complain of the unlawful limitations of their rights or of violent interference with their operations. The community that by concert, open or secret, among its citizens, denies to a portion of its members their plain rights under the law, has severed the only safe bond of social order and prosperity. The evil works from a bad centre both ways. It demoralizes those who practice it, and destroys the faith of those who suffer by it in the efficiency of the law as a safe protector. The man in whose breast that faith has been darkened is naturally the subject of dangerous and uncanny suggestions. Those who use unlawful methods, if moved by no higher motive than the selfishness that prompted them, may well stop and inquire what is to be the end of this.—(Inaugural. March 4th, 1889.)

The Only People Who Can Harm Us—It is not in the power of any people upon earth much to harm us, except our own people.

Harrison, Thomas (England, 1606-1660.)

"The Shaking I Have in my Hands and Knees"—Gentlemen, by reason of some scoffing that I do hear, I judge that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees; I tell you no, but it is by reason of much blood I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves; I have had it this twelve years; I speak this to the praise and glory of God; he hath carried me above the fear of death; and I value not my life, because I go to my Father, and am assured I shall take it up again.—(On the scaffold. 1660.)

Hayes, Rutherford B. (American, 1822-1893.)

Service to Party and Country—The President . . . should strive to be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves the country best.—(Inaugural. 1877.)

Hayne, Robert Y. (American, 1791-1839.)

On Webster and Benton—The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and, instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which he had preferred, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges; and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents, and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe—I am bound to believe—he has some object in view which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered, in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is overmatched by that senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered Coalition come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eyeballs of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his bidding"? Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defense of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can; and, if he win the victory, let him wear the honors. I shall not deprive him of his laurels.—(U. S. Senate. On the Foote Resolution.)

Free Trade—I say, in the words of the philosophical statesman of England, "leave a generous nation free to seek their own road to perfection." Thank God, the night is passing away, and we have lived to see the dawn of a glorious day. The cause of free trade must and will prosper, and finally triumph. The political economist is abroad; light has come into the world; and, in this instance, at least, men will not "prefer darkness rather than light."

Sir, let it not be said, in after times, that the statesmen of America were behind the age in

which they lived; that they initiated this young and vigorous country into the enervating and corrupting practices of European nations; and that, at the moment when the whole world was looking to us for an example, we arrayed ourselves in the cast-off follies and exploded errors of the Old World, and, by the introduction of a vile system of artificial stimulants and political gambling, impaired the healthful vigor of the body politic, and brought on decrepitude and premature dissolution.

Hazlitt, William (England, 1778-1830.)

Humor and Pathos—We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth, rather than any serious reflections on it.

To explain the nature of laughter and tears is to account for the condition of human life, for it is in a manner compounded of these two. It is a tragedy or a comedy,—sad or merry, as it happens. The crimes and misfortunes that are inseparable from it shock and wound the mind when they once seize upon it, and, when the pressure can no longer be borne, seek relief in tears; the follies and absurdities that men commit, or the odd accidents that befall them, afford us amusement from the very rejection of these false claims upon our sympathy, and end in laughter. If everything that went wrong, if every vanity or weakness in another gave us a sensible pang, it would be hard indeed; but as long as the disagreeableness of the consequences of a sudden disaster is kept out of sight by the immediate oddity of the circumstances, and the absurdity or unaccountableness of a foolish action is the most striking thing in it, the ludicrous prevails over the pathetic, and we receive pleasure instead of pain from the farce of life which is played before us, and which discomposes our gravity as often as it fails to move our anger or our pity.

Hecker, Frederick Karl Franz (German-American, 1811-1881.)

A Vision of America—Heavy night lay over the earth and sky; the sea was dark, filled with high, black waves, and a proud woman in golden armor, the standard of the Republic undulating in her hand, led me up to a high sea-beaten cliff, that in the ocean afar overtopped the hills of earth! When she raised her hand towards the East, a thousand lights from the Aurora Borealis blazed forth; and like a fire-lit picture before me the Old World lay! In trumpet tones sounded a mighty voice: I am the destiny of the Old World, I am America, and I will plant the banner of the deliverance of humanity on every land! See, I have taken away hunger from the lands of the East! I have given them the potato and the golden ear of maize! I have healed their fever-shaken bodies with the bark of the cinchona; with balm of healing herbs I have restored their bodies, and with the aroma of tobacco I have

beguiled their cares. With woods for dyes, for use, for ornament, I have adorned their houses and completed and furnished their ships. The steamer, the tamed leviathan, and the lighting's writing are my work, and from seashore to seashore my sons have laid iron strands until they have encircled the globe. Against my shores the Gulf Stream breaks its force and hastens on to warm the farthest northland of Europe. In the Florida gulf invisibly and silently the coral billions are at work to turn the Gulf Stream and to cover Europe with ice, but my genius will remove this barrier. The iron-cuirassed ship and the ram of bronze and the monitor are the children of my brain; and I have taught the laws of the Trade Winds, and I pour out the treasures of the depths of the sea and the land for my people, that it may be multiplied and nourished, while to protect it I hold over it and its future this bright banner of the Stars and Stripes,—an emblem of freedom and human dignity for all,—that beneath it shall be a rendezvous for the free of the earth! And in this sign, I will conquer!—(Peroration of an address in the "World's Best Orations." July 4th, 1871, Delivered by permission.)

Helmholtz, Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von (Germany, 1821-1894.)

Duration of Life on Earth—We may, therefore, assume with great probability that the sun will still continue in its condensation, even if it only attained the density of the earth,—though it will probably become far denser in the interior, owing to the enormous pressure,—this would develop fresh quantities of heat which would be sufficient to maintain for an additional seventeen million years the same intensity of sunshine as that which is now the source of all terrestrial life. . . . The term of seventeen million years which I have given may, perhaps, become considerably prolonged by the gradual abatement of radiation, by the new accretion of falling meteors, and by still greater condensation than that which I have assumed in that calculation. But we know of no natural process which could spare our sun the fate which has manifestly fallen upon other suns. This is a thought which we only reluctantly admit; it seems to us an insult to the beneficent Creative Power which we otherwise find at work in organisms, and especially in living ones. But we must reconcile ourselves to the thought that, however we may consider ourselves to be the centre and final object of creation, we are but as dust on the earth; which again is but a speck of dust in the immensity of space; and the previous duration of our race, even if we follow it far beyond our written history, into the era of the lake dwellings or of the mammoth is but an instant compared with the primeval times of our planet, when living things existed upon it, whose strange and unearthly remains still gaze at us from their ancient tombs; and far more does the duration of our race sink into insigni-

nificance compared with the enormous periods during which worlds have been in process of formation, and will still continue to form when our sun is extinguished, and our earth is either solidified in cold, or is united with the ignited central body of our system.—(From his University lectures.)

Henderson, John B. (American, Contemporaneous.)

The Right to Make Foolish Speeches—The Constitution provides that Congress "shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The President, like other persons, is protected under this clause. He, too, has the right to make foolish speeches. I do not now say that there is no limit to the enjoyment of this right, or that it might not be so much abused by a President as to demand his impeachment and removal from office. But in this case the offense is certainly not of so heinous a character as to demand punishment in the absence of a law defining the right and providing specific penalties, and also in the face of a constitutional provision declaring that the freedom of speech cannot be abridged by law.—(From an opinion delivered at the impeachment of President Johnson in 1868.)

Henry, Patrick (American, 1736-1799.)

"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"—(Delivered at Richmond, in the Virginia Convention, on a resolution to put the commonwealth into a state of defense, March 23d, 1775. (Complete text from "World's Best Orations.")

Mr. President:—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having

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ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in

which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

A Prophecy of Progress—The population of the Old World is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth;—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance,—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door!

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode,—that Liberty whom

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they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity,—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World,—tell them to come, and bid them welcome,—and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, our ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.—(1782.)

"Why Should We Fetter Commerce?"—

Why should we fetter commerce? If a man is in chains, he droops and bows to the earth, because his spirits are broken; but let him twist the fetters from his legs, and he will stand erect.

Fetter not commerce! Let her be free as air. She will range the whole creation, and return on the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty.

Herder, Johann Gottfried von (Germany, 1744-1803.)

"It Is No Tenet of Religion to Abjure Thinking"—Believe me, my hearers, it is no tenet of religion to abjure thinking. It is rather its decay and the decay of humanity. Even the Apostles (and they were called by Jesus to teach) commended their hearers when they searched whether the things were so as they had said; and so would it be for me the greatest satisfaction of my calling to have awakened in you the habit of thought and reflection upon religion, and to have aided each one of you in the work of arousing his own conscience, developing more clearly his former dim experiences, training his own understanding, and in short, through my exposition of religion, rendering himself wiser, more self-acquainted, nobler, and better than he was before. In this way religion serves also for the education of our time, and that which has already so far exalted the human understanding would continue to elevate it, and with it our virtue, our humanity, our bliss. Happy times! happy world!

Higginson, John (England, 1616-1708.)

Cent Per Cent in New England—My fathers and brethren, this is never to be forgotten, that New England is originally a plantation of religion, not a plantation of trade. Let merchants and such as are increasing cent per cent remember this. Let others that have come over since at several times remember this, that worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England, but religion. And if any amongst us make religion as twelve, and the world as thirteen, let such a one know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian.—(From a sermon at Cambridge, 1663.)

Hill, Benjamin Harvey (American, 1823-1882.)

"I Was Born a Slaveholder"—I was born a slaveholder. That was a decree of my country's laws, not my own. I never bought a slave save at his own request; and of that I am not ashamed. I was never unkind to a slave, and all I ever owned will bear cheerful testimony to that fact. I would never deprive a human being, of any race, or color, or condition, of his right to the equal protection of the laws; and no colored man who knows me believes I would. Of all forms of cowardice, that is the meanest which would oppress the helpless, or wrong the defenseless; but I had the courage to face secession in its maddest hour, and say I would not give the American Union for African slavery, and that if slavery dared strike the Union, slavery would perish. Slavery did perish, and now in this high council of the greatest of nations, I face the leaders of State destruction and declare that this ark of our political covenant, this constitutional casket of our confederate nation, encasing as it does more of human liberty and human security and human hope than any government ever formed by man, I would not break for the whole African race. And cursed, thrice cursed forever be the man who would! Sir, in disunion through the disintegration of the States I have never been able to see anything but anarchy with its endless horrors. In disunion through the destruction of the States I have never been able to see anything but rigid, hopeless despotism, with all its endless oppression. In disunion by any means, in any form, for any cause, I have never been able to see anything but blood, and waste, and ruin to all races and colors and conditions of men. But in the preservation of our Union of States, this confederate nation, I have never been able to see anything but a grandeur and a glory such as no people ever enjoyed. I pray God that every arm that shall be raised to destroy that Union may be withered before it can strike the blow.—(U.S. Senate, 1879.)

Hilliard, H. W. (American, 1808-1892.)

Constitutional Government—History describes upon none of its pages such a scene. Other governments had grown up under circumstances whose imperious pressure gave them their peculiar forms and they had been modified from time to time, to keep pace with an advancing civilization; but here was a government created by men emancipated from all foreign influence, and who, in their deliberations, acknowledged no supreme authority but that of God.

States already republican and independent were formed into a confederation, and the great principles of the government were embodied in a constitution.

Manhood—A really great man is the grandest object which this world ever exhibits. The heavens in their magnificence—the ocean in its sublime immensity—mountains standing firm

upon their granite foundations—all are less imposing than a living man in the possession of his highest faculties.— (From a speech on Webster, in 1854.)

Hoar, George Frisbie (American, 1826-.)

The Puritan—The Puritan believed in a future life, where just men were to enjoy immortality with those whom they had loved here; and this belief was his comfort and support in all the sorrow and suffering which he encountered. But he believed also in the coming of God's kingdom here. He had a firm faith that the State he had builded was to continue and grow, a community of men living together in the practice of virtue, in the worship of God, in the pursuit of truth. It has been said of each of two great Puritan leaders: "Hope shone like a fiery pillar in him when it had gone out in all others. His mind is firmly fixed on the future; his face is radiant with the sunrise he intently watches."

Lastly, the Puritan believed in the law of righteous retribution in the affairs of nations. No departure from God's law of absolute justice, of absolute honesty, of absolute righteousness, could escape, so it seemed to him, its certain and terrible punishment. The oppressor who deprived the poorest or weakest of mankind of the equal right with which God had endowed him, the promise-breaker who juggled with public obligation, the man who gained power by violence or fraud, brought down, as he believed, the vengeance of God upon himself and upon his children, and upon the nation which permitted him, to the third and fourth generation.— (1876.)

Holborne, Sir Robert (England, c. 1594-1647.)

Against Ship Money—Admit the rule of *salus populi suprema lex*; yet the law of practice doth not yield till there be an actual enemy, or *flagrans bellum*. It is not enough that there be but an apprehension.— (1637.)

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (American, 1809-1894.)

Boston the Hub—Boston statehouse is the hub of the solar system.— (1858.)

Hooker, Richard (England, 1553-1600.)

"Law's Seat in the Bosom of God"—Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

Houston, Samuel (American, 1793-1863.)

"I am Opposed to Both Extremes"—Mr. President, I said that I would not take up the time of the Senate, nor have I any disposition

to do so; but I do say that was the best act of my life. My life has been a long and varied one. The only achievement that failed and brought sorrow to my heart was that I could not defeat that fatal measure [the Kansas-Nebraska Bill] which fostered by demagogues, originated in ambition, was intended for no valuable interest of the country, but to unite the South, and, with a few scattering northern States, make a President, and continue the succession. That was the iniquity of it. I said then that the oldest man living at that time might say he had seen the commencement of trouble, but the youngest child then born would not see the end of the calamities which would result to the South from that measure, if adopted. It has been adopted, and what has been the result? That is a subject on which I have nothing to say. My actions may speak of what I think of it; but I do not desire any misapprehension of my motives or my conduct to be entertained. Whenever a gentleman presents himself who has given stronger assurance of patriotic devotion to his country than I have done to the Union and the Constitution and to every section, then I will defer to him, and hear a rebuke for the sentiments which have been nourished and cherished in my heart while living, and will be buried with me unless they ascend to a higher destiny. . . .

Mr. President, I am opposed to the extremely improper sentiments uttered in the North, as I am in the South. I am opposed to both extremes; I favor neither. There is a middle ground; and there we shall find rectitude and propriety, and all that is desirable.— (1858.)

Hoyt, Rev. Dr. Wayland (American, Contemporaneous.)

Benevolent Assimilation and Manifest Providence—Christ is the solution of the difficulty regarding national expansion. There never was a more manifest Providence than the waving of Old Glory over the Philippines. The only thing we can do is to thrash the natives, until they understand who we are. I believe every bullet sent, every cannon shot, every flag waved means righteousness.— (March, 1899.)

Hughes, Thomas (England, 1823-1896.)

Work and Aspiration—The only idealism I plead for is not only compatible with sustained and vigorous work; it cannot be maintained without it. The gospel of work is a true gospel, though not the only one, or the highest, as has been preached in our day by great teachers. And I do not deny that the advice I have just been giving you may seem at first sight to conflict with the work gospel. Listen, for instance, to the ring of it in the rugged and incisive words of one of our strongest poets:—

* That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it.

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

— (Clifton College. 1879.)

Hugo, Victor (France, 1802-1885.)

"The First Tree of Liberty"—The first tree of liberty was planted eighteen hundred years ago by God himself on Golgotha! The first tree of liberty was that cross on which Jesus Christ was offered a sacrifice, for the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the human race!—(1848. From the "World's Best Orations.")

Voices From the Grave—It is not the will of God that liberty, which is his word, should be silent. Citizens! the moment that triumphant despots believe that they have forever taken the power of speech from ideas, it is restored by the Almighty. This tribune destroyed, he reconstructs it. Not in the midst of the public square,—not with granite or marble; there is no need of that. He reconstructs it in solitude; he reconstructs it with the grass of the cemetery, with the shade of the cypress, with the gloomy hillock made by the coffins buried in the earth,—and from this solitude, this grass, this cypress, these hidden coffins, know you, citizens, what proceeds? There comes the heartrending cry of humanity—there comes denunciation and testimony—there comes the inexorable accusation which causes the crowned criminal to turn pale—there comes the terrible protest of the dead!

"Napoleon the Little"—Nobody dreams of the Empire, you tell us. What mean, then, those cries of *Vive l'empereur*? and who pays for them? What means this mendicant petition for a prolongation of the president's powers? What is a prolongation? The consulate for life? And where leads the consulate for life? To the Empire! Gentlemen, here is an intrigue. We will let in daylight upon it, if you please. France must not wake up one of these fine mornings and find herself emperor-ridden, without knowing why. An emperor! Let us consider the subject a little. Because there was once a man who gained the battle of Marengo, and who reigned, must the man who gained only the battle of Satory reign also? Because, ten centuries ago, Charlemagne, after forty years of glory, let fall on the face of the globe a sceptre and a sword of such proportions that no one dared to touch them; and because, a thousand years later,—for it requires a gestation of a thousand years to produce such men,—another genius appeared, who took up that sword and sceptre, and stood up erect under the weight; a man who chained revolution in France, and unchained it in the rest of Europe; who added to his name the brilliant synonyms of Rivoli, Jena, Essling, Friedland, Montmirail; because this man, after ten years of a glory almost fabulous in its grandeur, let fall, in his turn, that sceptre and sword which had accomplished such colossal exploits,—you would come,—you, you would presume, after him, to catch them up as he did,—he, Napoleon, after Charlemagne,—and grasp in your feeble hands this sceptre of the

giants, this sword of the Titans! What to do?

What! after Augustus must we have Augustulus? Because we have had a Napoleon the Great, must we now have Napoleon the Little?

"Providence for Us, the Politicians against Us"—When I consider all that Providence has done for us, and all that politicians have done against us, a melancholy consideration presents itself. We learn, from the statistics of Europe, that she now spends annually, for the maintenance of her armies, the sum of five hundred millions of dollars. If, for the last thirty-two years, this enormous sum had been expended in the interests of peace,—America meanwhile aiding Europe,—know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would have been cut through; rivers would have been channeled; mountains tunneled. Railroads would have covered the two continents. The merchant tonnage of the world would have increased a hundred fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be seen where now all is still a solitude. Harbors would have been dug where shoals and rocks now threaten navigation. Asia would be raised to a state of civilization. Africa would be restored to man. Abundance would flow forth from every side, from all the veins of the earth, beneath the labor of the whole family of man; and misery would disappear! And, with misery, what would also disappear? Revolutions. Yes; the face of the world would be changed. Instead of destroying one another, men would peacefully people the waste places of the earth. Instead of making revolutions, they would establish colonies. Instead of bringing back barbarism into civilization, they would carry civilization into barbarism.—(1849.)

Humphrey, E. P. (American, Contemporary.)

Limitation—The course of nature itself seems to confirm the proposition as to the relation between sin and suffering. The most thorough inquiry into the structure of the physical universe conducts to the conclusion that it was created by a being infinitely good and intended for a race infinitely sinful. It is a magnificent palace-prison; as a palace declaring the glory of its maker, as a prison revealing the character of its inmates.

Huskisson, William (England, 1770-1830.)

Innovation—I have been charged with being the author in some instances, and the promoter in others, of innovations of a rash and dangerous nature. I deny the charge. I dare the authors of it to the proof. Gentlemen, when they talk of innovation, ought to remember, with Lord Bacon, that "Time has been and is the great Innovator." Upon that innovator I have felt it my duty cautiously to wait at a becoming distance and with proper circumspection; but not arrogantly and presumptuously to go before him, and endeavor to outstrip his course.

Hyde, Edward, Earl of Clarendon (England, 1608-1674.)

"Men Who Had Lost Their Innocence Could Not Preserve Their Courage"—There cannot be a greater instance of a sick and languishing commonwealth than the business of this day. Good God! how have the guilty these late years been punished, when the judges themselves have been such delinquents! It is no marvel that an irregular, extravagant, arbitrary power, like a torrent hath broke in upon us, when our banks and our bulwarks, the laws, were in the custody of such persons. Men who had lost their innocence could not preserve their courage; nor could we look that they who had so visibly undone us themselves should have the virtue or credit to rescue us from the oppression of other men.—(Against ship money. 1636.)

Hyperides (Greece, (?)—322.)

Leosthenes and the Patriot Dead—With us, and with all the living, as we have seen, they shall ever have renown; but in the dark underworld—suffer us to ask—who are they that will stretch forth a right hand to the captain of our dead? May we not deem that Leosthenes will be greeted with welcome and with wonder with those half-gods who bore arms against Troy,—he who set himself to deeds germane with theirs, but in this surpassed them, that while they, aided by all Hellas, took one town, he, supported by his own city alone, humbled the power that ruled Europe and Asia? They avenged the wrong offered to one woman; he stayed the insults that were being heaped on all the cities of Hellas,—he and those who are sharing his last honors,—men who, coming after the heroes, wrought deeds of heroic worth. Aye, and there, I deem, will be Miltiades and Themistocles, and those others who made Hellas free, to the credit of their city, to the glory of their names,—whom this man surpassed in courage and in counsel, seeing that, they repelled the power of the barbarians when it had come against them, but he forbade its approach; they saw the foemen fighting in their own country, but he worsted his enemies on their own soil. And surely they who gave the people trusty proof of their mutual love, Harmodius and Aristogiton, will count no friends so near to themselves, or so faithful to you, as Leosthenes and those who strove beside him, nor will they so consort with any dwellers in the place of the dead. Well may it be so, since these have done deeds not less than theirs, but, if it may be said, even greater; for they put down the despots of their own city, but these put down the despots of Hellas. O beautiful and wonderful enterprise, O glorious and magnificent devotion, O soldieryship transcendent in dangers, which these offered to the freedom of Greece!—(Delivered at Athens.)

Indian Orators

Black Hawk (Address to General Street)—Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing

for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against the white man, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction: things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

Logan (Speech on the Murder of His Family)—I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said: "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country,

Indian Orators—Continued

I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.—(1774.)

Red Jacket (Peroration of His Answer to the Missionaries in 1805)—Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister, and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you might want some from us.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

Weatherford (Speech to General Jackson)

—I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight and contend to the last; but I have none; my people are all gone. I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatches, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. . . .

Ingalls, John J. (American, 1833–1900.)

On the Death of Senator Hill—Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer,—“If a man die, shall he live again?”

Every man is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.—(Exordium of the Eulogy on Senator Hill of Georgia. U. S. Senate, 1883.)

Ingersoll, Robert G. (American, 1833–1899.)

“The Past Rises Before Us”—The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves, we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses and books: and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. [A voice—“Glory!”] I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead,—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.—(Indianapolis. 1876.)

Isæus (Greek, fourth century B. C.)

The Athenian Method of Examining Witnesses—Now, you are all, I believe, persuaded that an inquisition by torture, both in public and private causes, is the best and surest mode of investigating the truth; nor, when both free-men and slaves are present and it is expedient to obtain a discovery of facts, is it your custom to examine the freemen, but to rack the slaves, and thus to extort a true relation of all that has happened; in this respect you think and act wisely, judges; for you well know that many persons examined in the usual form have given evidence indubitably false; but of all those who have been exposed to torture, none have ever been convicted of falsehood; and will this most audacious of men request to believe his artful

pretenses, and his witnesses, who swear against truth, when he declines a mode of proof so exact and conclusive? Our conduct is widely different, and, as we first proposed to discover the whole transaction by the means of torture, to which proposal we have proved that they would not consent, we think it reasonable that our witnesses should be credited.—(From the speech on the estate of Ciron, delivered at Athens, c. 375 B.C.)

Isocrates (Greek, 436–338 B.C.)

The Principles of Liberty and Good Order

—Such was the authority to which, as I have said, they intrusted the maintenance of good order, which considered that those were in error who imagined that a community, in which the laws were framed with the greatest exactness, produced the best men; for, if this were so, there would be nothing to prevent all the Hellenes being on the same level, so far as the facility of adopting one another's written laws is concerned. They, on the contrary, knew that virtue is not promoted by the laws, but by the habits of daily life, and that most people turn out men of like character to those in whose midst they have severally been brought up. For, where there are a number of laws drawn up with great exactitude, it is a proof that the city is badly administered; for the inhabitants are compelled to frame laws in great numbers as a barrier against offenses. Those, however, who are rightly governed should not cover the walls of the porticoes with copies of the laws, but preserve justice in their hearts; for it is not by decrees but by manners that cities are well governed, and, while those who have been badly brought up will venture to transgress laws drawn up even with the greatest exactitude, those who have been well educated will be ready to abide by laws framed in the simplest terms. With these ideas, they did not first consider how they should punish the disorderly, but by what means they should induce them to refrain from committing any offense deserving of punishment; for they considered that this was their mission, but that eagerness to inflict punishment was a matter of malevolence!—(From the "Areopagiticus.")

Jackson, Andrew (American, 1767–1845.)

Local Self-Government—My experience in public concerns and the observation of a life somewhat advanced, confirm the opinions long since imbibed by me, that the destruction of our State governments or the annihilation of their control over the local concerns of the people would lead directly to revolution and anarchy, and finally to despotism and military domination. In proportion, therefore, as the general government encroaches upon the rights of the States, in the same proportion does it impair its own power and detract from its ability to fulfill the purposes of its creation.—(Inaugural of 1833.)

Jay, John (American, 1745–1829.)

When a Nation Forges Chains—When a nation led to greatness by the hand of liberty,

and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.—(Address to the people of Great Britain, 1774.)

Jefferson, Thomas (American, 1743–1826.)

Essential Principles of Americanism—

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations: Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people,—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority—economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith; the text of civic instruction; the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.—(Inaugural. 1801.)

Jefferson, Thomas — *Continued*

Few Die, None Resign—If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.—(To a committee of New England merchants, in 1801.)

Freedom to Err—Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

Good Government—With all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens; a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

Self-Government—Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Strong Government—I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.

Johnson, Andrew (American, 1808-1875.)

Swinging Around the Circle—We are swinging around the circle.—(Said of his tour in 1866.)

Kennedy, John P. (American, Contemporary.)

Progress of the Modern World—Cast a thought over the whole field of scientific mechanical improvement and its application to human wants in the last twenty years,—to go no further back,—and think what a world it has made;—how many comforts it has given to man, how many facilities; what it has done for his food and raiment, for his communication with his fellow-man in every clime, for his instruction in books, his amusements, his safety!—what new lands it has opened, what old ones made accessible!—how it has enlarged the sphere of his knowledge and conversancy with his species! It is all a great, astounding marvel, a miracle which it oppresses the mind to think of. It is the smallest boast which can be made for it to say that, in all desirable facilities in life, in the comfort that depends upon mechanism, and in all that is calculated to delight the senses or instruct the mind, the man of this day, who has secured himself a moderate competence, is placed far in advance of the most wealthy, powerful, and princely of ancient times.

Kingsley, Charles (England, 1810-1875.)

"Thinking, Acting Dirt"—Our processes are hasty, imperfect, barbaric,—and their result

is vast and rapid production; but also waste, refuse, is the shape of a dangerous class. We know well how, in some manufactures, a certain amount of waste is profitable—that it pays better to let certain substances run to refuse than to use every product of the manufacture; as in a steam mill, where it pays better not to consume the whole fuel, to let the soot escape, though every atom of soot is so much wasted fuel. So it is in our present social system. It pays better, capital is accumulated more rapidly, by wasting a certain amount of human life, human health, human intellect, human morals, by producing and throwing away a regular percentage of human soot—of that thinking, acting dirt, which lies about, and, alas! breeds and perpetuates itself in foul alleys and low public houses, and all dens and dark places of the earth. But, as in the case of manufactures, the Nemesis comes swift and sure.—(1820.)

Knott, J. Proctor (American, 1830-.)

"The Centre of the Visible Universe"—This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth, not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike, in their tremendous sweep, the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is, perhaps, one of the most primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.—(House of Representatives, 1871.)

Knowles, James Sheridan (England, 1784-1862.)

Cæsar's Passage of the Rubicon—A gentleman, Mr. Chairman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private

property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? O! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

Knox, John (Scotland, 1505–1572.)

"The Furious Rage of Man's Corrupt Nature"—It is evident that the sword of God is not committed to the hand of man to use as it pleases him, but only to punish vice and maintain virtue, that men may live in such society as is acceptable before God. And this is the true and only cause why God has appointed powers in this earth.

For such is the furious rage of man's corrupt nature that, unless severe punishment were appointed and put in execution upon malefactors, better it were that man should live among brutes and wild beasts than among men. But at this present I dare not enter into the descriptions of this common place; for so should I not satisfy the text, which by God's grace I propose to explain. This only by the way—I would that such as are placed in authority should consider whether they reign and rule by God, so that God rules them; or if they rule without, besides, and against God, of whom our prophet here complains.—(1656.)

Kossuth, Louis (Hungary, 1802–1894.)

A Providence in Every Fact—I have a steady faith in principles. I dare say that experience taught me the logic of events, in connection with principles. . . . There is a

Providence in every fact. Without this mistake, the principles of American republicanism would, for a long time yet, find a sterile soil on that continent, where it was considered wisdom to belong to the French school. Now, matters stand thus: That either the continent of Europe has no future at all, or this future is American Republicanism.—(Washington, 1852.)

Power Without Justice—Nations, proud of your momentary power; proud of your freedom; proud of your prosperity! your power is vain, your freedom is vain, your industry, your wealth, your prosperity are vain; all this will not save you from sharing the mournful fate of those old nations not less powerful than you, not less free, not less prosperous than you,—and still fallen, as you yourself shall fall,—all vanished as you shall vanish, like a bubble thrown up from the deep! There is only the law of Christ, there are only the duties of Christianity which can secure your future, by securing at the same time humanity.

The Struggle Between Good and Evil—Woe, a hundredfold woe, to every nation, which, confident in its proud position of to-day, would carelessly regard the comprehensive struggle of great principles! It is the mythical struggle between heaven and hell. Woe, a thousandfold woe, to every nation which would not embrace, within its sorrows and its cares, the future, but only the present time! In the flashing of a moment the future becomes present, and the objects of our present labors have passed away. As the sun throws a mist before the sun rises, so the spirit of the future is seen in the events of the present.—(1851.)

Lacordaire, Jean Baptiste Henri (France, 1802–1861.)

"The Claiming of Rights"—"The claiming of rights" was for O'Connell the principle of force against tyranny. In fact, there is in right, as in all that is true, a real, an eternal, and an indestructible power, which can only disappear when right is no longer even named. Tyranny would be invincible, were it to succeed in destroying with its name the idea of right, in creating silence in the world in regard to right. It endeavors at least to approach that absolute term, and to lessen, by all the means of violence and corruption, the expression of justice. As long as a just soul remains, with boldness of speech, despotism is restless, troubled, fearing that eternity is conspiring against it. The rest is indifferent, or at least alarms it but little. Do you appeal to arms against it? It is but a battle. To a riot? It is but a matter of police. Violence is of time, right is heaven-born. What dignity, what force, there is in the right which speaks with calmness, with candor, with sincerity, from the heart of a good man! Its nature is contagious; as soon as it is heard, the soul recognizes and embraces it; a moment sometimes suffices for a whole people to proclaim it and bend before it. . . . Liberty is

a work of virtue, a holy work, and consequently an intellectual work.

But "rights must be claimed with perseverance." The emancipation of a people is not the work of a day.—(Panegyric on O'Connell, 1847.)

Lamar, L. Q. C. (American, 1825-1893.)

Sumner and the South—It was certainly a gracious act on the part of Charles Sumner towards the South, though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internal struggle which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of the battles fought and the victories won in defense of their hopeless cause; and respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty, and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or, if not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart

as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, while honoring the memory of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one,—one not merely in political organization; one not merely in identity of institutions; one not merely in community of language, and literature, and traditions, and country, but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart! Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have scrutinized your sentiments, as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my Southern friends, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South, prostrate, exhausted, drained of her lifeblood as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity. Yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph and elevated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, her words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead, whom we lament to-day, could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory. My countrymen! know one another and you will love one another.—(From his Eulogy of Charles Sumner.)

Lamartine, Alphonse Marie Louis (France, 1790-1869.)

Godlessness of the French Revolution—The Republicans of Cromwell sought only the way of God, even in the blood of battles. But look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Not a word was there of God or of his own soul! Sensual philosopher, supreme sensualism was his last desire in his agony! Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. Not a glance toward heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting: "O Liberty, what crimes in thy name are com-

mitted!" Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet,—their only hymn the "Marseillaise"! Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold: "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then, to the executioner: "You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity.

Lardner, Dionysius (Ireland, 1793-1859.)

The Question of the Skies—When we walk forth on a serene night and direct our view to the aspect of the heavens, there are certain reflections which will present themselves to every mind gifted with the slightest power of contemplation. Are those shining orbs which so richly decorate the firmament peopled with creatures endowed, like ourselves, with reason to discover, with sense to love, and with imagination to expand toward their limitless perfection the attributes of him of "whose fingers the heavens are the work"? Has he who "made man lower than the angels to crown him," with the glory of discovering that light in which he has "decked himself as with a garment," also made other creatures with like powers and like destinies; with dominion over the works of his hands, and having all things "put in subjection under their feet"? And are those resplendent globes which roll in silent majesty through the measureless abysses of space the dwellings of such beings? These are questions which will be asked, and which will be answered. These are inquiries against which neither the urgency of business nor the allurements of pleasure can block up the avenues of the mind. These are questions that have been asked, and that will continue to be asked, by all who view the earth as an individual of that little cluster of worlds called the solar system.

Latimer, Hugh (England, c. 1490-1555.)

The Tears of the Widow—The greatest man in a realm cannot so hurt a judge as the poor widow, such a shrewd turn she can do him. And with what armor I pray you? She can bring the judge's skin over his ears, and never lay hands upon him. And how is that? *La crême miserorum descendunt ad maxillas* (the tears of the poor fall down upon their cheeks), *et ascendunt ad calum* (and go up to heaven), and cry for vengeance before God, the judge of widows, the father of widows and orphans. Poor people be oppressed even by laws. *Va is qui conduit leges iniquas* (woe worth to them that make evil laws). If woe be to them that make laws against the poor, what shall be to them that hinder and mar good laws? *Quid facietis in die ultionis?* What will ye do in the day of vengeance when God will visit you? He saith he will hear the tears of poor women when he goeth on visitation. For their sakes he will hurt the judge, be he never so high. *Deus transfert regna*. He will, for widows' sakes, change realms, bring them into subjection, pluck the judges' skins over their heads.

Laurier, Sir Wilfrid (Canada, 1841-.)

Four Great Men—This last half century in which we live has produced many able and strong men, who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; but of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command—if we remember that out of the small kingdom of Sardinia grew United Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvelous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the Presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment, and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcerned as fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled everyone of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business.

Lee, Henry (American, 1756-1818.)

"First in War, First in Peace"—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting. — (Funeral oration on Washington, 1799.)

Legaré, Hugh S. (American, 1789-1843.)

Constitutional Liberty a Tradition—Our written constitutions do nothing but consecrate and fortify the "plain rules of ancient liberty," handed down with Magna Charta, from the earliest history of our race. It is not a piece of paper, sir, it is not a few abstractions engrossed on parchment, that make free gov-

ernments. No, sir; the law of liberty must be inscribed on the heart of the citizen,—“the Word,” if I may use the expression without irreverence, “must become Flesh.” You must have a whole people trained, disciplined, bred,—yea, and born,—as our fathers were, to institutions like ours. Before the Colonies existed, the Petition of Rights, that Magna Charta of a more enlightened age, had been presented, in 1628, by Lord Coke and his immortal compeers. Our founders brought it with them, and we have not gone one step beyond them. They brought these maxims of civil liberty, not in their libraries, but in their souls; not as philosophical prattle, not as barren generalities, but as rules of conduct; as a symbol of public duty and private right, to be adhered to with religious fidelity; and the very first pilgrim that set his foot upon the rock of Plymouth stepped forth a living constitution, armed at all points to defend and perpetuate the liberty to which he had devoted his whole being.

Lincoln, Abraham (American, 1809-1865.)

“A House Divided Against Itself”—“A house divided against itself cannot stand.” I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved,—I do not expect the house to fall,—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South.—(Springfield, Illinois, June 17th, 1858.)

“Government of the People, By the People, and For the People”—Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we cannot dedicate,—we cannot consecrate,—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion;

that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—(Complete. Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863.)

Livy (Rome, 59 B. C.—17 A. D.)

Canuleius Against the Patricians—This is not the first time, O Romans, that patrician arrogance has denied to us the rights of a common humanity. What do we now demand? First, the right of intermarriage; and then that the people may confer honors on whom they please. And why, in the name of Roman manhood, my countrymen,—why should these poor boons be refused? Why, for claiming them, was I near being assaulted, just now in the senate house? Will the city no longer stand,—will the empire be dissolved,—because we claim that plebeians shall no longer be excluded from the consulship? Truly the patricians will, by and by, begrudge us a participation in the light of day; they will be indignant that we breathe the same air; that we share with them the faculty of speech; that we wear the forms of human beings!

Lowell, James Russell (American, 1819-1891.)

The Empire of the Soul—John Quincy Adams, making a speech at New Bedford, many years ago, reckoned the number of whale-ships (if I remember rightly) that sailed out of that port, and, comparing it with some former period, took it as a type of American success. But, alas! it is with quite other oil that those far shining lamps of a nation's true glory which burn forever must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendor or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination, that a race can conquer the future. No voice comes to us from the once mighty Assyria but the hoot of the owl that nests amid her crumbling palaces. Of Carthage, whose merchant fleets once furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. She lies dead on the shore of her once subject sea, and the wind of the desert only flings its handfuls of burial sand upon her corpse. A fog can blot Holland or Switzerland out of existence. But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens or powerless Italy! They were great by the soul, and their vital force is as indestructible as the soul!—(1855.)

Lubbock, Sir John (England, 1834-.)

A Rule of Study—I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally.

“Bags of Wind for Sacks of Treasure”—In old days books were rare and dear. Now,

on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that,—

* Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think. *

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure.—(1887.)

Luther, Martin (Germany, 1483-1546.)

Here I Stand; I Cannot Do Otherwise—I cannot choose but adhere to the word of God, which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I ever make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience! Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God! Amen.—(Before the Diet at Worms, 1521.)

Lycurgus (Greece, 396-323 B. C.)

Peroration of the Speech Against Leocrates—Be sure, judges, that each of you, by the vote which he now gives in secret, will lay his thought bare to the gods. And I deem that this day, judges, you are passing a collective sentence on all the greatest and most dreadful forms of crime in all of which Leocrates is manifestly guilty; on treason, since he abandoned the city to its troubles and brought it under the hand of the enemy; on subversion of the democracy, since he did not stand the ordeal of the struggle for freedom; on impiety, since he has done what one man could to obliterate the sacred precincts and to demolish the temples; on ill-treatment of parents,—for he sought to destroy the monuments and to abolish the liturgy of the dead; on a soldier's desertion of his post and avoidance of his duty,—for he did not place his personal service at the disposal of the generals. Who, then, will acquit this man,—who will condone misdeeds which were deliberate? Who is so foolish as, by saving this man, to place his own safety at the mercy of cowardly deserters,—who will show compassion to this man, and so elect to die unpitied at the hands of the enemy? Who will conciliate the gratitude of his country's betrayer in order to make himself obnoxious to the vengeance of the gods?

In the cause of my country, of the temples, and of the laws, I have fairly and justly set forth the issue, without disparaging or vilifying the defendant's private life or bringing any irrelevant accusation. You must reflect, every one of you, that to acquit Leocrates is to pass sentence of death and enslavement on your country. Two urns are before you, and the votes which you give are, in the one case, for the overthrow of your city; in the other, for its safety and its domestic welfare. If you absolve Leocrates, you will vote for betraying the city, the temples, and the ships,—if you put him to death, you will exhort

men to cherish and preserve their country, her revenues, and her prosperity. Deem, then, Athenians, that a prayer goes up to you from the very land and all its groves, from the harbors, from the arsenals, from the walls of the city; deem that the shrines and holy places are summoning you to protect them, and, remembering the charges against him, make Leocrates a proof that compassion and tears do not prevail with you over solicitude for the laws and for the common weal.—(Delivered at Athens.)

Lysias (Greece, c. 459-c. 380 B. C.)

Denouncing the Thirty Tyrants—Remember the cruel indignities which you suffered; how you were dragged from the tribunal and the altars; how no place, however sacred, could shelter you against their violence; while others, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, after putting a period to their miserable lives, were deprived of funeral rites. For these tyrants imagined their government to be so firmly established that even the vengeance of the gods was unable to shake it.

But you who escaped immediate death, who fled you knew not whither, no asylum affording you protection; everywhere taking refuge, yet everywhere abandoned; who, leaving your children among strangers or enemies, and destitute of all the necessities of life, made your way to the Pireum, where, overcoming all opposition, you showed the triumph of virtue over numbers and force, regained the city for yourselves and freedom for your countrymen,—what must have been your situation had you proved unfortunate in the engagement?

Again compelled to fly, no temples, no altars, could have saved you. The children who accompanied you would have been reduced to the vilest servitude; those whom you left behind, deprived of all help, would, at a mean price, have been sold to your enemies.

But why should I mention what might have happened, not being able to relate what was actually done? For it is impossible for one man, in the course of one trial, to enumerate the means which were employed to undermine the power of this state, the arsenals which were demolished, the temples sold or profaned, the citizens banished or murdered, and whose dead bodies were impiously left disinterred.

Those slaughtered citizens now watch your decree, uncertain whether you will prove accomplices in their death, or avengers of their murder.

I will cease accusing. You have heard, you have seen, you have suffered! It only remains for you to give sentence!—(Peroration against Eratosthenes, one of the Thirty Tyrants accused of murder.—(Text from "The World's Best Orations."))

Lytton, Lord (Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Baron Lytton, England, 1803-1873.)

Demosthenes and the Classics—All men in modern times, famous for their eloquence,

have recognized Demosthenes as their model. Many speakers in our own country have literally translated passages from his orations and produced electrical effects upon sober English senators by thoughts first uttered to passionate Athenian crowds. Why is this? Not from the style,—the style vanishes in translation. It is because thoughts the noblest, appeal to emotions the most masculine and popular. You see in Demosthenes the man accustomed to deal with the practical business of men,—to generalize details, to render complicated affairs clear to the ordinary understanding,—and, at the same time, to connect the material interests of life with the sentiments that warm the breast and exalt the soul. It is the brain of an accomplished statesman in unison with a generous heart, thoroughly in earnest, beating loud and high—with the passionate desire to convince breathless thousands how to baffle a danger and to save their country.

A little time longer and Athens is free no more. The iron force of Macedon has banished liberty from the silenced Agora. But liberty had already secured to herself a gentle refuge in the groves of the Academy,—there, still to the last, the Grecian intellect maintains the same social, humanizing, practical aspect. The immense mind of Aristotle gathers together, as in a treasure-house, for future ages, all that was valuable in the knowledge that informs us of the earth on which we dwell,—the political constitutions of states, and their results on the character of nations, the science of ethics, the analysis of ideas, natural history, physical science, critical investigation, *omne immensum peragravit*; and all that he collects from wisdom he applies to the earthly uses of man. Yet it is not by the tutor of Alexander, but by the pupil of Socrates, that our vast debt to the Grecian mind is completed. When we remount from Aristotle to his great master, Plato, it is as if we looked from nature up to nature's God. There, amidst the decline of freedom, the corruption of manners,—just before the date when, with the fall of Athens, the beautiful ideal of sensuous life faded mournfully away,—there, on that verge of time, stands the consoling Plato, preparing philosophy to receive the Christian dispensation, by opening the gates of the Infinite, and proclaiming the immortality of the soul. Thus the Grecian genius, ever kindly and benignant, first appears to awaken man from the sloth of the senses, to enlarge the boundaries of self, to connect the desire of glory with the sanctity of household ties, to raise up, in luminous contrast with the inert despotism of the old Eastern World, the energies of freemen, the duties of citizens; and, finally, accomplishing its mission as the visible Iris to states and heroes, it melts into the rainbow announcing a more sacred covenant, and spans the streams of the heathen Orcus with an arch lost in the Christian's heaven.—(From the "World's Best Orations." Delivered at Edinburgh, 1854.)

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (England, 1800-1859.)

The Life of Law—It is easy to say: "Be bold; be firm; defy intimidation; let the law have its course; the law is strong enough to put down the seditious." Sir, we have heard this blustering before, and we know in what it ended. It is the blustering of little men, whose lot has fallen on a great crisis. Xerxes scourging the waves, Canute commanding the waves to recede from his footstool, were but types of the folly. The law has no eyes; the law has no hands; the law is nothing—nothing but a piece of paper printed by the king's printer, with the king's arms at the top—till public opinion breathes the breath of life into the dead letter. . . .—(1831.)

The New Zealander in the Ruins of London—She (Rome) saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain,—before the Frank had passed the Rhine,—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch,—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Fitness for Self-Government—Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may, indeed, wait forever.

Government Makes the Difference—When I look to one country as compared to another, at the different epochs of their history, I am forced to believe that it is upon law and government that the prosperity and morality, the power and intelligence, of every nation depend. When I compare Spain (in which the traveler is met by the stiletto in the streets, and by the carbine in the high roads) to England, in the poorest parts of which the traveler passes without fear, I think the difference is occasioned by the different governments under which the people live.

MacDuffie, George (American, 1788-1851.)

Representative Government—It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle,—a principle unknown and impracticable among the Ancients,—the whole mass of society is brought to operate in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty.

McKinley, William (American, 1843-.)

Abra Kohn to Abraham Lincoln—What more beautiful conception than that which prompted Abra Kohn, of Chicago, in February, 1861, to send to Mr. Lincoln, on the eve of his starting to Washington to take the office of President to which he had been elected, a flag of our country, bearing upon its silken folds these words from the fifth and ninth verses of the first chapter of Joshua: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord our God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. There shall no man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Could anything have given Mr. Lincoln more cheer or been better calculated to sustain his courage or strengthen his faith in the mighty work before him? Thus commanded, thus assured, Mr. Lincoln journeyed to the capital, where he took the oath of office and registered in heaven an oath to save the Union; and "the Lord our God" was with him and did not fail nor forsake him until every obligation of oath and duty was sacredly kept and honored. Not any man was able to stand before him. Liberty was enthroned, the Union was saved, and the flag which he carried floated in triumph and glory upon every flag-staff of the Republic.—(Cleveland, 1894.)

"Benevolent Assimilation"—Finally it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the military administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the Philippines by so saving them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberty which is the heritage of free people, and by proving to them that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule.—(From instructions sent to General Otis, December 27th, 1898, signed by the President, December 21st.)

MacKintosh, Sir James (Scotland, 1765-1832.)

"Pernicious Activity of Government"—A government on the spot, though with the means of obtaining correct information, is exposed to the delusions of prejudice; for a government at a distance, the only safe course to pursue is to follow public opinion. In making the practical application of this principle, if I find the government of any country engaged in squabbles with the great mass of the people,—if I find it engaged in vexatious controversies and ill-timed disputes,—especially if that government be the government of a colony,—I say that there is a reasonable presumption against that government. I do not charge it with injustice, but I charge it with imprudence and indiscretion; and I say that it is unfit to hold the authority intrusted to it.

Corruptionists in Politics—Some, indeed the basest of the race, the sophists, the rhetors,

the poet laureates of murder, who were cruel only from cowardice and calculating selfishness, are perfectly willing to transfer their venal pens to any government that does not disdain their infamous support. These men, republicans from servility, who published rhetorical panegyrics on massacre, and who reduced plunder to a system of ethics, are as ready to preach slavery as anarchy. But the more daring, I had almost said the more respectable, ruffians cannot so easily bend their heads under the yoke. These fierce spirits have not lost "the unconquerable will, the study of revenge, immortal hate." They leave the luxuries of servitude to the mean and dastardly hypocrites, to the Belials and Mammons of the infernal faction. They pursue their old end of tyranny under their old pretext of liberty. The recollection of their unbounded power renders every inferior condition irksome and vapid, and their former atrocities form, if I may so speak, a sort of moral destiny which irresistibly impels them to the perpetration of new crimes. They have no place left for penitence on earth. They labor under the most awful proscription of opinion that ever was pronounced against human beings. They have cut down every bridge by which they could retreat into the society of men. Awakened from their dreams of democracy, the noise subsided that deafened their ears to the voice of humanity; the film fallen from their eyes which hid from them the blackness of their own deeds; haunted by the memory of their inextinguishable guilt; condemned daily to look on the faces of those whom their hands made widows and orphans, they are goaded and scourged by these real furies, and hurried into the tumult of new crimes, which will drown the cries of remorse, or, if they be too depraved for remorse, will silence the curses of mankind. Tyrannical power is their only refuge from the just vengeance of their fellow-creatures.—(On the French Revolution in the case of Peltier, 1803.)

Mann, Horace (American, 1796-1859.)

Ignorance a Crime—In all the dungeons of the old world, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that we, the depositories of freedom and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust; while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy among us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man. . . .

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us; they



implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power. For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that, in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the state than it is guilt in the perpetrator.

Manning, Henry Edward, Cardinal (England, 1808-1892.)

"**The Greatest Glory of Man**"—You are set in an age when the material civilization of the world has been piled up to a gigantic height, to testify that there is an order higher still; that as the soul is more than the body, and eternity than time, so the moral order is above the material; that justice is above power; that justice may suffer long, but must reign at last; that power is not right; that no wrongs can be sanctified by success; nor can the immutable laws of right and wrong be confounded. You are the heirs of those who renewed the face of the world and created the Christian civilization of Europe. You are the depositories of truth and principles which are indestructible in their vitality. Though buried like the ear of corn in the Pyramids of Egypt, they strike root and spring into fruit when their hour is come. Truths and principles are divine; they govern the world; to suffer for them is the greatest glory of man.—(1863. On the 2615th anniversary of the foundation of Rome.)

Mansfield, William Murray, Earl of (England, 1705-1793.)

Liberty and License—To be free is to live under a government by law. The liberty of the press consists in printing without any previous license, subject to the consequences of law. The licentiousness of the press is Pandora's Box, the source of every evil. Miserable is the condition of individuals, dangerous is the condition the state, if there is no certain law, or, which is the same thing, no certain administration of law to protect individuals, or to guard the state.

"**The Deplorable Alternative of Coercion**"—My lords, we are reduced to the alternative of adopting coercive measures, or at

once submitting to a dismemberment of the empire. Consider the question in ever so many lights, every middle way will speedily lead you to either of these extremities. The supremacy of the British legislature must be complete, entire, and unconditional; or, on the other hand, the colonies must be free and independent.

The claim of nontaxation is a renunciation of your authority. If the doctrine be just, it extends to the right of separating from you, and establishing a new republic. It is to the last degree monstrous and absurd to allow that the colonists are entitled to legislate for themselves on one subject, and not on all. If they have any such privilege, the defense of it would justify resistance; and I have not yet heard any noble lord say that their resistance would not be rebellion.

I admit the impolicy of the taxes imposed in 1767, which have been the cause of the troubles and confusion which we now deplore. They irritated the colonists, cramped our own commerce, and encouraged smuggling for the benefit of our commercial rivals. But the course was to petition for their repeal, and not to treat them as illegal. Concession now is an abdication of sovereignty. All classes will feel severely the effects of war, and no one can answer for its events. The British forces may be defeated; the Americans may ultimately triumph. But are you prepared to surrender without striking a blow?

The question being whether the right of the mother-country shall be resolutely asserted or basely relinquished, I trust there can be no doubt that your lordships are prepared firmly to discharge your duty, convinced that the proper season for clemency is when your efforts have been crowned with victory.—(February 7th, 1775.)

Attempts to Bias Judgment in the Case of Wilkes—It is fit to take some notice of the various terrors being held out to the judges on this bench; the numerous crowds which have attended and now attend in and about this hall, out of all reach of hearing what passes in court; and the tumults which, in other places, have shamefully insulted all order and government. Audacious addresses in print dictate to us, from those they call the people, the judgment to be given now, and afterwards upon the conviction. Reasons of policy are urged, from danger to the kingdom by commotions and general confusion. Give me leave to take the opportunity of this great and respectable audience, to let the whole world know that all such attempts are vain. Unless we have been able to find an error which will bear us out to reverse the outlawry, it must be affirmed. The Constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be; if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" We are to say what we take the law to be; if we

Mansfield—Continued

do not speak our real opinions, we prevaricate with God and our own consciences.

I pass over many anonymous letters I have received; those in print are public; and some of them have been brought judicially before the court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way; I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? That *mendax infamia*, from the press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust that my temper of mind, and the color and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armor against these arrows. If, during this king's reign, I have ever supported his government, and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honor the king, and respect the people; but, many things acquired by the favor of either are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press; I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels,—all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say, with a great magistrate, upon an occasion and under circumstances not unlike: "*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non invidiam, putarem.*"

The threats go further than abuse; personal violence is denounced. I do not believe it; it is not the genius of the worst men of this country, it is the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he falls in support of the law and liberty of his country,—for liberty is synonymous with law and government. Such a shock, too, might be productive of public good; it might awake the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them, and bring the mad back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety. Once for all, let it be understood that no endeavors of this kind will influence any man who at present sits here; no libels, no threats, nothing that has happened, nothing that can happen!—(1768.)

Marcy, William L. (American, 1786–1857.)

Spoils—To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.—(U. S. Senate, January, 1832.)

Marshall, John, Chief-Justice (American, 1755–1835.)

Democracy and Liberty—The supporters of the Constitution claim the title of being firm friends of the liberty and the rights of

mankind. They say that they consider it as the best means of protecting liberty. We, sir, idolize democracy. Those who oppose it have bestowed eulogiums on monarchy. We prefer this system to any monarchy, because we are convinced that it has a greater tendency to secure our liberty and promote our happiness. We admire it, because we think it a well-regulated democracy. It is recommended to the good people of this country; they are, through us, to declare whether it be such a plan of government as will establish and secure their freedom.—(1788. Virginia Convention.)

The Only Happy Country—Happy that country which can avail itself of the misfortunes of others—which can gain knowledge from that source without fatal experience!—(1788.)

Extension and Representation—The extent of the country is urged as another objection, as being too great for a republican government. This objection has been handed from author to author, and has been certainly misunderstood and misapplied. To what does it owe its source? To observations and criticisms on governments, where representation did not exist. As to the legislative power, was it ever supposed inadequate to any extent? Extent of country may render it difficult to execute the laws, but not to legislate. Extent of country does not extend the power. What will be sufficiently energetic and operative in a small territory will be feeble when extended over a wide-extended country.—(1788.)

Marshall, Thomas F. (American, 1800–1864.)

Peace the True Policy of the World—Peace, sir, is emphatically the policy of this country; peace is the true policy of the world; a policy into which religion and the most enlarged philosophy may yet indoctrinate mankind:—

"Oh! monarchs, did ye taste the peace ye mar,
The hoarse, dull drum might sleep, and man be happy yet."

In one sense, industry and commerce are bribes to peace. The peculiar industry of the South is emphatically a bribe to peace. War, which would interrupt, if not destroy, our foreign commerce, and cut off the planting interest from their best customers, their most profitable markets, war would fall with aggravated hardships upon the agriculture of the South. Shall we inhibit the growth of cotton? Shall we break up all industry which has foreign consumption for its object? Shall we sunder the chain which binds the civilized nations of the world into one great commercial Republic? Shall we undo all that art, science, reason, and religion have achieved to change the direction of human genius, to soften and beautify the face of modern society? Shall we teach nations again to look to war, spoils, and conquest, for the means of subsistence and the only true foundations of glory and of empire?—(U. S. House of Representatives, 1841.)

Marshall, Thomas F.—*Continued*

Clay's Moral Force—He needs no statue—he desired none. It was the image of his soul he wished to perpetuate, and he has stamped it himself in lines of flame upon the souls of his countrymen.

Not all the marbles of Carrara, fashioned by the sculptor's chisel into the mimicry of breathing life, could convey to the senses a likeness so perfect of himself as that which he has left upon the minds of men. He carved his own statue; he built his own monument.

"Louder, Sir, Louder"—Mr. President, on the last day, when the angel Gabriel shall have descended from the heavens, and, placing one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, shall lift to his lips the golden trumpet, and proclaim to the living and the resurrected dead that time shall be no more, I have no doubt, sir, that some infernal fool from Buffalo will start up and cry out, "Louder, please, sir, louder!"—(From a speech at Buffalo, denouncing a malicious interruption.)

Mason, George (American, 1725-1792.)

Against a Military Caste—No man has a greater regard for the military gentlemen than I have. I admire their intrepidity, perseverance, and valor. But when once a standing army is established in any country the people lose their liberty. When, against a regular disciplined army, yeomanry are the only defense,—yeomanry, unskillful and unarmed,—what chance is there for preserving freedom? Give me leave to recur to the page of history, to warn you of your present danger. Recollect the history of most nations of the world. What havoc, desolation, and destruction have been perpetrated by standing armies!—(Virginia Convention, 1788.)

Massillon, Jean Baptiste (France, 1663-1742.)

The Power of an Evil Tongue—The tongue, says the Apostle James, is a devouring fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. And behold what I would have applied to the tongue of the evil-speaker, had I undertaken to give you a just and natural idea of all the enormity of this vice; I would have said that the tongue of the slanderer is a devouring fire which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain, equally as on the chaff; on the profane, as on the sacred; which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; digs even into the bowels of the earth, and fixes itself on things the most hidden; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever, in the time when it was apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys. I would have told you that evil-speaking is an assemblage of iniquity; a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own;

a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents or prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures, and studies to dim the splendor of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds, in its speeches, the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face and tears to pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or its words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the imprudence of an amusing conversation; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce your absent brother; a scandal, where you become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to you; an injustice, where you ravish from your brother what is dearest to him. I should have said that slander is a restless evil, which disturbs society, spreads dissension through cities and countries, disunites the strictest friendships; is the source of hatred and revenge; fills, wherever it enters, with disturbances and confusion, and everywhere is an enemy to peace, comfort, and Christian good-breeding. Lastly, I should have added that it is an evil full of deadly poison; whatever flows from it is infected, and poisons whatever it approaches; that even its praises are empoisoned, its applauses malicious, its silence criminal, its gestures, motions, and looks, have all their venom, and spread it each in their way.

"If we Must Wholly Perish"—If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more elusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying,—what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties, and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Mather, Cotton (American, 1663-1728.)

The Only True Prosperity—Will health and wealth and rest among a people make a

blessed people? 'Tis commonly thought so. But what will God have among a people? Oh, blessed that people whose god is the Lord, and who have a gracious preference of God among them. Even such are the people who know the joyful sound! Where the Gospel, with the ordinances of it are well settled, maintained, respected, and the silver trumpets well sounded among a people, it may be said, as in Numbers, xxiii. 21: "The Lord their God is with them, and the shout of a king is among them."

Mazzini, Giuseppe (Italy, 1805-1872.)

* **To the Young Men of Italy**—When I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Wherefore lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt by foreign foes. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save words of war."

But another thought arose: "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, while we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war, which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months, with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought, and of our every thought an action; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that liberty and independence are one; that God and the people, the fatherland and humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be one, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe,—we should now have had, not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, gathered here together, might gladly invoke their sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or

a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls: "Rejoice! for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshiped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime program which they, dying, bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours, but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines, which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulas of servitude, throughout all parts of our Peninsula; but the soul of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement,—where is the word that should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear phrases usurping the national omnipotence,—("The Italy of the North,—the league of the States, —Federative compacts between Princes," but Italy, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice Initiatrix of a new era of European civilization?)

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvised for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet.

I will sum up for you in a few words this faith of our martyrs; their external life is known to you all; it is now a matter of history, and I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple uncontrovertible truths, which few, indeed, venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten or betrayed by most:—

God and the People.

God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the

* This is without doubt the best example of lofty and sustained eloquence in modern oratory. It is given in full as an adequate illustration of what the highest art can do to accredit the most intense earnestness.

Mazzini, Giuseppe—*Continued*

base. God, the Father and Educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application. There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is one law for all those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being and of collective humanity. We are placed here below not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties,—our faculties and liberty are the means, not the end,—not to work out our own happiness upon earth; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine law; to practice it as far as our individual circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to labor fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it shall represent a single sheepfold with a single shepherd,—the spirit of God, the Law.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition and the voice of our own conscience. Wherever they are opposed, is error. To attain harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the fatherland, and humanity are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles,—indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation,—with a profound sense of the mission intrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, these principles sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm certainty of the realization of their immortal hopes for the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love! love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys

and sorrows; love the dead who were dear to you and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us,—the love of souls that aspire together; do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty; but it cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Act always,—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials,—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe. An immense future is before you; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants,—you are bound to be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-five millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond destined to join you together; let not a glance be raised to that heaven which is not the glance of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; draw from these a third world greater than the two. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love (Amor) the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and fortified by the inspiration of a whole people, shall dictate the Pact that shall make us one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you will either have no country, or have her contaminated and profaned.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you

Mazzini, Giuseppe — *Continued*

cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal,—improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and re-link earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm will suffice to conquer; but say to them that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you; and here, where it may be that, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; storms which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy! — (Complete. Text from the "World's Best Orations." Delivered at Milan in memory of the martyrs of Cosenza, July 25th, 1848.)

Meagher, Thomas Francis (Ireland, 1823-1867.)

"Abhor the Sword — Stigmatize the Sword" — Be it in the defense, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent

and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the high priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword! No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarians, and through those cragged passes struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionists of Innsbruck.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword! No, my lord, for at its blow a grand nation started from the waters of the Atlantic; and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud republic, — prosperous, limitless, and invincible.

The Curse of Dependence — A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an injured people, but a strong people alone can build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness. By an unnatural law, it exempts a people from their just duties — their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not utterly destroy, that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfillment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil, — it will not be prosperous. It may exist, it will not thrive. It may hold together, it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy, — for peace and freedom are compatible. But, my lord, it will neither accumulate wealth nor win a character; it will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants, nor instruct mankind by the example of its statesmen. — (1846.)

Meredith, Sir W. (England.)

Government by the Gallows — Whether hanging ever did, or can, answer any good purpose, I doubt; but the cruel exhibition of every execution day is a proof that hanging carries no terror with it. The multiplicity of our hanging laws has produced these two things: frequency of condemnation, and frequent pardons. If we look to the executions themselves, what examples do they give? The thief dies either hardened or penitent. All that admiration and contempt of death with which heroes and martyrs inspire good men in a good cause, the abandoned villain feels, in seeing a desperado like himself meet death with intrepidity. The penitent thief, on the other hand, often makes the sober villain think that by robbery, forgery, or murder, he can relieve all his wants; and, if he be brought to justice, the punishment will be short and trifling, and the reward eternal.

Miller, Hugh (Scotland, 1802-1856.)

The Procession of Being—Never yet on Egyptian obelisk or Assyrian frieze,—where long lines of figures seem stalking across the granite, each charged with symbol and mystery,—have our Layards or Rawlinsons seen aught so extraordinary as that long procession of being which, starting out of the blank depths of the bygone eternity, is still defiling across the stage, and of which we ourselves form some of the passing figures.—(From his Edinburgh Address.)

The Sown Seeds of Life—He who keeps faith with all his humbler creatures,—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare,—will to a certainty not break faith with man,—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs; but there are other burying-grounds and other tombs,—solitary church-yards among the hills, where the dust of the martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished races, frequent hieroglyphics, and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us that while their burial-yards contain but the débris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seeds of the future.—(From his Edinburgh Address.)

Milton, John (England, 1608-1674.)

"An Eagle Mewing Her Mighty Youth"—For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—(From *Areopagitica*. A speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.)

Mirabeau, Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de (France, 1749-1791.)

Educating Conscience a Duty—If it be contrary to morality to act against one's conscience, it is none the less so to form one's conscience after false and arbitrary principles. The obligation to form and enlighten one's conscience is anterior to the obligation to follow one's conscience. The greatest public calamities have been caused by men who believed they were obeying God, and saving their own souls.

Announcing the Death of Franklin—Franklin is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds claim,—the man whom the history of empires and the history of science alike contend for,—occupied, it cannot be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only should nations assume the emblem of grief; and the representatives of nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

We live under a form of government and in a state of society to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel. Is it, then, nothing to be free? How many nations in the whole annals of humankind have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale? For can anything be more striking and sublime than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years,—without prefects, or proconsuls, or publicans—founded in the maxims of common sense—employing within itself no arms but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing against a foreign foe all the energies of a military despotism,—a republic in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in its institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achieve-

Mirabeau, Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de
—*Continued*

ment, and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power!— (Complete. French Assembly, June 9th, 1790.)

"**And Yet You Deliberate!**"—Vote, then, this subsidy extraordinary; and may it prove sufficient! Vote it inasmuch as whatever doubts you may entertain as to the means,—doubts vague and unenlightened,—you can have none as to the necessity, or as to our inability to provide,—immediately, at least,—a substitute. Vote it, because the circumstances of the country admit of no evasion, and we shall be responsible for all delays. Beware of demanding more time! Misfortune accords it never. Why, gentlemen, it was but the other day, that, in reference to a ridiculous commotion at the Palais-Royal,—a Quixotic insurrection, which never had any importance save in the feeble imaginations or perverse designs of certain faithless men,—you heard these wild words: "Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet you deliberate!" And verily there was neither a Catiline nor a Rome; neither perils nor factions around you. But, to-day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there before you, and threatens to consume you, yourselves, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate!

"**From the Capitol to the Tarpelan Rock**" —For eight days, now, it has been given out that those members of the National Assembly in favor of the provision requiring the concurrence of the royal will for the exercise of the right of peace and war are paricides of the public liberty. Rumors of perfidy, of corruption, have been bruited. Popular vengeance has been invoked to enforce the tyranny of opinion; and denunciations have been uttered, as if, on a subject involving one of the most delicate and difficult questions affecting the organization of society, persons could not dissent without a crime. What strange madness, what deplorable infatuation, is this, which thus incites against one another men whom,—let debate run never so high,—one common object, one indestructible sentiment of patriotism, ought always to bring together, always to reunite; but who thus substitute, alas! the irascibility of self-love for devotion to the public good, and give one another over, without compunction, to the hatred and distrust of the people!

And me, too,—me, but the other day, they would have borne in triumph;—and now they cry in the streets, "The great treason of the Count of Mirabeau!" I needed not this lesson to teach me how short the distance from the Capitol to the Tarpelan Rock!

Monroe, James (American, 1758–1831.)

The Monroe Doctrine—In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only

when our rights are invaded, or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those European powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—(From the message of December, 1823.)

Montalembert, Charles Forbes, Comte de
(France, 1810–1870.)

Devotion to Principle—My life,—a man's life,—is always, and especially to-day, a poor thing enough; but this poor thing, consecrated to a great and holy cause, may grow with it; and when a man has made to such a cause the sacrifice of his future, I believe that he ought to shrink from none of its consequences, none of its dangers.—(Chamber of Peers. 1831.)

Moody, Dwight L. (American, 1837–1899.)

Character—Oh, young man, character is worth more than money, character is worth more than anything else in this wide world. I would rather have it said of me in my old age than to have a monument of pure gold built over my dead body reaching from earth to heaven,—I would rather have it said that "they could find no occasion against him except it be touching the law of his God," than to have all this world can give.—(1880.)

Morley, John (England, 1838–.)

Truth-Telling as an Art—Truth is quiet. Milton's phrase ever lingers in our minds as one of imperishable beauty,—where he regrets that he is drawn by I know not what, from beholding the bright countenance of truth in

the quiet and still air of delightful studies. Moderation and judgment are more than the flash and the glitter even of the greatest genius. I hope that your professors of rhetoric will teach you to cultivate that golden art,—the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation; an utterance without trick, without affectation, without mannerisms, and without any of that excessive ambition which overleaps itself as much in prose writing as it does in other things.

I hope that I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopædia, to make a citizen and not a book of elegant extracts. Literature does not end with knowledge of forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the *staccato* of the nineteenth century, or all the rest of the technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I condemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. "The intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others." Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read, not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and to consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humor. I am not going to preach to you any artificial stoicism. I am not going to preach to you any indifference to money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and good-will of our neighbors, or to any other of the consolations and the necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings. Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings, and so I have taken this opportunity of earnestly commending it to your interest and care.—(From his Mansion House Address, London, 1887. In the "World's Best Orations.")

Morton, Oliver P. (American, 1823-1877.)

For Universal Suffrage—We are standing upon the broad platform of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We say that these rights are not given by laws; are not given by the Constitution; but they are the gift of God to every man born into the world. Oh, sir, how glorious is this great principle compared with the inhuman—I might say the heathenish—appeal to the prejudice of race against race; the endeavor further to excite the strong against the weak; the endeavor further to deprive the weak of their rights of protection against the strong.—(1868.)

Newman, John Henry, Cardinal (England, 1801-1890.)

Money and Self-Worship—Money is a sort of creation, and gives the acquirer even more than the possessor an imagination of his own power, and tends to make him idolize self. . . . And if such be the effect of the pursuit of gain on an individual, doubtless it will be the same on a nation. Only let us consider the fact that we are a money-making people, with our Savior's declaration before us against wealth, and trust in wealth, and we shall have abundant matter for serious thought.

O'Connell, Daniel (Ireland, 1775-1847.)

The Beauty of Ireland—Ireland, land of my forefathers, how my mind expands, and my spirit walks abroad in something of majesty, when I contemplate the high qualities, inestimable virtues, and true purity and piety and religious fidelity of the inhabitants of your green fields and productive mountains. Oh, what a scene surrounds us! It is not only the countless thousands of brave and active and peaceable and religious men that are here assembled, but Nature herself has written her character with the finest beauty in the verdant plains that surround us. Let any man run round the horizon with his eye, and tell me if created nature ever produced anything so green and so lovely, so undulating, so teeming with production. The richest harvests that any land can produce are those reaped in Ireland; and then here are the sweetest meadows, the greenest fields, the loftiest mountains, the purest streams, the noblest rivers, the most capacious harbors,—and her water power is equal to turn the machinery of the whole world. Oh, my friends, it is a country worth fighting for—it is a country worth dying for; but above all, it is a country worth being tranquil, determined, submissive, and docile for.—(From the "World's Best Orations.")

Plea for Magee—We live in a new era,—a melancholy era—in which perfidy and profligacy are sanctioned by high authority; the base violation of plighted faith, the deep stain of dishonor, infidelity in love, treachery in friendship, the abandonment of every princi-

ple, and the adoption of every frivolity and of every vice that can excite hatred combined with ridicule,—all, all this, and more, may be seen around us; and yet it is believed, it is expected, that this system is fated to be eternal. Gentlemen, we shall all weep the insane delusion; and, in the terrific moments of retaliation, you know not, you cannot know, how soon or how bitterly "the ingredients of your poisoned chalice may be commended to your own lips."

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice—who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and expects an acquittal.

Otis, James (American, 1725-1783.)

For Liberty at Any Cost—Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man are to sacrifice estate, ease, health, and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country.

These sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say that when brought to the test I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial; but if ever I should, it will be then known how far I can reduce to practice principles which I know to be founded in truth. In the meantime I will proceed to the subject of this writ.—(On Writs of Assistance. Boston, February, 1761.)

Palmer, Benjamin W. (American, Contemporary.)

Lee and Washington—What is that combination of influences, partly physical, partly intellectual, but somewhat more moral, which should make a particular country productive of men great over all others on earth, and to all ages of time? Ancient Greece, with her indented coast, inviting to maritime adventures, from her earliest period was the mother of heroes in war, of poets in song, of sculptors and artists, and stands up after the lapse of centuries the educator of mankind, living in the grandeur of her works and in the immortal productions of minds which modern civilization, with all its cultivation and refinement and science, never surpassed and scarcely equaled. And why, in the three hundred years of American history, it should be given to the Old Dominion to be the grandmother, not only of States, but of the men by whom states and empires are formed, it might be curious, were it possible for us to inquire. Unquestionably, Mr. President, there is in this problem the element of race; for he is blind to all the truths of history, to all the revelations of the

past, who does not recognize a select race as we recognize a select individual of a race, to make all history. But premitting all speculation of that sort, when Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons,—not because illustrious men did not precede him gathering in constellations and clusters, but because the name shines out through those constellations and clusters in all its peerless grandeur,—we read first the name of George Washington. And then, Mr. President, after the interval of three-quarters of a century, when your jealous eye has ranged down the record and traced the names that history will never let die, you come to the name—the only name in all the annals of history that can be named in the perilous connection—of Robert E. Lee, the second Washington. Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons, born almost a century apart, but shining like those binary stars which open their glory and shed their splendor on the darkness of the world.—(From an address delivered at a meeting of the citizens of New Orleans, October 15th, 1870, the funeral day of General Robert E. Lee.)

Parker, Theodore (American, 1810-1860.)

"A Man of the Largest Mold"—He was a great man, a man of the largest mold, a great body, and a great brain; he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive, so huge,—seldom such a face since the stormy features of Michael Angelo:—

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome—"

he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms,—he looked them in his face before he chiseled them into stone. Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions and great thoughts:—

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious; and

Parker, Theodore—*Continued*

try him on that scale. His late life shows that he had little religion,—somewhat of its lower forms,—conventional devoutness, formality of prayer, “the ordinances of religion”; but he had not a great man’s all-conquering look to God. It is easy to be “devout.” The Phari-see was more so than the Publican. It is hard to be moral.—(On the death of Webster, 1852.)

Government of, by, and for the People—The American idea, . . . a democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.—(Boston, 1850.)

How Empires End—Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice.

Parnell, Charles Stewart (Ireland, 1846–1891.)

Why Land is Scarce in Ireland—We are asked: “Why do you not recommend emigration to America?” and we are told that the lands of Ireland are too crowded. The lands of Ireland are not too crowded; they are less thickly populated than those of any civilized country in the world; they are far less thickly populated,—the rich lands of Ireland,—than any of your western States. It is only on the barren hillsides of Connemara and along the west Atlantic coast that we have too thick a population, and it is only on the unfertile lands that our people are allowed to live. They are not allowed to occupy and till the rich lands; these rich lands are retained as preserves for landlords, and as vast grazing tracts for cattle.—(St. Louis, 1880.)

Peel, Sir Robert (England, 1788–1850.)

The Steam Engine and the Mind—The steam engine and the railroad are not merely facilitating the transport of merchandise, they are not merely shortening the duration of journeys, or administering to the supply of physical wants. They are speeding the intercourse between mind and mind; they are creating new demands for knowledge; they are fertilizing the intellectual as well as the material waste; they are removing the impediments which obscurity, or remoteness, or poverty, may have heretofore opposed to the emerging of real merit.—(From his Glasgow Address.)

Pendleton, Edmund (American, 1721–1803.)

Government as a Defense of Freedom—On the subject of government, the worthy member [Mr. Henry] and I differ at the threshold. I think government necessary to protect liberty. He supposes the American spirit all-sufficient for the purpose. What say the most respectable writers,—Montesquieu, Locke, Sidney, Harrington, etc.? They have presented us with no such idea. They properly discard from their system all the severity of cruel punishment, such as tortures, inquisitions, and the like,—shocking to human nature, and only calculated to coerce the

dominion of tyrants over slaves. But they recommend making the ligaments of governments firm, and a rigid execution of the laws as more necessary than in a monarchy to preserve that virtue which they all declare to be the pillar on which the government, and liberty, its object, must stand. They are not so visionary as to suppose there ever did, or ever will, exist a society, however large their aggregate fund of virtue may be, but hath among them persons of a turbulent nature, restless in themselves and disturbing the peace of others,—sons of rapine and violence, who, unwilling to labor themselves, are watching every opportunity to snatch from the industrious peasant the fruits of his honest labor. Was I not, then, correct in my inference, that such a government and liberty were friends and allies, and that their common enemies were turbulence, faction, and violence.—(Virginia Convention. 1788.)

Penn, William (England, 1644–1718.)

Magna Charta Defined—That the privileges due to Englishmen, by the Great Charter of England, have their foundation in reason and law; and that those new Cassandrian ways to introduce will and power deserve to be detested by all persons professing sense and honesty, and the least allegiance to our English government, we shall make appear from a sober consideration of the nature of those privileges contained in that charter.

1. The ground of alteration of any law in government (where there is no invasion) should arise from the universal discommodity of its continuance; but there can be no disprofit in the discontinuance of liberty and property; therefore there can be no just ground of alteration.

2. No one Englishman is born slave to another, neither has the one a right to inherit the sweat and benefit of the other’s labor, without consent; therefore the liberty and property of an Englishman cannot reasonably be at the will and beck of another, let his quality and rank be never so great.

3. There can be nothing more unreasonable than that which is partial, but to take away the liberty and property of any, which are natural rights, without breaking the law of nature (and not of will and power) is manifestly partial, and therefore unreasonable.

4. If it be just and reasonable for men to do as they would be done by, then no sort of men should invade the liberties and properties of other men, because they would not be served so themselves.

5. Where liberty and property are destroyed, there must always be a state of force and war, which, however pleasing it may be unto the invaders, will be esteemed intolerable by the invaded, who will no longer remain subject, in all human probability, than while they want as much power to free themselves as their adversaries had to enslave them; the troubles, hazards, ill consequences, and illegality of such attempts, as they have declined by the most

prudent in all ages, so have they proved most uneasy to the most savage of all nations, who first or last have by a mighty torrent freed themselves, to the due punishment and great infamy of their oppressors; such being the advantage, such the disadvantage, which necessarily do attend the fixation and removal of liberty and property.

We shall proceed to make it appear that Magna Charta (as recited by us) imports nothing less than their preservation :—

"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any other ways destroyed; nor we will not pass upon him nor condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, etc.

"A freeman shall not be amerced for a small fault, but after the manner of the fault, and for a great fault after the greatness thereof, and none of the said amercement shall be assessed, but by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage."

1. It asserts Englishmen to be free; that's liberty.

2. That they have freeholds; that's property.

3. That amercement or penalties should be proportioned to the faults committed, which is equity.

4. That they shall lose neither, but when they are adjudged to have forfeited them, in the judgment of their honest neighbors, according to the law of the land, which is lawful judgment.

It is easy to discern to what pass the enemies of the Great Charter would bring the people.

1. They are now freemen; but they would have them slaves.

2. They have now right unto their wives, children, and estates, as their undoubted property; but such would rob them of all.

3. Now no man is to be amerced or punished but suitably to his fault; whilst they would make it suitable to their revengeful minds.

4. Whereas the power of judgment lies in the breasts and consciences of twelve honest neighbors, they would have it at the discretion of mercenary judges; to which we cannot choose but add that such discourses manifestly strike at this present constitution of government; for it being founded upon the Great Charter, which is the ancient common law of the land, as upon its best foundation, none can design the canceling of the charter, but they must necessarily intend the extirpation of the English government; for where the cause is taken away the effect must consequently cease.—(From his defense when arrested for "tumultuous assembly." 1760.)

Pericles (Greece, c. 495–429 B.C.)

Democracy at Athens—We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbors,—for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we

all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honors just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not a hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbor for following the bent of his own humor, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains though it cannot punish,—so that in private life we converse without diffidence or damage, while we dare not on any account offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is thought a disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causeth the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth than of those of other nations.—(From his Eulogy of the Athenian dead.—Thucydides.)

Phillips, Charles (Ireland, c. 1787–1859.)

Ireland and America—Never, oh, never! while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm or the realities of suffering;—from fancy or infliction, that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but surely it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate. Search creation round; where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation? Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have

designed her? Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes the Old World may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New? —(From his Dinas Island speech on Washington. "World's Best Orations.")

Phillips, Wendell (American, 1811-1884.)

"A Better Use of Iron" — I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal, put it into Sharpe's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters,—a great deal better used than in a clumsy statue of a mock great man, for hypocrites to kneel down and worship in a statehouse yard. [Hisses.] I am so unused to hisses lately that I have forgotten what I had to say. I only know I meant what I did say. — (1859.)

Blindness In Politics — Some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books are as cheap in Central and Northern Asia as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representative of thought as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that fifty years before the great Revolution, public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India and France and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny and their own functions and their own responsibilities in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax wants no more," was the prayer the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes, and seeing things as they are. — (1859.)

Higher Law — We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country. Daniel Webster says: "You are a law-abiding people"; that the glory of New England is "that it is a law-abiding community." Shame on it, if this be true; if even the religion of New England sinks as low as its statute book. But I say we are not a law-abiding community. God be thanked for it! — (From a speech at a Free-Soil Meeting in Boston, in May, 1849.)

Pierrepont, Edwards (American, 1817-1892.)

Equality in America — Equality is the central idea with our people, and I dare say that in this large audience there are many benevolent persons who would make all equally rich; but it

would come to about the same to make all equally poor. The rich man would not do the menial work of another rich man, and the rich woman would not wash and cook for the rich man's wife; the poor man will not brush the shoes of another poor man who can give him no pay, and all the social wheels would be ablock. Equality before the laws we can have; equality of condition is impossible. — (From an oration at Yale, June 22d, 1874.)

Pike, Albert (American, 1809-1891.)

Moral Influences — There are single passages in the writings of Daniel Webster that will exercise more influence upon the youth of America than all the statutes of this Union. There are songs written by men whose names are now forgotten that are more to the American people than a regiment of bayonets. "Let him who will make the laws of a nation, if I may but make its songs," was well and truly said. The apparently trifling song of "Lillibullero" was the chief cause of the downfall of James II. How much influence do you imagine the songs of our own country are exerting? Do you imagine that we should make a profitable bargain in case of a new war, by exchanging the song of "Yankee Doodle" for fifty thousand foreign soldiers led by a field marshal? This is a kind of property you cannot trade away with profit. You cannot profitably part with your lofty thoughts and noble sentiments any more than we can profitably part with our own souls. — (From a speech delivered in 1855.)

Pitt, William (England, 1759-1806.)

Civilization for Africa — I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favorable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times may blaze with full lustre, and, joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then, also, will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kind-

Pitt, William—*Continued*

ness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled :—

"—*Nosque ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.*"

Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used, indeed, with a different view :—

"*His demum exactis —————
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna virela
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas ;
Largior hic campos Æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo.*"

It is in this view, sir,—it is an atonement for our long and cruel injustice toward Africa, that the measure proposed by my honorable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.—(1792.)

Against War for Conquest—Gentlemen have passed the highest eulogiums on the American war. Its justice has been defended in the most fervent manner. A noble lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, although the honorable gentleman who made this motion, and some other gentlemen, have been, more than once, in the course of the debate, severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I am persuaded, and would affirm, that it was a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war! It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation;—in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind.

Pliny, the Younger (Rome, 62–113 A. D.)

Eloquence and Loquacity—Eloquence (*eloquentia*) is the talent of the few, but the faculty which Candidus calls loquacity (*loquentia*) is common to many and is generally an incident of imprudence.

Plunkett, William Conyngham, Baron (Ireland, 1765–1854.)

Conservative Objections to Republics—We have heard of "free and independent republics," and have since seen the most abject slavery that ever groaned under iron despotism growing out of them.

Formerly, gentlemen of the jury, we have seen revolutions effected by some great call of the people, ripe for change and unfitted by their habits for ancient forms; but here from the obscurity of concealment and by the voice of that pygmy authority, self-created and fearing to show itself but in arms under cover of

the night, we are called upon to surrender a constitution which has lasted for a period of one thousand years. Had any body of the people come forward stating any grievance, or announcing their demand for a change? No; but while the country is peaceful, enjoying the blessings of the constitution, growing rich and happy under it, a few desperate, obscure, contemptible adventurers in the trade of revolution form a scheme against the constituted authorities of the land, and by force and violence to overthrow an ancient and venerable constitution, and to plunge a whole people into the horrors of civil war!

If the wisest head that ever lived had framed the wisest system of laws which human ingenuity could devise,—if he were satisfied that the system were exactly fitted to the disposition of the people for whom he intended it, and that a great proportion of that people were anxious for its adoption, yet give me leave to say that under all these circumstances of fitness and disposition a well-judging mind and a humane heart would pause a while and stop upon the brink of his purpose, before he would hazard the peace of the country by resorting to force for the establishment of his system. But here, in the frenzy of distempered ambition, the author of the proclamation conceives a project of "a free and independent republic,"—he at once flings it down, and he tells every man in the community, rich or poor, loyal or disloyal, he must adopt it at the peril of being considered an enemy to the country, and of suffering the pains and penalties attendant thereupon.—(Prosecuting Robert Emmet, September 19th, 1803.)

Poe, Edgar Allan (American, 1809–1849.)

The Beautiful in Speech—An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms and sounds and odors and sentiments amid which he exists; and just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colors and odors and sentiments a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odors and sentiments which greet him in common with all mankind,—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations

among the things and thoughts of time to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone.—(From his lectures on the Poetic Principle.)

Porter, Horace (American, 1837-.)

"Mugwumps"—A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.—(Said in 1884.)

Potter, Henry Codman (American, 1835-.)

Nobility of Ascent—If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule, so fine and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.

Prentiss, Seargeant Smith (American, 1808-1850.)

The Village Schoolhouse—Behold yon simple building near the crossing of the village road! It is small and of rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above and seems to lean towards it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard,—but the trees have suffered much and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote and inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed beehive. Now peep through yonder window and you will see a hundred children, with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school,—the free, the common school,—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence under the same auspices the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wing. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the statesman whose wisdom is to guide the Senate,—the poet who will take captive the hearts of the people and bind them together with immortal song,—the philosopher who, boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science.

The common village school is New England's fairest boast,—the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. The principle that society is bound to provide for its members' education as well as protection, so that none need be ignorant except from choice, is the most important that belongs to modern philosophy. It is essential to a republican government. Universal education

is not only the best and surest, but the only sure foundation for free institutions. True liberty is the child of knowledge; she pines away and dies in the arms of ignorance.—(1845.)

The Spoils of Office—Since the avowal, Mr. Chairman, of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that "to the victors belong the spoils," office, which was intended for the service and benefit of the people, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land; and demagogues, like iron-filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office. The whole frame of our government,—all the institutions of the country,—are thus prostituted to the uses of party. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? The incumbents, being taught that all moneys in their possession belong, not to the people, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services,—just as a lawyer holds back his commissions.

Preston, William (American, 1816-1887.)

Liberty and Eloquence—Liberty and eloquence are united, in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit, "to make our mind the mind of other men."

Pulteney, William (England, 1684-1764.)

"The Gentlemen of the Army"—In all countries where a standing army has been long kept up, and the rest of the people bred up to a total disuse of arms, the gentlemen of the army are apt to begin to look upon themselves, not as the servants, but as the lords and masters of the people; therefore they are apt to take such liberties with the people as ought not to be indulged in any society; and if the king, by an equal and impartial distribution of justice, should take care to prevent or put a stop to their taking any such liberties, they will probably think he does them injustice by not allowing them to make use of that right which they may think belongs to them as lords and masters of the people. In every such case, if the people have neither skill nor courage to defend their king and protector, he must necessarily fall a sacrifice to the resentment of his army, and for this reason we find that in all governments where a standing army has been long kept up, the king or chief magistrate generally despises the affections of the people and minds nothing but the affections of the army, for the securing of which it becomes absolutely necessary for him to look upon the people in the same light his army does. They join in considering the people

Pulteney, William — *Continued*

as their slaves only, and they join in treating them accordingly. — (1738.)

The Soldier and His Orders — I always have been, sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing. Whether under that of a parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by. They are a body of men distinct from the body of the people. They are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. It is, indeed, impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it. Immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. — (1732.)

Pym, John (England, 1584-1643.)

Law Against Arbitrary Power — The law is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil, — betwixt just and unjust. If you take away the law, all things will fall into a confusion. Every man will become a law to himself, which, in the depraved condition of human nature, must needs produce many great enormities. Lust will become a law, and envy will become a law; covetousness and ambition will become laws; and what dictates, what decisions such laws will produce may easily be discerned in the late government of Ireland! The law hath a power to prevent, to restrain, to repair evils; without this, all kind of mischief and distempers will break in upon a state.

It is the law that doth entitle the king to the allegiance and service of his people; it entitles the people to the protection and justice of the king. It is God alone who subsists by himself, all other things subsist in a mutual dependence and relation. He was a wise man that said that the king subsisted by the field that is tilled; it is the labor of the people that supports the crown; if you take away the protection of the king, the vigor and cheerfulness of allegiance will be taken away, though the obligation remains.

The law is the boundary, the measure between the king's prerogative and the people's liberty; while these move in their own orbs, they are a support and a security to one another; the prerogative a cover and defense to the liberty of the people, and the people by their liberty are enabled to be a foundation to the prerogative; but if these bounds be so removed that they enter into contention and conflict, one of these mischiefs must ensue; if the prerogative of the king overwhelms the liberty of the people, it will be turned into tyranny; if liberty

undermine the prerogative, it will grow into anarchy.

The law is the safeguard, the custody of all private interest. Your honors, your lives, your liberties and estates, are all in the keeping of the law; without this, every man hath a like right to anything. This is the condition into which the Irish were brought by the Earl of Strafford; and the reason which he gave for it hath more mischief in it than the thing itself, — they were a conquered nation. There cannot be a word more pregnant and fruitful in treason than that word is. There are few nations in the world that have not been conquered, and no doubt but the conqueror may give what laws he pleases to those that are conquered, but if the succeeding pacts and agreements do not limit and restrain that right, what people can be secure? England hath been conquered, Wales hath been conquered, and by this reason will be in little better case than Ireland; if the king by right of a conqueror give laws to his people, shall not the people by the same reason be restored to the right of the conquered, to recover their liberty if they can? What can be more hurtful, more pernicious to both, than such propositions as these? And in these particulars is determined the first consideration. — (Impeaching Strafford. 1641.)

Quincy, Josiah (American, 1744-1775.)

Force Without Right — Mr. Locke will tell you, gentlemen, in his essay on "Government," "that all manner of force without right puts man in a state of war with the aggressor; and, of consequence, that being in such a state of war, he may lawfully kill him who put him under this unnatural restraint." According to this doctrine, we should have nothing to do but inquire whether here was "force without right." — (1770.)

Quincy, Josiah, Jr. (American, 1772-1864.)

Peaceably, if Possible; Violently, if Necessary — I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare, definitely, for a separation; amicably, if they can; violently, if they must. — (From a speech on the admission of Louisiana in 1811.)

Quintilian (Rome, 35-95 A. D.)

Brilliance in Oratory — Brilliant thoughts I reckon the eyes of eloquence. But I would not have the body all eyes.

"Pectus et Vis Mentis" — Heart and strength of intellect make men eloquent. Even the most ignorant man when he is strongly moved can find words to express himself.

Oratory and Virtue — Now, according to my definition, no man can be a perfect orator unless he is also a good man.

Randall, S. J. (American, 1828-1890.)

Protection and Free Trade Under the Constitution—I do not favor a tariff enacted upon the ground of protection simply for the sake of protection, because I doubt the existence of any constitutional warrant for any such construction or the grant of any such power. It would manifestly be in the nature of class legislation, and to such legislation, favoring one class at the expense of any other, I have always been opposed.

In my judgment the question of free trade will not arise practically in this country during our lives, if ever, so long as we continue to raise revenue by duties on imports, and, therefore, the discussion of that principle is an absolute waste of time. After our public debt is paid in full, our expenditures can hardly be much below two hundred million dollars, and if this is levied in a business-like and intelligent manner it will afford adequate protection to every industrial interest in the United States. The assertion that the Constitution permits the levying of duties in favor of protection "for the sake of protection" is equally uncalled for and unnecessary. Both are alike delusory and not involved in any practical administrative policy. If brought to the test, I believe neither would stand for a day. Protection for the sake of protection is prohibition pure and simple of importation, and if there be no importation, there will be no duties collected, and consequently no revenue, leaving the necessary expenses of the government to be collected by direct taxes. — (From a speech in Congress, May 5th, 1882.)

Randolph, Edmund (American, 1753-1813.)

The Charity of the Law—According to what has often been observed in the course of this trial, crime consists of the beginning, the progress, and consummation, in the course of which some force must be exhibited. A man might begin a crime and stop short, and be far from committing the act. He might go on one step still further, without incurring guilt. It is only the completion of the crime that the law punishes. . . . When a man is punished for a robbery, it is because a person has been put in fear and his property taken from him without his consent. So it is with respect to every other crime; while it is in an incipient state, it is disregarded. No person is punishable who is only charged with such an inchoate, incomplete offense. The intention is never punished. In such cases time is allowed for repentance, at any time before its consummation. Such an offense as this is never punishable, unless in the case of a conspiracy; and even on a prosecution charging that offense specially, the act of conspiring must be satisfactorily established. Here no injury has arisen to the commonwealth. No crime has been perpetrated. The answer to this is, that there were preparations to commit it. As far as communications have been made to the government, there is no possibility of proving a complete act, yet those accused must be punished. Then their rule of law is that wher-

ever there is a beginning of a crime, it shall be punished lest it should grow to maturity! Is this the spirit of American legislation and American justice? Is it the spirit of its free Constitution to consider the germ as the consummation of an offense? the intention, so difficult to be ascertained and so easy to be misrepresented and misunderstood, as the act itself?—(At the trial of Aaron Burr. 1807.)

Randolph, John (American, 1773-1833.)

"The Union of Puritan and Blackleg"—Sir, in what book is it,—you know better than I,—in what parliamentary debate was it, that, upon a certain union between Lord Sandwich, one of the most corrupt and profligate of men in all the relations of life, and the sanctimonious, puritanical Lord Mansfield, and the other ministerial leaders,—on what occasion was it that Junius said, after Lord Chatham had said it before him, that it reminded him of the union between Blifil and Black George? . . .

I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons,—cut up and clean broke down,—by the coalition of Blifil and Black George,—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg.—(Denouncing John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. 1826.)

English Literature in America—In what school did the worthies of our land,—the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America,—learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots,—not more by Washington, Hancock, and Henry,—than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British Parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakespeare and a Milton upon my imagination; of a Locke, upon my understanding; of a Sidney, upon my political principles; of a Chatham, upon qualities which would to God I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.—(1811.)

"The Gamecock of Europe"—Sir, I am afraid that along with some most excellent attributes and qualities,—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and all the blessings of free government, that we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors,—we have got not a little of their John Bull, or, rather, bulldog spirit,—their readiness to fight for anybody, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the gamecock of Europe.

Randolph, John—*Continued*

It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes;—and she will, with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting now for the Queen of Hungary,—then, for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia; now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons,—and now on the eve of war with them, for the liberties of Spain. These lines on the subject were never more applicable than they have now become:—

"Now Europe's balanced—neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales."

—(1824.)

National Debt as a Curse—A President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, sir, is debt? In an individual it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands,—for it enslaves the mind as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it receives in that condition of his being an adequate punishment.—(1824.)

Raynor, Kenneth (American, Nineteenth Century.)

Revolutionists of Seventy-Six—The extension of our country's limits; the rapid progress of our civilization, our freedom, our religion, and our laws; the triumphs of our arms; the advancement of our commerce; our wonderful improvements in literature, in arts, and in industrial enterprise; in fact, the teeming wealth and luxury and comfort of our boundless resources, and the numberless blessings with which kind Heaven has favored us,—for the germ and development of all these, our revolutionary benefactors, who appealed to Heaven for the rectitude of their intentions, uttered the declaration: "Let this nation be free;" and lo! it was free! Sir, can we, their posterity, feel gratitude warm enough to requite the boon they bequeathed us? Can we speak in language glowing enough duly to sound their praise? Can we build monuments high enough to tell the story of their deeds?—(From a speech in the North Carolina legislature, January 20th, 1855.)

Reed, Thomas B. (American, 1839—)

The Bond of Universal Humanity—All things, including our own natures, bind us together for deep and unrelenting purposes.

Think what we should be, who are unlearned and brutish, if the wise, the learned, and the good, could separate themselves from us; were free from our superstitions and vague and foolish fears, and stood loftily by themselves, wrapped in their own superior wisdom. There-

fore hath it been wisely ordained that no set of creatures of our race shall be beyond the reach of their helping hand,—so lofty that they will not fear our reproaches, or so mighty as to be beyond our reach. If the lofty and the learned do not lift us up, we drag them down. But unity is not the only watchword; there must be progress also. Since, by a law we cannot evade, we are to keep together, and since we are to progress, we must do it together, and nobody must be left behind. This is not a matter of philosophy; it is a matter of fact. No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let the poison of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor, Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.—(Girard College, 1898. From the text of the "World's Best Orations.")

Robespierre, Maximilien Marie Isidore

(France, 1758-1794.)

"Solemn Crimes Committed by Law"—

Outside of civil society, let an inveterate enemy attempt to take my life, or, twenty times repulsed, let him again return to devastate the field my hands have cultivated, inasmuch as I can only oppose my individual strength to his, I must perish or I must kill him, and the law of natural defense justifies and approves me. But in society, when the strength of all is armed against one single individual, what principle of justice can authorize it to put him to death? What necessity can there be to absolve it? A conqueror who causes the death of his captive enemies is called a barbarian! A man who causes a child that he can disarm and punish, to be strangled, appears to us a monster! A prisoner that society convicts is at the utmost to that society but a vanquished, powerless, and harmless enemy. He is before it weaker than a child before a full-grown man.

Therefore, in the eyes of truth and justice, these death scenes which it orders with so much preparation are but cowardly assassinations,—solemn crimes committed, not by individuals, but by entire nations, with due legal forms.—(1791.)

Public Morals and Law—The first duty of the lawmaker is to form and to conserve public morals, as the source of all liberty, the source of all social happiness. When, to attain some special aim, he loses sight of this general and essential object, he commits the grossest and most fatal of errors. Therefore, the laws must ever present to the people the purest model of justice and of reason. If, in lieu of this puissant severity, of this moderate calmness which should characterize them, they replace it by anger and vengeance; if they cause human blood to flow which they can prevent,—which they have no right to spill; if they exhibit to the eyes of the people cruel scenes and corpses bruised by tor-

Robespierre, Maximilien Marie Isidore—
Continued

tures,—then they change in the hearts of the citizens all ideas of the just and of the unjust; they cause to germinate in the bosom of society ferocious prejudices which in their turn again produce others.—(1791.)

"If God Did Not Exist, It Would Be Necessary to Invent Him" — There are men who under the guise of destroying superstition, would establish atheism itself. Every philosopher, every individual, is at liberty to adopt whatever opinion he pleases, but the legislator would be a thousand times blamable who adopted such a system. The Convention abhors all such attempts; it is no maker of metaphysical theories; it is a popular body, whose mission is to cause, not only the rights, but the character of the French people to be respected. Not in vain has it proclaimed the rights of man in the presence of the Supreme Being. . . .

The idea of a Supreme Being, who watches over oppressed innocence, and punishes triumphant crime, is altogether popular. The people, the unfortunate, will always applaud me. I shall find detractors only among the rich and the guilty. I have from my youth upwards been but an indifferent Catholic, but I have never been a cold friend, or a faithless defender of humanity. I am even more strongly attached to moral than I am to political truth. If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.—(Jacobin Club. 1793.)

Rollins, James Sidney (American, 1812-1888.)

Southern Patriotism — Washington and Jefferson, Madison, Clay, and Jackson were not only Southern men, but they were all slaveholders; while if you will trace the history of slavery on this continent, you will find that the people of the Northern States were as largely instrumental, and profited as much, in the establishment of African slavery here as did the Southern people. Whatever guilt attaches to it in a moral or political point of view must be forever shared equally by the North and South. Sir, the great men of the South need no defense at my hands. There is not a page in your country's history that is not illuminated and adorned by their wisdom, their patriotism, and their valor. From the time that the first blow was struck in the cause of American independence until the breaking out of this "accursed rebellion," there is scarcely a battlefield whose sands were not moistened by the blood of patriotic Southern men. To them the world is largely indebted for the establishment of free government on this continent. And the cause of humanity and liberty in the distant regions of the earth has had no truer and warmer advocates in this Capitol than Southern men, whose eloquent words came,—

"So softly that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell."

—(From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 24th, 1862.)

Rousseau, Jean Jacques (France, 1712-1778.)

Immortality the Reward of Life — Let us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before the labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned; it is after they have gone over it. If the soul is immaterial, it can survive the body; and, in that survival, Providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the immateriality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a dissonance in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say to myself: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make concord of what went before."

Rumbold, Richard (England, 1622-1685.)

"No Man Born With a Saddle on His Back" — Gentlemen and brethren, it is for all men that come into the world once to die; and after death the judgment! And since death is a debt that all of us must pay, it is but a matter of small moment what way it be done. Seeing the Lord is pleased in this manner to take me to himself, I confess, something hard to flesh and blood, yet blessed be his name, who hath made me not only willing, but thankful for his honoring me to lay down the life he gave, for his name; in which, were every hair in this head and beard of mine a life, I should joyfully sacrifice them for it, as I do this. Providence having brought me hither, I think it most necessary to clear myself of some aspersions laid on my name; and, first, that I should have had so horrid an intention of destroying the king and his brother. . . . It was also laid to my charge that I was antimonarchical. It was ever my thoughts that kingly government was the best of all where justly executed; I mean, such as it was by our ancient laws;—that is, a king, and a legal, free-chosen Parliament,—the king having, as I conceive, power enough to make him great; the people also as much property as to make them happy; they being, as it were, contracted to one another! And who will deny me that this was not the justly-constituted government of our nation? How absurd is it, then, for men of sense to maintain that though the one party of his contract breaketh all conditions, the other should be obliged to perform their part? No; this error is contrary to the law of God, the law of nations, and the law of reason. . . . I am sure there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle on his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him; not but that I am well satisfied that God hath wisely ordered different stations for men in the world, as I have already said; kings having as much power as to make them great and the people as much property as to make them happy. And to conclude, I shall

only add my wishes for the salvation of all men who were created for that end.—(Delivered on the gallows at the Market Cross in Edinburgh, in June, 1685. From the speech in the "World's Best Orations" where the text is from English state trials.—Cobbett.)

Rush, Benjamin (American, 1745-1813.)

Extent of Territory—Let every man exert himself in promoting virtue and knowledge in our country, and we shall soon become good republicans. Look at the steps by which governments have been changed, or rendered stable in Europe. Read the history of Great Britain. Her boasted government has risen out of wars and rebellions that lasted above six hundred years. The United States are traveling peaceably into order and good government. They know no strife,—but what arises from the collision of opinions; and, in three years, they have advanced further in the road to stability and happiness than most of the nations in Europe have done in as many centuries.

There is but one path that can lead the United States to destruction; and that is their extent of territory. It was probably to effect this that Great Britain ceded to us so much waste land. But even this path may be avoided.—(From an address of 1787, previous to the meeting of the Constitutional Convention.)

Ruskin, John (England, 1819-1899.)

"With All Brave Men Their Work is First"—With all brave and rightly-trained men, their work is first, their fee second,—very important always, but still second. But in every nation, as I said, there is a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death in him, between heaven and hell for him. You cannot serve two masters; you must serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil; and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils,—the "least-erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms: Work first,—you are God's servants; fee first,—you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve him who has on his vesture and thigh written, "King of kings," and whose service is perfect freedom, or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, "Slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.

"Bag-Baron and Crag-Baron"—Has not the man who has worked for the money a right to use it as he best can? No; in this respect, money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in old times. The barons fought for them fairly:—the strongest

and cunningest got them; then fortified them, and made everyone who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly—we will, at least, grant so much, though it is more than we ought,—for their money; but, once having got it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million, and build another tower of his money castle. And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag-baron as ever they did from the crag-baron.

Rutledge, John (American, 1739-1800.)

"Truth Being Known, Will Prevail"—Truth, being known, will prevail over artifice and misrepresentation. In such case no man, who is worthy of life, liberty, or property, will, or can, refuse to join with you in defending them to the last extremity, disdaining every sordid view, and the mean paltry considerations of private interest and present emolument, when placed in competition with the liberties of millions; and seeing that there is no alternative but absolute, unconditional submission, and the most abject slavery, or a defense becoming men born to freedom, he will not hesitate about the choice. Although superior force may, by the permission of Heaven, lay waste our towns and ravage our country, it can never eradicate from the breasts of freemen those principles which are ingrafted in their very nature. Such men will do their duty, neither knowing, nor regarding consequences; but submitting them, with humble confidence, to the omniscient and omnipotent Arbiter and Director of the fate of empires, and trusting that his Almighty arm, which has been so signally stretched out for our defense, will deliver them in a righteous cause.—(1776.)

Saurin, Jacques (France, 1677-1730.)

Partiality and Prejudice as Causes of Blindness—What is hatred? It is a close attention to a man's imperfections. Is any man free? Is any man so imperfect as to have nothing good in him? Is there nothing to compensate his defects? This man is not handsome, but he is wise; his genius is not lively, but his heart is sincere; he cannot assist you with money, but he can give you much good advice, supported by an excellent example; he is not either prince, king, or emperor, but he is a man, a Christian, a believer, and in all these respects he deserves esteem. The passionate man turns away his eyes from all these advantageous sides and attends only to the rest. Is it astonishing that he hates a person in whom he sees nothing but imperfection? Thus a counselor opens and sets forth his cause with such artifice that law seems to be clearly on his side; he forgets one fact, suppresses one circumstance, omits to draw one inference, which, being brought forward to view, entirely change the nature of the subject, and his client loses his cause. In the same manner, a defender of a false religion always revolves in his mind the arguments that

seem to establish it, and never recollects those which subvert it. He will curtail a sentence, cut off what goes before, leave out what follows, and retain only such detached expressions as seem to countenance his error, but which, in connection with the rest, would strip it of all probability.

Savonarola, Girolamo (Italy, 1452-1498.)

Compassion in Heaven—God remits the sins of men, and justifies them by his mercy. There are as many compassions in heaven as there are justified men upon earth; for none are saved by their own works. No man can boast of himself; and if, in the presence of God, we could ask all these justified sinners: Have you been saved by your own strength? all would reply as with one voice, Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us; but to thy name be the glory! Therefore, O God, do I seek thy mercy, and I bring not unto thee my own righteousness; but when by thy grace thou justifiest me, then thy righteousness belongs unto me; for grace is the righteousness of God. So long, O man, so long as thou believest not, thou art, because of thy sin, destitute of grace. O God, save me by thy righteousness, that is to say, in thy Son, who alone among men was found without sin.

Schurz, Carl (German-American, 1829-.)

Sumner and the Battle Flags—At the opening of the session of Congress in 1872, Charles Sumner reintroduced two measures which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his Civil Rights Bill, which had failed in the last Congress, and the other a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the War of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register. It was, indeed, only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, in 1862, during the war, when first the names of victories were put on American battle flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom! How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen shall feel himself, with all others, as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the

red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloeden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendée. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment, from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelotte, was made to remember by words written on a Prussian standard that the Black Eagle had conquered them at Königgratz and Langensalza. Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the Ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day? Let the battle flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our statehouses and armories. But let the colors of the army under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union,—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children. Do you want shining mementoes of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gateposts of a restored Union; and the most shining of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, reunited in common national pride.

Scipio Africanus (Rome, 234-183 B. C.)

Carrying War Into Africa—In fact even though the war were not to be brought to a speedier conclusion by the method which I propose, still it would concern the dignity of the Roman people, and their reputation among foreign kings and nations, that we should appear to have spirit, not only to defend Italy, but to carry our arms into Africa; and that it should not be spread abroad, and believed, that no Roman general dared what Hannibal had dared; and that, in the former Punic War, when the contest was about Sicily, Africa had been often attacked by our fleets and armies; but that now, when the contest is about Italy, Africa should enjoy peace. Let Italy, so long harassed, enjoy at length some repose; let Africa, in its turn, feel fire and sword. Let the Roman camp press on the very gates of Carthage, rather than that we, a second time, should behold our walls the rampart of that of the enemy. Let Africa, in short, be the seat of the remainder of the war; thither be removed terror and flight, devastation of lands, revolt of allies, and all the other calami-

ties with which, for fourteen years, we have been afflicted. It is sufficient that I have delivered my sentiments on those matters which affect the state, the dispute in which we are involved, and the provinces under consideration; my discourse would be tedious and unsuitable to this audience, if, as Quintus Fabius has depreciated my services in Spain, I should, on the other hand, endeavor in like manner to disparage his glory and extol my own. I shall do neither, Conscript Fathers; but young as I am, I will show that I excel that sage, if in nothing else, yet certainly in modesty and temperance of language. Such has been my life and conduct, that I can, in silence, rest perfectly satisfied with that character which your own judgments have formed of me.—(From an oration in Livy.)

Sergeant, John (American, 1779–1852.)

Militarism and Progress—I would ask: What did Cromwell, with all his military genius, do for England? He overthrew the monarchy, and he established dictatorial power in his own person. And what happened next? Another soldier overthrew the dictatorship, and restored the monarchy. The sword effected both. Cromwell made one revolution, and Monk another. And what did the people of England gain by it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing!

Seward, William H. (American, 1801–1872.)

"Consolidate Without Centralizing"—We came together to-day to celebrate the end of civil war. We will come together again under next October's sun, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land. Until that time I refrain from what would be a pleasant task,—the forecasting of the material progress of the country, the normal increase of population by birth and immigration, and its diffusion over the now obliterated line of Mason and Dixon to the Gulf of Mexico, and over and across the Rocky Mountains along the border of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. I say now only this: Go on, fellow-citizens! increase and multiply as you have heretofore done. Extend channels of internal commerce, as the development of agricultural, forest, and mineral resources requires. Improve your harbors, consolidate the Union now while you can, without unconstitutionally centralizing the government, and henceforth you will enjoy, as a tribute of respect and confidence, that security at home and that consideration abroad which maritime powers of the world have of late, when their candor was specially needed, only reluctantly and partially conceded. May our Heavenly Father bless you and your families and friends, and have you all in his holy keeping until the rolling months shall bring around that happy meeting in 1866; and so for the present, farewell.—(Auburn, New York, 1865.)

"The Irrepressible Conflict"—Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of fanatical agitators, and, therefore, ephemeral,

mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation.—(Rochester, October 25th, 1858.)

Higher Law—We deem the principle of the law for the recapture of fugitive slaves unjust, unconstitutional, and immoral; and thus, while patriotism withholds its approbation, the conscience of our people condemns it. You will say that these convictions of ours are disloyal. Grant it, for the sake of argument. They are nevertheless honest; and the law is to be executed among us, not among you; not by us, but by the Federal authority. Has any government ever succeeded in changing the moral convictions of its subjects by force? But these convictions imply no disloyalty. We reverence the Constitution, although we perceive this defect, just as we acknowledge the splendor and the power of the sun, although its surface is tarnished with here and there an opaque spot. . . . The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain and devotes it to the same noble purposes.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, March 15th, 1850.)

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (England, 1751–1816.)

Filial Piety—Filial piety! It is the primal bond of society. It is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man. It now quivers on every lip. It now beams from every eye. It is that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast, countless debt it never, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honorable self-denials, life-preserving cares. It is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe, where reverence refines into love. It asks no aid of memory. It needs not the deduction of reason. Pre-existing, paramount over all, whether moral law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it. It is the sacrament of our nature; not only the duty but the indulgence of man. It is his first great privilege. It is among his last most endearing delights. It causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love. It requires the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received. It fires emotion into vital principle. It changes what was instinct into a master passion; sways all the sweetest energies of man; hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away; and aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age, and,—

"Explore the thought, explain the aching eye!"

—(Against Hastings. 1788.)

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley—*Continued*

Commercialism Militant—There was something in the frame and constitution of the Company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations, connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a peddler and the profligacy of pirates. Alike in the political and the military line could be observed auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals; and thus we saw a revolution brought about by affidavits; an army employed in executing an arrest; a town besieged on a note of hand; a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was that they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's countinghouse, wielding a truncheon in one hand and picking a pocket with the other.—(On the East India Company.)

Justice—Mr. Hastings, in the magnificent paragraph which concludes this communication, says: "I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment until she is called on to determine." But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it the character of justice, which takes the form of right to excite wrong? No, my lords, justice is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords. In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from the disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me, august and pure! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation,—not on words, but on facts! You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature,—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all, to administer to truth and equity, as they would

satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves,—with the most exalted bliss possible or perceivable for our nature, the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world!—(From the oration against Hastings.)

Sherman, John (American, 1823–1900.)

American Resources—We have resources in this country, when united and at peace, far greater than those of any nation of modern times. Our accumulated wealth is not to be compared with that of Great Britain and France, but a bountiful Providence has given us sources of wealth far greater than either of these powerful nations ever had. The cotton now coming through our lines already affects the price of exchange. Petroleum is already exported to the amount of thirty-one million gallons a year. Our mineral resources are scarcely touched. Our young sister, Nevada, is exciting our fancy with mountains of gold and silver; and dry statistics inform us of a product there of gold and silver equal to the product of the world fifty years ago. The South is to be opened to new industry, and millions of laborers from Europe and from Asia are meeting on our favored shores to help develop our resources. We have taken our place among the great nations; but as we have attained our military position only after hard, exacting toil of military discipline, after defeats and discouragements, we can maintain our financial position only by the hard processes of taxes and economy. I wish to see the evil predictions of our enemies, at home and abroad, all belied. They prophesied disunion; we will show them union. They prophesied bankruptcy; we will see them begging for our bonds, our cotton, petroleum, and gold. Then we can provide for our public debt. Then we can restore our commerce on the high seas, now driven by British pirates to take refuge under foreign flags. Then we may revive old doctrines about the American continent being no longer the home of European kings. Now our duty is dry, hard, exacting; but it will be the more cheering when in the future our self-sacrificing patriotism in this great crisis shall have enabled our country to enter upon its new career without a stain upon its financial honor.—(Congress, 1864.)

Sidney, Algernon (England, 1622–1683.)

His Prayer When Condemned as a Traitor—By these means I am brought to this place. The Lord forgive these practices, and avert the evils that threaten the nation from them. The Lord sanctify these my sufferings unto me, and though I fall as a sacrifice unto idols, suffer not idolatry to be established in the land. Bless thy people and save them. Defend thine own cause, and defend those that defend it. Stir up such as are faint, direct those that are willing, confirm those that waver, give wisdom and integrity unto all. Order all things so as may most redound unto thine own glory. Grant that I may die glorifying thee for all thy

mercies, and that at the last thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of thy truth; and even by the confession of my opposers, for that old cause in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which thou hast often and wonderfully declared thyself.

Smith, Gerrit (American, 1797-1874.)

The Arrogance of Prosperity—The truth is, that our rapid progress in population, wealth, and power has made us forgetful of the equal rights of the nations of the earth. We are disposed to measure our rights by our prosperity; and to disparage the rights of others, in the degree that their prosperity falls short of our own. In our boundless self-conceit, our might, either already is, or is very soon to be, boundless. And as is to be expected in such a case, we are already acting on, if not in terms avowing, the maxim that might makes right.—(House of Representatives, 1854.)

"No Proud Nation Is for Liberty"—"The pride of thy heart," saith the prophet, "hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart: 'Who shall bring me down to the ground?' Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." . . .

Never has there been so self-deceived a nation as our own. That we are a nation for liberty is among our wildest conceits. We are not a nation for liberty. I refer not now to the terrible blot of slavery upon our country. I refer to our pride. No proud man is for liberty. No proud nation is for liberty. Liberty,—precious boon of heaven,—is meek and reasonable. She admits that she belongs to all,—to the high and the low; the rich and the poor; the black and the white,—and that she belongs to them all equally. The liberty for which a proud man contends is a spurious liberty; and such is the liberty for which a proud nation contends. It is tyranny; for it invades and strikes down equal rights. But true liberty acknowledges and defends the equal rights of all men and all nations.—(1854.)

Smith, Goldwin (Canada, 1823-.)

Moral Nature and Character—That morality and man's moral nature remain the same throughout history is true; it is true, also, that morality and the moral nature remain the same throughout man's life, from his birth to his old age. But character does not remain the same; the character of a man is continually advancing through life, and, in like manner, the character of the race advances through history. The moral and spiritual experience of the man grows from age to age, as well as his knowledge, and produces a deeper and maturer character as it grows.

Smith, Sydney (England, 1771-1845.)

"The Atlantic Ocean Beat Mrs. Partington"—As for the possibility of the House of

Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town,—the tide rose to an incredible height,—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease,—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.—(Supporting the Reform Bill. Taunton, 1831.)

Post Quod, Propter Quod—They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a laboring man of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-laborers, and who has made such good use of that superiority that he has saved what is (for his station in life) a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence is extended to the common period he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is (and long has been) troubled with violent stomachic pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent laborer were to send for a physician and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him: "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? has not your situation since you were first attacked been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?" Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? "Monster of rhubarb! [he would say] I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all." Gentlemen, these rotten boroughs are your pains in the stomach.

Taxes the Price of Glory—John Bull can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable

Smith, Sydney—*Continued*

consequences of being too fond of glory:—
Taxes! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes upon everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride;—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, — to be taxed no more.

Wounds, Shrieks, and Tears in Government—I cannot describe the horror and disgust which I felt at hearing Mr. Percival call upon the then ministry for measures of vigor in Ireland. If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret,—if I walked to church, every Sunday, before eleven young gentlemen of my own begetting, with their faces washed and their hair pleasingly combed,—if the Almighty had blessed me with every earthly comfort,—how awfully would I pause before I sent for the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland!

How easy it is to shed human blood; how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so, and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle; how much, in all ages, have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind; how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness, and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection! But what do men call vigor? To let loose hussars, and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and push, and prime,—I call this, not vigor, but the sloth of cruelty and ignorance. The vigor I love consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a

people, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful, and difficult task of increasing public happiness, by allaying each particular discontent.

Socrates (Greece, c. 470–399 B. C.)

Peroration Before His Judges—You, therefore, O my judges! ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die and be freed from my cares is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment toward those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me. In this they deserve to be blamed.

Thus much, however, I beg of them. Punish my sons when they grow up, O judges; pain them, as I have pained you, if they appear to you to care for riches or anything else before virtue; and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met with just treatment at your hands.

But it is now time to depart,—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to everyone but God.—(399 B. C.)

Soulé, Pierre (American, 1802–1870.)

American Progress—Sir, public opinion scorns the presumptuous thought that you can restrain this growing country within the narrow sphere of action originally assigned to its nascent energies, and keep it eternally bound up in swaddles. As the infant grows, it requires a more substantial nourishment, a more active exercise. So the lusty appetite of its manhood would ill fare with what might satisfy the soberer demands of its youth. Do not, therefore, attempt to stop it on its onward career; for as well might you command the sun not to break through the fleecy clouds that herald its advent in the horizon, or to shroud itself in gloom and darkness as it ascends the meridian.—(From a speech delivered in the Senate Chamber of the United States, March 12th, 1852.)

Spalding, Martin John, Archbishop (American, 1810–1872.)

"Post Nummos Virtus"—Avarice is the besetting sin of the age. Ours is, emphatically, the enlightened age of dollars and cents! Its motto is: *Post nummos virtus*,—money first, virtue afterwards! Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Everything is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession,—our

literature, our arts, and our sciences,—all worship in the temple of Mammon.

The temple of God is open during only one day in the week ; that of Mammon is open during six. Everything smacks of gold. The fever of avarice is consuming the very heart's blood of our people. Hence that restless desire to grow suddenly rich ; hence that feverish agitation of our population ; hence broken constitutions and premature old age. If we have not discovered the philosopher's stone, it has surely not been for want of the seeking. If everything cannot now be turned into gold, it is certainly not for want of unceasing exertions for this purpose.—(From an address.)

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn (England, 1815–1881.)

“One-Man Power”—A single resolute mind, loving the truth only, has before now brought the whole mind of a nation around itself ; a single pure spirit has, by its own holy aspirations, breathed itself into the corrupt mass of a national literature ; and a single voice raised honestly in behalf of truth, justice, and mercy has blasted forever practices which were once universal.—(On the death of Palmerston. 1865.)

Stephens, Alexander H. (American, 1812–1883.)

On the Compromise of 1850—Be not deceived, and do not deceive others,—this Union can never be maintained by force. With the confidence and affections of the people of all sections of the country, it is capable of being the strongest and best government on earth. But it can never be maintained upon any other principles than those upon which it was formed. All free governments are the creatures of volition,—a breath can make them and a breath can destroy them. This government is no exception to the rule. And when once its spirit shall have departed, no power on earth can ever again infuse in it the Promethean spark of life and vitality. You might just as well attempt to raise the dead.—(1850.)

Stevens, Thaddeus (American, 1793–1868.)

Against Politicians in the Pulpit—Dante, by actual observation, makes hell consist of nine circles, the punishments of each increasing in intensity over the preceding. Those doomed to the first circle are much less afflicted than those in the ninth, where are tortured Lucifer and Judas Iscariot,—and I trust, in the next edition, will be added the traitors to liberty. But notwithstanding this difference in degree, all, from the first circle to the ninth, inclusive, is hell,—cruel, desolate, abhorred, horrible hell ! If I might venture to make a suggestion, I would advise these reverend perverters of Scripture to devote their subtlety to what they have probably more interest in,—to ascertaining and demonstrating (perhaps an accompanying map might be useful) the exact spot and location where the most comfort might be enjoyed,—the coolest corner in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone !—(1850.)

Hero Worship, the Danger of Republics—

Late events have convinced me that it were better in republican, representative governments, where the people are to judge and decide on every measure, if there were no great, overshadowing names to give factitious force to their views, and lead the public mind captive. If the people were to put faith in no man's argument, they would examine every question for themselves, and decide according to their intrinsic merit. The errors of the small do but little harm ; those of the great are fatal. Had Lucifer been but a common angel, instead of the chief of the morning stars, he had not taken with him to perdition the third of the heavenly hosts, and spread disunion and discord in celestial, and sin and misery in earthly places.

Sir, so long as man is vain and fallible ; so long as great men have like passions with others, and, as in republics, are surrounded with stronger temptations, it were better for themselves if their fame acquired no inordinate height, until the grave had precluded error. The errors of obscure men die with them, and cast no shame on their posterity. How different with the great !

How much better had it been for Lord Bacon, that greatest of human intellects, had he never, during his life, acquired glory, and risen to high honors in the state, than to be degraded from them by the judgment of his peers. How much better for him and his, had he lived and died unknown, than to be branded through all future time as the—

“Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

So now, in this crisis of the fate of liberty, if any of the renowned men of this nation should betray her cause, it were better that they had been unknown to fame. It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity, or illumine the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may still linger on a fading sky ; but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For, unless progressive civilization, and the increasing love of freedom throughout the Christian and civilized world are fallacious, the Sun of Liberty, of universal liberty, is already above the horizon, and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of slavery, no apologist of slavery, can look upon his face and live.—(1850.)

Storrs, R. S. (American, 1821–1900.)

What Heaven and Hell Mean—It is when we have borne submissively some dreadful sorrow that we see the golden ladder reaching upward, as did Perpetua from the darkness of the dungeon ; when we have given ourselves to some great work and wrought it, by God's help and the inspiration of His spirit, triumphantly to the end, that the vision of heaven is granted us. . . .

Eternal punishment is not simply a voluntary infliction ; it is the consolidation and perpetuation of evil character, projecting itself into the

eternal world, and reaping its own self-prepared results and consequences.

Story, Joseph (American, 1779-1845.)

Hasty Work Is Prentice Work—It was a beautiful remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds "that great works, which are to live and stand the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat." "I remember," said he, "when I was at Rome, looking at the fighting gladiator in company with an eminent sculptor, and I expressed my admiration of the skill with which the whole is composed, and the minute attention of the artist to the change of every muscle in that momentary exertion of strength. He was of opinion that a work so perfect required nearly the whole life of man to perform." What an admonition! What a melancholy reflection to those who deem the literary fame of the present age the best gift to posterity. How many of our proudest geniuses have written, and continue to write, with a swiftness which almost rivals the operations of the press. How many are urged on to the ruin of their immortal hopes, by that public favor which receives with acclamations every new offspring of their pen. If Milton had written thus, we should have found no scholar of our day, no "Christian Examiner," portraying the glory of his character with the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit. If Pope had written thus, we should have had no fierce contests respecting his genius and poetical attainments by our Byrons, and Bowleses, and Roscoes. If Virgil had written thus, he might have chanted his verses to the courtly Augustus; but Marcellus and his story would have perished. If Horace had written thus, he might have enchanted gay friends and social parties; but it would never have been said of his composition, *decies repetita placebit*.—(1826.)

Death of Adams and Jefferson—Yes, Adams and Jefferson are gone from us forever,—gone, as a sunbeam to revisit its native skies,—gone, as this mortal to put on immortality. Of them, of each of them, every American may exclaim:—

"Ne'er to the chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."

We may not mourn over the departure of such men. We should rather hail it as a kind dispensation of Providence, to affect our hearts with new and livelier gratitude. They were not cut off in the blossom of their days, while yet the vigor of manhood flushed their cheeks and the harvest of glory was ungathered. They fell not as martyrs fall, seeing only in dim perspective the salvation of their country. They lived to enjoy the blessings earned by their labors and to realize all which their fondest hopes had desired. The infirmities of life stole slowly and silently upon them, leaving still behind a cheerful serenity of mind. In peace, in the bosom of domestic affection, in the hallowed reverence of their countrymen, in the full possession of

their faculties, they wore out the last remains of life, without a fear to cloud, with scarcely a sorrow to disturb, its close. The joyful day of our jubilee came over them with its refreshing influence. To them, indeed, it was "a great and good day." The morning sun shone with softened lustre on their closing eyes. Its evening beams played lightly on their brows, calm in all the dignity of death. Their spirits escaped from these frail tenements without a struggle or a groan. Their death was gentle as an infant's sleep. It was a long, lingering twilight, melting into the softest shade.

Fortunate men! so to have lived and so to have died. Fortunate, to have gone hand in hand in the deeds of the Revolution. Fortunate, in the generous rivalry of middle life. Fortunate, in deserving and receiving the highest honors of their country. Fortunate, in old age to have rekindled their ancient friendship with a holier flame. Fortunate, to have passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death together. Fortunate, to be indissolubly united in the memory and affections of their countrymen. Fortunate, above all, in an immortality of virtuous fame, on which history may with severe simplicity write the dying encomium of Pericles, "No citizen, through their means, ever put on mourning."—(1826.)

Passing of the Indians—There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

The Latest and the Last Republic—We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning,—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created? . . . Can it be that America, under such circum-

stances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: They were, but they are not?

Strafford, The Earl of (England, 1593-1641.)

"**For a Fair But Bounded Liberty**"—Give me leave, my lords, here to pour forth the grief of my soul before you. These proceedings against me seem to be exceedingly rigorous and to have more of prejudice than of equity, that upon a supposed charge of hypocrisy or errors in religion, I should be made so odious to three kingdoms. A great many thousand eyes have seen my accusations, whose ears will never hear that when it came to the upshot those very things were not alleged against me! Is this fair dealing among Christians? But I have lost nothing by that. Popular applause was ever nothing in my conceit. The uprightness and integrity of a good conscience ever was and ever shall be my continued feast; and if I can be justified in your lordships' judgments from this great imputation,—as I hope I am, seeing these gentlemen have thrown down the bucklers,—I shall account myself justified by the whole kingdom, because absolved by you, who are the better part, the very soul and life of the kingdom.

As for my designs against the state, I dare plead as much innocence as in the matter of religion. I have ever admired the wisdom of our ancestors, who have so fixed the pillars of this monarchy that each of them keeps a due proportion and measure with the others,—have so admirably bound together the nerves and the sinews of the state that the straining of any one may bring danger and sorrow to the whole economy. The prerogative of the crown and the propriety of the subject have such natural relations that this takes nourishment from that, and that foundation and nourishment from this. And so, as in the lute, if any one string be wound up too high or too low, you have lost the whole harmony, so here the excess of prerogative is oppression, of pretended liberty in the subject is disorder and anarchy. The prerogative must be used as God doth his omnipotence, upon extraordinary occasions; the laws must have place at all other times. As there must be prerogative because there must be extraordinary occasions, so the propriety of the subject is ever to be maintained, if it go in equal pace with the other. They are fellows and companions that are, and ever must be, inseparable in a well-ordered kingdom; and no way is so fitting, so natural to nourish and entertain both, as the frequent use of parliaments, by which a commerce and acquaintance is kept up between the king and his subjects.

These thoughts have gone along with me these fourteen years of my public employments, and shall, God willing, go with me to the grave! God, his Majesty, and my own conscience, yea, and all of those who have been most accessory to my inward thoughts, can

bear me witness that I ever did inculcate this, that the happiness of a kingdom doth consist in a just poise of the king's prerogative and the subject's liberty, and that things could never go well till these went hand in hand together. I thank God for it, by my master's favor, and the providence of my ancestors, I have an estate which so interests me in the commonwealth that I have no great mind to be a slave, but a subject. Nor could I wish the cards to be shuffled over again, in hopes to fall upon a better set; nor did I ever nourish such base and mercenary thoughts as to become a pander to the tyranny and ambition of the greatest man living. No! I have aimed and ever shall aim at a fair but bounded liberty; remembering always that I am a freeman, yet a subject,—that I have rights, but under a monarch. It hath been my misfortune, now when I am gray-headed, to be charged by the mistakers of the times, who are so highly bent that all appears to them to be in the extreme for monarchy which is not for themselves. Hence it is that designs, words, yea, intentions, are brought out as demonstrations of my misdemeanors. Such a multiplying-glass is a prejudicial opinion!—(At his impeachment. 1641.)

Sumner, Charles (American, 1811-1874.)

The True Grandeur of Nations—The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate, who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim: "The world does not know its greatest men"; for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing. . . .

Thus far mankind has worshiped in military glory an idol compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed day of light, in this blessed land of freedom, are among the idolaters. The heaven-descended



Sumner, Charles—*Continued*

injunction, "Know thyself," still speaks to an ignorant world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi; know thyself; know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man; transcending far that part which is the seat of passion, strife, and war; nobler than the intellect itself. Suppose war to be decided by force, where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by chance, where is the glory? No; true greatness consists in imitating, as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an Infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love; justice, which like that of St. Louis, shall not swerve to the right or to the left; love, which like that of William Penn, shall regard all mankind of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when anyone censures a man like himself, or praises a man of an opposite character. And the Godlike man is the good man." And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth: "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice." The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual. It is not to be found in extent of territory; nor in vastness of population, nor in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are the creatures and representatives of those qualities of our nature which are unlike anything in God's nature.

Nor is the greatness of nations to be found in triumphs of the intellect alone, in literature, learning, science, or art. The polished Greeks, the world's masters in the delights of language and in range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages; and the age of Louis XIV., of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless Godlike justice, which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is Godlike in man. — (From the "World's Best Orations," 1845.)

Freedom Above Union—Not that I love the Union less, but freedom more, do I now, in pleading this great cause, insist that freedom, at all hazards, shall be preserved. God forbid that for the sake of the Union, we should sacrifice the very thing for which the Union was made. — (From a speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, November 2d, 1855.)

Swing, David (American, 1830-1894.)

Apothegms—Let us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of our false estimates, let us throw down the god money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals,—a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of hope and trust and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has. . . .

Thinkers alone cannot make a great period. The glory of Christ was not that he knew much, but that he loved much. . . .

As the sky has a higher dome than St. Peter's, so has nature a greater architect than Angelo. . . .

When a man pursues money only, his features become narrowed; his eyes shrink and converge; his smile, when he has any, hardens; his language fails of poetry and ornament; his letters to a friend dwindle down to a telegraphic dispatch; he seems to have no time for anything, because his heart has only one thing for which it wishes time. . . .

Talfourd, Sir Thomas Noon (England, 1795-1854.)

Shelley's Genius as an Evidence of God's Creative Order—Here is a spectacle which angels may admire and weep over! Here is a poet of fancy the most ethereal,—feelings the most devout,—charity the most Christian,—enthralled by opinions the most cold, hollow, and debasing! Here is a youth endowed with that sensibility to the beautiful and the grand which peoples his minutes with the perceptions of years,—who, with a spirit of self-sacrifice which the eldest Christianity might exult in if found in one of its martyrs, is ready to lay down that intellectual being,—to be lost in loss itself,—if by annihilation he could multiply the enjoyments and hasten the progress of his species,—and yet, with strange willfulness, rejecting that religion in form to which in essence he is imperishably allied! Observe these radiant fancies,—pure and cold as frostwork,—how would they be kindled by the warmth of Christian love! Track those "thoughts that wander through eternity," and think how they would repose in

their proper home! And trace the inspired, yet erring youth, poem after poem,—year after year, month after month,—how shall you see the icy fetters which encircle his genius gradually dissolve; the wreaths of mist ascend from his path; and the distance spread out before him peopled with human affections and skirted by angel wings! See how this seeming atheist begins to adore,—how the Divine image of suffering and love presented at Calvary, never unfelt, begins to be seen,—and in its contemplation the softened, not yet convinced poet exclaims in his "Prometheus," of the followers of Christ:—

* The wise, the pure, the lofty, and the just,
Whom thy slaves hate—for being like to thee!"

And thus he proceeds,—with light shining more and more towards the perfect day, which he was not permitted to realize in this world. As you trace this progress, alas! Death veils it,—veils it, not stops it,—and this perturbed, imperfect, but glorious being is hidden from us—"Till the sea shall give up its dead!" What say you now to the book which exhibits this spectacle, and stops with this catastrophe? Is it a libel on religion and God? Talk of proofs of Divine existence in the wonders of the material universe, there is nothing in any—nor in all—compared to the proof which this indicted volume conveys! What can the telescope disclose of worlds, and suns, and systems, in the heavens above us, or the microscope detect in the descending scale of various life, endowed with a speech and a language like that with which Shelley, being dead, here speaks? Not even do the most serene productions of poets, whose faculties in this world have attained comparative harmony, strongly as they plead for the immortality of the mind which produced them,—afford so unanswerable a proof of a life to come, as the mighty embryo which this book exhibits;—as the course, the frailty, the imperfection, with the dark curtain dropped on all! It is, indeed, when best surveyed, but the infancy of an eternal being; an infancy wayward but gigantic; an infancy which we shall never fully understand, till we behold its development "when time shall be no more"—when doubt shall be dissolved in vision—"when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and when this mortal shall have put on immortality!"—(Queen against Moxon in 1841, defending Shelley's publisher against an indictment for publishing blasphemies.)

Taylor, Jeremy (England, 1613-1667.)

The Punishment of Tyranny—When God takes away all comfort from us, nothing to support our spirit is left us; when sorrow is our food, and tears our drink; when it is eternal night, without sun, or star, or lamp, or sleep; when we burn with fire without light, that is, are laden with sadness without remedy, or hope of ease; and that this wrath is to be expressed and to fall upon us, in spiritual, immaterial, but most accursed, most pungent, and dolorous emanations; then we feel what it is to lose a soul.

We may guess at it by the terrors of a guilty conscience, those *verbera et laniatus*, those secret "lashings and whips" of the exterminating angel, those thorns in the soul, when a man is haunted by an evil spirit; those butchers—which the soul of a tyrant, or a violent or a vicious person, when he falls into fear or any calamity, does feel—are the infinite arguments, that hell—which is the consummation of the torment of conscience, just as manhood is the consummation of infancy, or as glory is the perfection of grace—is an infliction greater than the bulk of heaven and earth.

The Foolish Exchange—A soul, in God's account, is valued at the price of the blood, and shame, and tortures of the Son of God; and yet we throw it away for the exchange of sins that a man is naturally ashamed to own; we lose it for the pleasure, the sottish, beastly pleasure of a night.—(From a sermon in the "World's Best Orations.")

Taylor, Robert L. (American, Contemporaneous.)

Irish Heroism—If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Robert Emmet.

If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer and whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture "Ireland."

If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty.

Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man.

Thiers, Louis Adolphe (France, 1797-1877.)

Foreign War and Domestic Abuses—Since our new institutions have diminished the share which our nation took in managing its own affairs, it was feared that the activity of mind with which I am reproached might be dangerous, unless means should be found to occupy the attention of the country. These means, sometimes dangerous, always odious, have been wars abroad, and enormous expenditure and great speculations at home. After great wars came

small ones,—small, if we consider the number of men engaged, but large if we consider their distance and the serious complications they may cause. The war in Mexico has already cost us more than the Italian War, to say nothing of the complications it may entail. The war expenditure has, of course, been met by loans, and the public debt has consequently been considerably increased.—(1865.)

Thurman, Allen G. (American, 1813-1895.)

Vested Rights and Sovereignty—It has been said that we have no right to destroy vested rights, and decisions have been read of courts in these very words, or words of similar import, where a reservation of right to amend, alter, or repeal a charter is involved, and the courts have said there is some limitation to this power. What limitation have they put upon it? That in the exercise of the power you must not destroy vested rights that have been created under the charter, nor impair the obligation of contracts that have been created under it. When the courts said you are not to destroy vested rights created under the charter, or impair an obligation of contracts created under it, did they mean that you are not to touch the contract between the government and the corporation itself, its charter? No, sir, nothing of the kind; there was no such idea as that. They never intended it. . . . When a charter is passed and contains this reserved right to alter, amend, or repeal, and the company accepts the charter with that reservation in it, it is an assent beforehand on the part of the company that the government may exercise that right, although in so doing it does alter the charter or does modify it, so long at least as the general objects of the charter are observed.—(1877.)

Tooke, John Horne (England, 1736-1812.)

"What Is the Best Government?"—I have been more concerned in my room than I have with the commerce of men in the world; and I read there when I was very young that when Solon was asked which was the best government, he answered: "Where those who are not personally injured, resent and pursue the injury or violence done to another, as he would if done to himself." That, he said, was the best kind of government; and he made a law empowering men to do so. Now, gentlemen, we are happier, we are under a better government; for our laws enjoin us to do what he only empowered men to do. By our laws the whole neighborhood is answerable for the conduct of each; our laws make it each man's duty and interest to watch over the conduct of all. This principle and motive has been represented in me as malice. It is the only malice they will ever find about me.—(At his trial for libel. 1777.)

Toombs, Robert (American, 1810-1885.)

The Sword as a Title to Territory—Our next and last acquisition was California and New Mexico. They are the fruits of successful war. We have borne our full share of its burdens,—we demand an equal participation in its

benefits. The rights of the South are consecrated by the blood of her children. The sword is the title by which the nation acquired the country. The thought is suggestive; wise men will ponder upon it,—brave men will act upon it. I foresaw the dangers of this question; I warned the country of these dangers. From the day that the first gun was fired upon the Rio Grande, until the act was consummated by all the departments of this government, I resisted all acquisitions of territory. My honorable colleague before me [Mr. Stephens] and myself, standing upon the ground taken by the Republican party in 1796 against Jay's Treaty, voted against appropriating the money to carry out the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. We had no support from the South, and but half a dozen votes from the North. I saw no good prospect of adjusting fairly the question which the acquisition would present. I therefore resisted a policy which threatened the ruin of the South or the subversion of the government. And to-day, men of the North, these are the alternatives you present us. We demand an equal participation in the whole country acquired, or a division of it between the North and the South.—(1850.)

Tyler, John (American, 1790-1862.)

The Flag of Yorktown—I regard union, next to freedom, as the greatest of blessings. Yes, sir, "the Federal Union must be preserved." But how? Will you seek to preserve it by force? Will you appease the angry spirit of discord by an oblation of blood? Suppose that the proud and haughty spirit of South Carolina shall not bend to your high edicts in token of fealty? that you make war upon her, hang her governor, her legislators, and judges, as traitors, and reduce her to the condition of a conquered province,—have you preserved the Union? This Union consists of twenty-four States; would you have preserved the Union by striking out one of the States,—one of the old thirteen? Gentlemen have boasted of the flag of our country with its thirteen stars. When the light of one of these stars shall have been extinguished, will the flag wave over us under which our fathers fought? If we are to go on striking out star after star, what will finally remain but a central and a burning sun, blighting and destroying every germ of liberty? The flag which I wish to wave over me is that which floated in triumph at Saratoga and Yorktown. It bore upon it thirteen States, of which South Carolina was one. Sir, there is a great difference between preserving union and preserving government: the Union may be annihilated, yet government preserved; but under such a government no man ought to desire to live.—(From the debate in the U. S. Senate on the Revenue Collection Bill of 1833.)

Tyndall, John (England, 1820-1893.)

America's Most Difficult Problem—De Tocqueville evidently doubts the capacity of a democracy to foster genius as it was fostered in the ancient aristocracies. "The future," he

says, "will prove whether the passion for profound knowledge, so rare and so fruitful, can be born and developed so readily in democratic societies as in aristocracies. As for me," he continues, "I can hardly believe it." He speaks of the unquiet feverishness of democratic communities, not in times of great excitement, for such times may give an extraordinary impetus to ideas, but in times of peace. "There is, then," he says, "a small and uncomfortable agitation, a sort of incessant attrition of man against man, which troubles and distracts the mind without imparting to it either animation or elevation." It rests with you to prove whether these things are necessarily so,—whether the highest scientific genius cannot find in the midst of you a tranquil home. I should be loath to gainsay so keen an observer and so profound a political writer, but, since my arrival in this country, I have been unable to see anything in the constitution of society to prevent a student with the root of the matter in him from bestowing the most steadfast devotion on pure science. If great scientific results are not achieved in America, it is not to the small agitations of society that I should be disposed to ascribe the defect, but to the fact that the men among you who possess the endowments necessary for scientific inquiry are laden with duties of administration or tuition so heavy as to be utterly incompatible with the continuous and tranquil meditation which original investigation demands. It may well be asked whether Henry would have been transformed into an administrator, or whether Draper would have forsaken science to write history, if the original investigator had been honored as he ought to be in this land. I hardly think they would. Still I do not think this state of things likely to last. In America there is a willingness on the part of individuals to devote their fortunes, in the matter of education, to the service of the commonwealth, which is without a parallel elsewhere; and this willingness requires but wise direction to enable you effectually to wipe away the reproach of De Tocqueville.

Your most difficult problem will be not to build institutions, but to make men; not to form the body, but to find the spiritual embers which shall kindle within that body a living soul.—(1873.)

Uhlman, D. (American, Contemporaneous.)

The Sovereignty of Individual Manhood—The great truth which was promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, and established by the War of the Revolution, and made the distinguishing characteristic of our nationality, was that all legitimate power resides in, and is derived from, the people. This sublime truth, to us so self-evident, so simple, so obvious, was before that time measurably undeveloped in the history of the world. Philosophers, in their dreams, had built ideal governments; Plato had luxuriated in the happiness of his fanciful republic; Sir Thomas More had reveled in the bright visions of his "Utopia"; the immor-

tal Milton had uttered his sublime views on freedom; and the great Locke had published his profound speculations on the true principles of government; but never, until the establishment of American independence, was it, except in very imperfect modes, acknowledged by a nation, and made the corner stone and foundation of its government, that the sovereign power is vested in the mass.—(From a speech in 1855.)

Vallandigham, Clement L. (American, 1820-1871.)

What Will Preserve the Union—Devoted as I am to the Union, I have yet no eulogies to pronounce upon it to-day. It needs none. Its highest eulogy is the history of this country for the last seventy years. The triumphs of war and the arts of peace,—science; civilization; wealth; population; commerce; trade; manufacture; literature; education; justice; tranquillity; security to life, to person, to property; material happiness; common defense; national renown; all that is implied in the "blessings of liberty"; these, and more, have been its fruits from the beginning to this hour. These have enshrined it in the hearts of the people; and, before God, I believe they will restore and preserve it.—(House of Representatives, 1861. From the "World's Best Orations.")

"Money, Money, Sir, Was at the Bottom"—

For a good many years parties were organized upon questions of finance or of political economy. Upon the subjects of a permanent public debt, a national bank, the public deposits, a protective tariff, internal improvements, the disposition of the public lands, and other questions of a similar character, all of them looking to the special interests of the moneyed classes, parties were for a long while divided. The different kinds of capitalists sometimes also disagreed among themselves,—the manufacturers with the commercial men of the country; and in this manner party issues were occasionally made up. But the great dividing line at last was always between capital and labor,—between the few who had money and who wanted to use the government to increase and "protect" it, as the phrase goes, and the many who had little but wanted to keep it, and who only asked government to let them alone. Money, money, sir, was at the bottom of the political contests of the times; and nothing so curiously demonstrates the immense power of money as the fact that in a country where there is no entailment of estates, no law of primogeniture, no means of keeping up vast accumulations of wealth in particular families, no exclusive privileges, and where universal suffrage prevails, these contests should have continued, with various fortune, for full half a century.—(1861.)

Van Buren, Martin (American, 1782-1862.)

"Expansion" Before the Mexican and Civil Wars—Certain danger was foretold from the extension of our territory, the multiplication of States, and the increase of population. Our system was supposed to be adapted only to

boundaries comparatively narrow. These have been widened beyond conjecture; the members of our Confederacy are already doubled; and the numbers of our people are incredibly augmented. The alleged causes of danger have long surpassed anticipation, but none of the consequences have followed. The power and influence of the republic has risen to a height obvious to all mankind; respect for its authority was not more apparent at its ancient than it is at its present limits; new and inexhaustible sources of general prosperity have been opened; the effects of distance have been averted by the inventive genius of our people, developed and fostered by the spirit of our institutions, and the enlarged variety and amount of interests, productions, and pursuits have strengthened the chain of mutual dependence, and formed a circle of mutual benefits too apparent ever to be overlooked.—(From his first annual message, 1837.)

Vane, Sir Henry (England, 1612-1662.)

Repudiating the Cromwells as a Dynasty

—Mr. Speaker, among all the people of the universe, I know none who have shown so much zeal for the liberty of their country as the English at this time have done;—they have, by the help of Divine Providence, overcome all obstacles, and have made themselves free. We have driven away the hereditary tyranny of the House of Stuart, at the expense of much blood and treasure, in hopes of enjoying hereditary liberty, after having shaken off the yoke of kingship; and there is not a man among us who could have imagined that any person would be so bold as to dare to attempt the ravishing from us that freedom which cost us so much blood and so much labor. But so it happens, I know not by what misfortune, we are fallen into the error of those who poisoned the Emperor Titus to make room for Domitian; who made away Augustus that they might have Tiberius; and changed Claudius for Nero. I am sensible these examples are foreign from my subject, since the Romans in those days were buried in lewdness and luxury, whereas the people of England are now renowned all over the world for their great virtue and discipline; and yet,—suffer an idiot, without courage, without sense,—nay, without ambition,—to have dominion in a country of liberty! One could bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament, contrary to his duty to the public, contrary to the respect he owed that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgments, our passions, might be blinded by it. He made his way to empire by the most illustrious actions; he had under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general. But, as for Richard Cromwell, his son, who is he? what are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side; but did he ever draw it? And what is of more importance in this case, is he fit to get obedience

from a mighty nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet, we must recognize this man as our king, under the style of protector!—a man without birth, without courage, without conduct! For my part, I declare, sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master!—(Complete. British Parliament. 1659.)

"I Have Otherwise Learned Christ"—No, my lords, I have otherwise learned Christ, than to fear them that can but kill the body, and have no more that they can do. I have also taken notice, in the little reading that I have had of history, how glorious the very heathen have rendered their names to posterity in the contempt they have showed of death,—when the laying down of their lives has appeared to be their duty,—from the love which they have owed to their country.

Two remarkable examples of this give me leave to mention to you upon this occasion. The one is of Socrates, the divine philosopher, who was brought into question before a judgment seat, as now I am, for maintaining that there was but one only true God, against the multiplicity of the superstitious heathen gods; and he was so little in love with his own life upon this account, wherein he knew the right was on his side, that he could not be persuaded by his friends to make any defense, but would choose rather to put it upon the conscience and determination of his judges, to decide that wherein he knew not how to make any choice of his own as to what would be best for him, whether to live or to die; he ingenuously professing that for aught he knew it might be much to his prejudice and loss to endeavor longer continuance in this bodily life.

The other example is that of a chief governor, Codrus, that, to my best remembrance, had the command of a city in Greece, which was besieged by a potent enemy, and brought into unimaginable straits. Hereupon the said governor made his address to the Oracle to know the event of that danger. The answer was: "That the city should be safely preserved if the chief governor were slain by the enemy." He understanding this, immediately disguised himself and went into the enemy's camp, amongst whom he did so comport himself that they unwittingly put him to death; by which means, immediately, safety and deliverance arose to the city as the Oracle had declared. So little was his life in esteem with him when the good and safety of his country required the laying down of it.—(At his trial for high treason. 1662.)

Vergnaud, Pierre Victurnien (France, 1753-1793.)

"Then I Am a Moderate"—I know that liberty is ever as active as a blazing flame,—that it is irreconcilable with the inertia that is fit only for slaves! Had we tried but to feed that sacred fire which burns in my heart as ardently as in that of the men who talk incessantly about "the impetuosity" of their character, such great dissensions would never have arisen

Vergniaud, Pierre Victorien — *Continued*

in this Assembly. I know that in revolutionary times it was as great a folly to pretend the ability to calm on the spur of the moment the effervescence of the people as it would be to command the waves of the ocean when they are beaten by the wind. Thus it behooves the lawmaker to prevent as much as he can the storm's disaster by wise counsel. But if under the pretext of revolution it become necessary, in order to be a patriot, to become the declared protector of murder and of robbery,—then I am a "Moderate"!—(Replying to Robespierre. 1793.)

"Upright Men Hide Themselves" — Upright men hide themselves when the conditions have been reached under which crime may be committed with impunity. There are men, on the contrary, who only show themselves during public calamities, like some noxious insects which the earth produces only during storms. These men constantly spread suspicions, distrust, jealousies, hates, revenges. They thirst for blood. In their seditious insinuations they accuse of "aristocracy" virtue itself, in order to acquire the right to trample it under foot. They make crime a part of their democracy that they may democratize crime, gorge themselves with its fruits without having to fear the sword of justice.—(1792.)

Vest, George Graham (American, 1836-.)

Imperialism Old and New—Sir, we are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people,—great in war, great in peace,—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short sword of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys that sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the olden time. It is an appanage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions,—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

I know not what may be done with the glamor of foreign conquest and the greed of the commercial and money-making classes in this country. For myself, I would rather quit public life and would be willing to risk life itself rather than give my consent to this fantastic and wicked attempt to revolutionize our government and substitute the principles of our hereditary enemies for the teachings of Washington and his associates.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, December 12th, 1898.)

Villemain, A. (France, 1790-1870.)

Christian Oratory—The Christian orator, with his mastery over the minds of his hearers, elevating and startling them by turns, can reveal to them a destiny grander than glory,—more terrible than death. From the highest heavens he can draw down an eternal hope to the tomb,

where Pericles could bring only tributary lamentations and tears. If, with the Roman orator, he commemorates the warrior fallen on the field of battle, he gives to the soul of the departed that immortality which Cicero dared promise only to his renown, and charges Deity itself with the acquittal of a country's gratitude.

Vinet, Alexander (Switzerland, 1797-1847.)

The Meaning of Religion—What is religion? It is God putting himself in communication with man; the Creator with the creature, the Infinite with the finite. There, already, without going further, is a mystery; a mystery common to all religions, impenetrable in all, religions. If, then, everything which is a mystery offends you, you are arrested on the threshold, I will not say of Christianity, but of every religion; I say, even of that religion which is called natural, because it rejects revelation and miracles; for it necessarily implies, at the very least, a connection, a communication of some sort between God and man,—the contrary being equivalent to atheism. Your claim prevents you from having any belief; and because you have not been willing to be Christians, it will not allow you to be Deists.—(From a sermon on I. Corinthians, xi. 9.)

Voorhees, Daniel W. (American, 1827-1897.)

"We Are Entering upon a New Century"—We are entering upon a new century. Portions of the last century were full of glory. The closing years of our last century, however, have had tears and blood commingled, sorrow and gloom. The cypress of mourning has been in thousands of households, but with the coming of this new century there comes a new dispensation, the dawn of a revelation of glory such as shall eclipse the past years of the century that has gone by. . . . There is no reason why we should not thus adjust our differences, if differences we have; and standing, as I do, one of the representatives of the great Mississippi Valley, we appeal to the people of the far East. We say to them: "What is for your prosperity is likewise for ours." You all rest upon the prosperity of the agricultural interests of the mighty Mississippi Valley. The foundation of commercial glory and greatness is the farmer's plow and the sickle and the rich harvest. We freight your ships, we make your cities prosper. You, in turn, benefit us in a thousand ways. We interlace and interchange and bind our interests together, when we properly consider it.—(In the "Tilden Convention," St. Louis, 1876.)

Walpole, Sir Robert (England, 1676-1745.)

Patriotism—Gentlemen have talked a great deal about patriotism. A venerable word, when duly practiced! But I am sorry to say that of late it has been so much hackneyed about that it is in danger of falling into disgrace. The very idea of true patriotism is lost; and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, sir!—Why, patriots spring up like mushrooms! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify

an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts. This pretended virtue proceeds from personal malice, and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man amongst them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive he has entered into the lists of opposition!

Warren, Joseph (American, 1741-1775.)

"The Fatal Fifth of March"—The ruinous consequences of standing armies to free communities may be seen in the histories of Syracuse, Rome, and many other once flourishing states, some of which have now scarce a name! Their baneful influence is most suddenly felt when they are placed in populous cities; for, by a corruption of morals, the public happiness is immediately affected! and that this is one of the effects of quartering troops in a populous city is a truth to which many a mourning parent, many a lost despairing child in this metropolis must bear a very melancholy testimony. Soldiers are also taught to consider arms as the only arbiters by which every dispute is to be decided between contending states;—they are instructed implicitly to obey their commanders, without inquiring into the justice of the cause they are engaged to support; hence it is that they are ever to be dreaded as the ready engines of tyranny and oppression. And it is too observable that they are prone to introduce the same mode of decision in the disputes of individuals, and from thence have often arisen great animosities between them and the inhabitants, who, whilst in a naked, defenseless state, are frequently insulted and abused by an armed soldiery. And this will be more especially the case when the troops are informed that the intention of their being stationed in any city is to overawe the inhabitants. That this was the avowed design of stationing an armed force in this town is sufficiently known; and we, my fellow-citizens, have seen, we have felt, the tragical effects! The fatal fifth of March, 1770, can never be forgotten. The horrors of that dreadful night are but too deeply impressed on our hearts. Language is too feeble to paint the emotion of our souls, when our streets were stained with the blood of our brethren,—when our ears were wounded by the groans of the dying, and our eyes were tormented with the sight of the mangled bodies of the dead. When our alarmed imagination presented to our view our houses wrapped in flames, our children subjected to the barbarous caprice of the raging soldiery,—our beauteous virgins exposed to all the insolence of unbridled passion,—our virtuous wives, endeared to us by every tender tie, falling a sacrifice to worse than brutal violence, and perhaps like the famed Lucretia, distracted with anguish and despair, ending their wretched lives by their own fair hands. When we beheld the authors of our distress parading in our streets,

or drawn up in a regular *battalia*, as though in a hostile city, our hearts beat to arms; we snatched our weapons, almost resolved by one decisive stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren and to secure from future danger all that we held most dear; but propitious Heaven forbade the bloody carnage and saved the threatened victims of our too keen resentment, not by their discipline, not by their regular array,—no, it was royal George's livery that proved their shield,—it was that which turned the pointed engines of destruction from their breasts. The thoughts of vengeance were soon buried in our inbred affection to Great Britain, and calm reason dictated a method of removing the troops more mild than an immediate recourse to the sword. With united efforts you urged the immediate departure of the troops from the town; you urged it with a resolution which insured success; you obtained your wishes, and the removal of the troops was effected without one drop of their blood being shed by the inhabitants.—(From the oration on the Boston Massacre. 1772.)

"An Injury to One the Concern of All"—

That man is formed for social life is an observation which, upon our first inquiry, presents itself immediately to our view, and our reason approves that wise and generous principle which actuated the first founders of civil government; an institution which hath its origin in the weakness of individuals, and hath for its end the strength and security of all; and so long as the means of effecting this important end are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

In young and new-formed communities the grand design of this institution is most generally understood and the most strictly regarded; the motives which urged to the social compact cannot be at once forgotten, and that equality which is remembered to have subsisted so lately among them prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren; or, if such an attempt be made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished; every member feels it to be his interest and knows it to be his duty to preserve inviolate the constitution on which the public safety depends, and he is equally ready to assist the magistrate in the execution of the laws and the subject in defense of his right; and so long as this noble attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor, in any state, that state must be flourishing and happy.—(1772.)

Washington, George (American, 1732-1799.)

"The Great Rule of Conduct in Regard to Foreign Nations"—The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let

Washington, George — *Continued*

them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.—(From his "Farewell Address.")

Against Machiavellian Politics—Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? — ("Farewell Address.")

Watterson, Henry (American, Contemporary.)

Opening the World's Fair—We look before and after, and we see, through the half-drawn

folds of time, as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

But even as simple justice was denied Columbus, was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far North-east the Old World struggle between the French and English transferred to the New, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And, lo, down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minutemen, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marion's watch fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on Fame's eternal camping ground stand,—

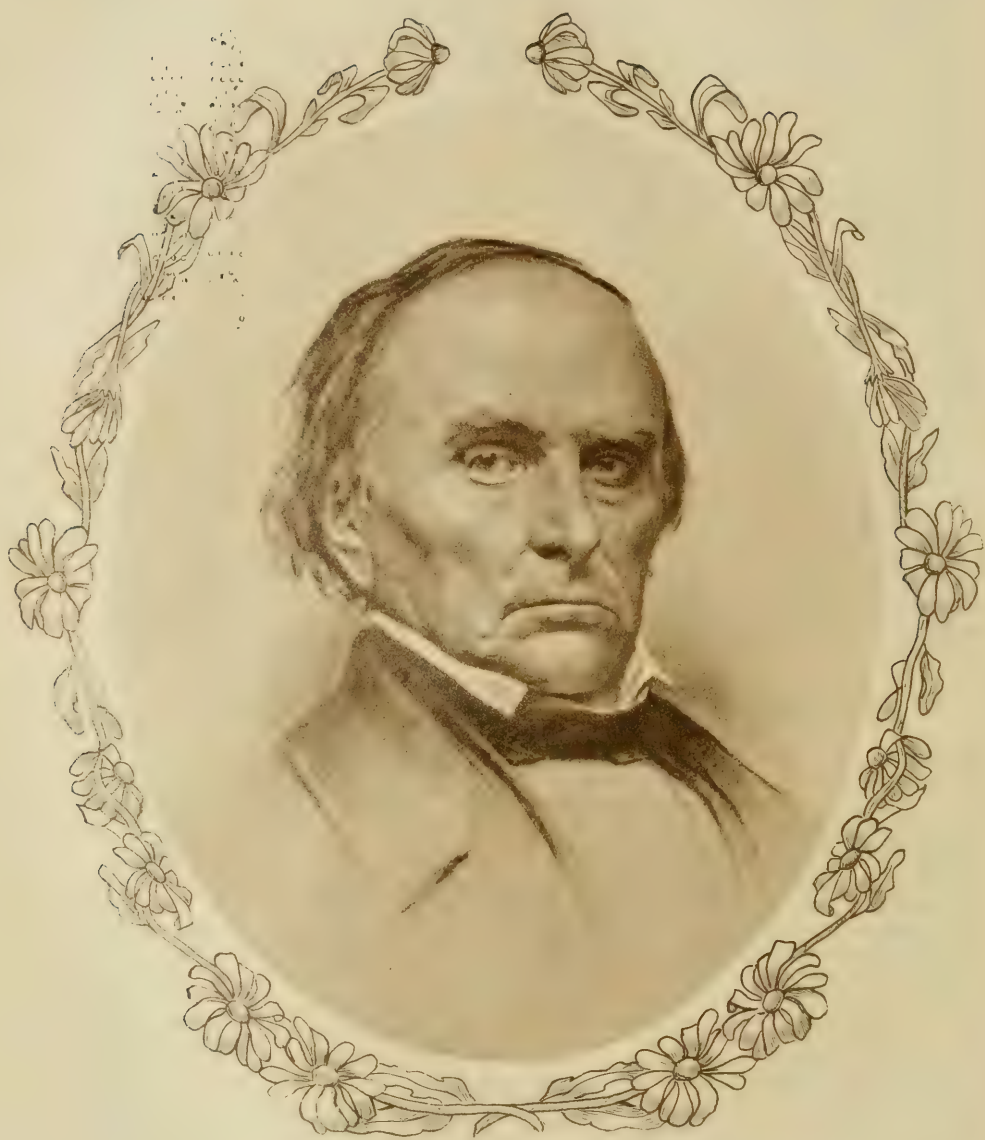
* The Old Continentals—
In their ragged regimentals,
Yielding not *—

as, amid the singing of angels in heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic, and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to see the second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then,—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow,—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost save liberty and honor, and, praise God! our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see to-day,—this land filled with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man; out of disaster comes the glory of the state. — (From the dedicatory address at the World's Fair, in Chicago, October 21st, 1892.)



Webster, Daniel (American, 1782-1852.)

A Portrait of Murder—This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smoothfaced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is

accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene, shedding all their light and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.—(Exordium at the trial of Jno. F. Knapp for the murder of Joseph White at Salem, Massachusetts, April 6th, 1830.)

The Revolutionary Veterans at Bunker Hill—We hold still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting,—I had almost said so overwhelming,—this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Webster, Daniel—*Continued*

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered. The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see now no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown; the ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers, and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever.

But alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge!—our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

*Another morn
Risen on mid-noon;”—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever

among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! Look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.—(At Bunker Hill. 1825.)

"Advance, Then, Ye Future Generations"

—Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. Forever honored be this, the place of our fathers' refuge! Forever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in everything but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man!

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!—(At Plymouth, December 22d, 1820.)

"They Went to War Against a Preamble"

—Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict

Webster, Daniel — *Continued*

question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest, in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words.

England's Drumbeat — They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. — (Continuation of the preceding.)

Liberty and Union — When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable! — (Closing sentences of the "Reply to Hayne.")

Eloquence in Great Crises — When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, — they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, — it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action! — (On John Adams.)

The Progress of Liberty — Mr. President, the contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which had stood between the king and the people to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority; on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end, the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering for centuries against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age

Webster, Daniel—*Continued*

in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sydneys and Russells; often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the people, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." I need hardly say, sir, that, into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps, we sprang at once, by the declaration of independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation by those great men of our own country, whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

Moral Force and Civilization—Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent, and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,—

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

— (1823.)

"My God's and Truth's"—I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and

no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defense of the liberties and constitution of his country — (1850.)

"Matches and Overmatches" (Replying to Hayne)—Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate; a Senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate.

Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which, otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptance. But, sir, if it be imagined that, by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part,—to one, the attack; to another, the cry of onset;—or, if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things shall shake any purpose of mine,—I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion,—I hope on no occasion,—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that in that contest there will be blows to take, as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.— (1830.)

Webster, Daniel—*Continued*

Massachusetts—Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts;—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever.

Secession in Peace Impossible—Such a thing as peaceable secession! It is utterly impossible. Is the Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows upon the mountains are melted under the influence of a vernal sun, to disappear almost unobserved? Our ancestors will rebuke and reproach us; our children and grandchildren would cry shame upon us, if we of this generation should tarnish those ensigns of the honor, power, and harmony of the Union, which we now behold with so much joy and gratitude.

Peaceable secession! A concurrent resolution of all the members of this great republic to separate! Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to be associated? What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? Alas! what is to remain of America? What am I to be? Where is our flag to remain? Where is the eagle still to soar aloft? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the earth?

Sir, we could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could.—(From a speech in 1850.)

"Sink or Swim, Live or Die"—Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor?—(Attributed by Webster to John Adams.)

Public Opinion—We think that nothing is powerful enough to stand before autocratic, monarchical, or despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong-enough,—and, if properly exerted, will prove itself so,—and that is the power of intelligent public opinion in all the nations of the earth. There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not

liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people. It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion, so far as we form it, have a free course. Let it go out; let it be pronounced in thunder tones; let it open the ears of the deaf; let it open the eyes of the blind; and let it everywhere be proclaimed what we, of this great republic, think of the general principle of human liberty, and of that oppression which all abhor.—(From a speech in 1852.)

Popular Government—The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, 1830.)

Weed, Thurlow (American, 1797–1882.)

"A Good Enough Morgan"—That is a good enough Morgan for us until you bring back the one you carried off. (Another version is: That is a good enough Morgan until after election.)—(During the Anti-Masonic excitement of 1872.)

Wesley, John (England, 1703–1791.)

"Pleasures, Shadows, Dreams!"—It is true, those who are void of all virtue may have pleasures, such as they are; but happiness they have not, cannot have. No:—

"Their joy is all sadness; their mirth is all vain; Their laughter is madness; their pleasure is pain!"

Pleasures? Shadows! dreams! fleeting as the wind! unsubstantial as the rainbow! as unsatisfying to the poor gasping soul,—

"As the gay colors of an eastern cloud."

"Painted and Gilded, but Empty Still"—O ye lovers of money, hear the word of the Lord! Suppose ye that money, though multiplied as the sand of the sea, can give happiness? Then you are "given up to a strong delusion to believe a lie";—a palpable lie, confuted daily by a thousand experiments! Open your eyes! Look all around you! Are the richest men the happiest? Have those the largest share of content who have the largest possessions? Is not the very reverse true? Is it not a common observation, that the richest of men are, in general, the most discontented, the most miserable? Had not the far greater part of them more content, when they had less money? Look into your own breasts. If you are increased in goods, are you proportionally increased in happiness? You have more substance; but have you more content? You know that in seeking happiness from riches, you are only striving to drink out of empty cups. And let them be painted and gilded ever so finely, they are empty still.—(From a sermon on I. Timothy, vi. 9.)

Wilberforce, William (England, 1759–1833.)

On the British Slave Trade—The true way to virtue is by withdrawing from temptation;

let us, then, withdraw from these wretched Africans those temptations to fraud, violence, cruelty, and injustice, which the slave trade furnishes. Wherever the sun shines, let us go round the world with him, diffusing our beneficence; but let us not traffic, only that we may set kings against their subjects, subjects against their kings, sowing discord in every village, fear and terror in every family, setting millions of our fellow-creatures a-hunting each other for slaves, creating fairs and markets for human flesh through one whole continent of the world, and, under the name of policy, concealing from ourselves all the baseness and iniquity of such a traffic. Why may we not hope, ere long, to see Hans-towns established on the coast of Africa as they were on the Baltic? It is said the Africans are idle, but they are not too idle, at least, to catch one another; seven hundred to one thousand tons of rice are annually bought of them; by the same rule, why should we not buy more? At Gambia one thousand of them are continually at work; why should not some more thousands be set to work in the same manner? It is the slave trade that causes their idleness and every other mischief. We are told by one witness: "They sell one another as they can"; and while they can get brandy by catching one another, no wonder they are too idle for any regular work.—(In Parliament, 1789. From "The World's Best Orations.")

Wilkes, John (England, 1727-1797.)

"The Wide Arch of the Raised Empire Will Fall"—I shudder at our injustice and cruelty; I tremble for the consequences of our imprudence. You will urge the Americans to desperation. They will certainly defend their property and liberties, with the spirit of freemen, with the spirit our ancestors did, and I hope we should exert on a like occasion. They will sooner declare themselves independent, and risk every consequence of such a contest, than submit to the galling yoke which the administration is preparing for them. Recollect Philip II., King of Spain; remember the Seven Provinces and the Duke of Alva. It was deliberated in the council of the monarch what measures should be adopted respecting the Low Countries; some were disposed for clemency, others advised rigor; the second prevailed. The Duke of Alva was victorious, it is true, wherever he appeared; but his cruelties sowed the teeth of the serpent. The beggars of the Briel, as they were called by the Spaniards, who despised them as you now despise the Americans, were those, however, who first shook the power of Spain to the centre. And, comparing the probabilities of success in the contest of that day, with the chances in that of the present, are they so favorable to England as they were then to Spain? This none will pretend. You all know, however, the issue of that sanguinary conflict,—how that powerful empire was rent asunder, and severed forever into many parts. Profit, then, by the experience of the past, if you

would avoid a similar fate. But you would declare the Americans rebels; and to your injustice and oppression you add the most opprobrious language and the most insulting scoffs. If you persist in your resolution all hope of a reconciliation is extinct. The Americans will triumph,—the whole continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised empire fall. But I hope the just vengeance of the people will overtake the authors of these pernicious counsels, and the loss of the first province of the empire be speedily followed by the loss of the heads of those ministers who first invented them.—(House of Commons. 1775.)

Rebellion and Revolution—A successful resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion! Rebellion indeed, appears on the back of a flying enemy; but revolution flames on the breastplate of the victorious warrior.

Williams, George H. (American, 1823-.)

Pioneers of the Pacific Coast—We can look back and see, in the dim distance, the slowly-moving train; the wagons with their once white, but now dingy covers; the patient oxen, measuring their weary steps; men travel-stained and bronzed by exposure; women with mingled hope and care depicted upon their anxious faces; and children peering from their uneasy abodes, and wondering when their discomforts will cease. These are pioneers on their way to the promised land. Moons wax and wane, again and again; but day after day the toilsome march is resumed. Sometimes there are Indian scares and depredations; unbridged streams are encountered: rugged ascents and steep declivities occur; teams give out and wagons break down; but finally, through "moving accidents by flood and field," and when the year has glided into the gold and russet of autumn, they reach the long-looked-for end of their journey. To some, all this did not happen; to others, more than this happened. And there were those who looked back with sad hearts, and remembered where they had left the wild winds to chant their funeral requiem over a lonely and deserted grave.

When the pioneers arrived here, they found a land of marvelous beauty. They found extended prairies, rich with luxuriant verdure. They found grand and gloomy forests, majestic rivers, and mountains covered with eternal snow; but they found no friends to greet them, no homes to go to, nothing but the genial heavens and the generous earth to give them consolation and hope.—(From an address delivered at Portland, Oregon, in March, 1895.)

Wilmot, David (American, 1814-1868.)

"Fanaticism" and "Property Rights"—The instincts of money are the same the world over,—the same here as in the most grinding despotism of Europe. Money is cold, selfish, heartless. It has no pulse of humanity, no feelings of pity or of love. Interest, gain, accumulation, are the sole instincts of its nature;

and it is the same, whether invested in manufacturing stock, bank stock, or the black stock of the South. Intent on its own interest, it is utterly regardless of the rights of humanity. It would coin dividends out of the destruction of souls. Here, then, sir, we have sixteen hundred millions of capital,—heartless, unfeeling capital, intent on its own pecuniary advancement. It is here, sir, in these halls, in desperate conflict with the rights of humanity and of free labor. It is struggling to clutch in its iron grasp the soil of the country,—that soil which is man's inheritance, and which of right should belong to him who labors upon it. Sixteen hundred millions of dollars demands the soil of our territories in perpetuity for its human chattels,—to drive back the free laborer from his rightful field of enterprise,—from his lawful and God-given inheritance. Slavery must have a wider field, or the money value of flesh and blood will deteriorate. Additional security and strength must be given to the holders of human stock. What though humanity should shriek and wail? Money is insatiate,—capital is deaf to the voice of its pleadings. To oppose the extension of slavery,—to resist in the councils of the nation the demands of this huge money power,—to advocate the rights of humanity and of free labor is, in the estimation of the gentleman from Illinois, to be sectional and fanatical. To bow down to this money power,—to do its bidding,—to be its instrument and its tool, is doubtless, in the esteem of the gentleman, to stand upon a "broad and national platform." Freedom and humanity, truth and justice, is a platform too narrow for his enlarged and comprehensive mind,—the universality of slavery can alone fill its capacious powers. Slavery is democratic,—freedom fanatical! Sir, the gentleman no doubt sees fanaticism in a bold and fearless advocacy of the right. With some minds nothing is rational and practical except that which pays well.—(From a speech in Congress, July 24th, 1856.)

Winthrop, Robert C. (American, 1809-1894.)

Washington—The republic may perish; the wide arch of our raised Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongue shall anywhere plead, for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington.—(At the laying of the corner stone of the Washington monument.)

The Union of 1776—Our fathers were no propagandists of republican institutions in the abstract. Their own adoption of a republican form was, at the moment, almost as much a matter of chance as of choice, of necessity as of preference. The thirteen colonies had, happily, been too long accustomed to manage their own affairs, and were too widely jealous of each other, also, to admit for an instant any idea of

centralization; and without centralization a monarchy, or any other form of arbitrary government, was out of the question. Union was then, as it is now, the only safety for liberty; but it could only be a constitutional union, a limited and restricted union, founded on compromises and mutual concessions; a union recognizing a large measure of States' rights,—resting not only on the division of powers among legislative and executive departments, but resting also on the distribution of powers between the States and the nation, both deriving their original authority from the people, and exercising that authority for the people. This was the system contemplated by the declaration of 1776. This was the system approximated to by the confederation of 1778-1781. This was the system finally consummated by the Constitution of 1789. And under this system our great example of self-government has been held up before the nations, fulfilling, so far as it has fulfilled it, that lofty mission which is recognized to-day as "liberty enlightening the world."—(From his Centennial oration delivered in Boston, July 4th, 1876.)

Wirt, William (American, 1772-1834.)

Jefferson's "Nunc Domine"—Those who surrounded the death-bed of Mr. Jefferson report that in the few short intervals of delirium that occurred, his mind manifestly relapsed to the age of the Revolution. He talked in broken sentences of the committees of safety, and the rest of that great machinery which he imagined to be still in action. One of his exclamations was: "Warn the committee to be on their guard!"; and he instantly rose in his bed, with the help of his attendants, and went through the act of writing a hurried note. But these intervals were few and short. His reason was almost constantly upon her throne, and the only aspiration he was heard to breathe was the prayer that he might live to see the Fourth of July. When that day came, all that he was heard to whisper was the repeated ejaculation,—"*Nunc Domine dimittas*"—(Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!) And the prayer of the patriot was heard and answered.—(1826.)

Genius and Work—Genius unexerted is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion,—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation,—this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that,—

"— Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—"

this is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

Wise, Henry A. (American, 1819-1869.)

"Dark Lanterns" in Politics—Know-Nothingism is against the spirit of Reformation and Protestantism. Let the most bigoted Protestant enumerate what he defines to have been the abominations of the Church of Rome. What would he say were the worst?—The secrets of Jesuitism, of the Auto-da-fé, of the monasteries and of the nunneries; the private penalties of the Inquisition's Scavenger's Daughter,—proscription, persecution, bigotry, intolerance, shutting up of the Book of the Word. And do Protestants now mean to out-Jesuit the Jesuits? Do they mean to strike and not be seen? To be felt and not to be heard? To put a shudder upon humanity by the masks of mutes? Will they wear the monkish cowls? Will they inflict penalties at the polls without reasoning together with their fellows at the hustings? Will they proscribe? Persecute? Will they bloat up themselves into that bigotry which would burn Nonconformists? Will they not tolerate freedom of conscience, but doom dissenters, in secret conclave, to a forfeiture of civil privileges for a religious difference? Will they not translate the scripture of their faith? Will they visit us with dark lanterns and execute us by signs, and test oaths, and in secrecy? Protestantism, forbid it!—(From an address in 1856, against the Know-Nothings.)

Wiseman, Nicholas P. S., Cardinal (England, 1802-1865.)

The Church Bell—Of all musical instruments, it is by far the grandest, solemn or deep, or shrill and clear; or, still better, with both combined in a choral peal, it is the only instrument whose music can travel on the winds, can heave in noble swells upon the breeze, and can out-bellow the storm. It alone speaks to heaven as to earth, and scatters abroad its sounds, till in the distance they seem to come but by fragments and broken notes.

Every other instrument creeps on earth, or sends its sounds skimming over its surface; but this pours it out from above, like the shower, or the light, or whatever comes from the higher regions to benefit those below. Indeed, it seems to call out from the middle space which heavenly messengers would occupy, to make proclamation to man; condescending to an inferior sphere, but not wholly deigning to soil themselves with earth; high enough to command, low enough to be understood.

The Levite trumpet had something startling and military in it, that spoke of alarms and human passions; every other vocal instrument belongs to the world (excepting, perhaps, the noble organ, too huge and too delicately constructed for out-of-doors), and associates itself with profane amusements; but the solemn old bell has refused to lend itself for any such

purpose, and as it swings to and fro, receiving its impulses from the temple of God below, talks of nothing but sacred things, and now reproves the laggard, and now cheers the sorrowful, and now chides the over-mirthful.

Woodbury, Levi (American, 1789-1851.)

The Tariff of 1842—So, if you have the right to give protection to one branch of industry, as a legitimate constitutional end under the powers of the Federal Government, and not merely as an incidental consequence of duties imposed for revenue, why not march manfully to such protection in a separate bill? Why not, as in France, expressly prohibit what comes from abroad, and competes with our manufactures, which it is deemed so important to cherish? Why not add, likewise, direct bounties in other cases, where found necessary to sustain them? That would at least be intelligible, aboveboard, and the country would see and understand what Congress was really doing; and that policy would not, as in this case, by an unnatural combination, embarrass or endanger the only avowed object of this measure on its face,—which is, to raise revenue.—(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, in August, 1842.)

Woolworth, James M. (American, Contemporary.)

Individual Liberty—"Glittering generalities," a most brilliant advocate called the self-evident truths of the Declaration. Possibly so; indeed, certainly so, if you stop with that instrument. But when they were realized in the conscience, and embedded in the moral constitution of the people, and interwoven with all the filaments of the heart, so as to give tone and temper to the common life, and appear and reappear in the very efflorescence of popular sentiments, instincts, impulses, emotions, and passions, they became transcendent, vital, and all-governing facts. And so it is not strange, it is just what we should expect that these "glittering generalities" were more particularly stated and defined in the Constitution, in other words, to be sure, but words of the same meaning, sense, and import; that is to say, no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; no State shall deny to any person the equal protection of the laws; private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation; and the many other clauses, by which these fundamental rights, privileges, immunities, and franchises are assured; such as those guaranteeing free elections, free speech, justice administered without denial or delay, the privileges of the *habeas corpus*, trial by a jury of the vicinage, and so on and so on.

And thus, reversing our steps, we trace these mandates, prohibitions, and guarantees of our constitutions back to the comprehensive phrase of the Declaration of Independence, that governments are instituted to the end that each and every man may exercise all his faculties in whatever way he may, according to his own judgment, choose, so as to derive from them his

highest enjoyment. The citizen, the person, the individual,—living his own life, cherishing his own aspirations, making and meeting his own destiny, he is the integer; he is sacred; for him are all the solitudes. To conserve his rights, consistently with those of others, and to give him opportunity to work out his own happiness, without responsibility to others, and without responsibility from others to him, governments are instituted. For these purposes are all the complex system of laws, the vast scheme of administration, the splendor and majesty of the immortal State.—(From his address as president of the American Bar Association. 1897.)

Wyckliffe, John (England, c. 1324–1384.)

“Truly and Willfully Do Thy Labor”—Truly and willfully do thy labor that if thy lord or thy master be a heathen man, that by thy meekness and willful and true service, he have not to murmur against thee, nor slander thy God nor Christendom. . . . For that God that putteth thee in such service wots what state is best for thee, and will reward thee more than all earthly lords may, if thou dost it truly and willfully for his ordinance. And in all things beware of murmuring against God and his visitation, in great labor and long, and great sickness and other adversities, and beware of wrath, of cursing and warring, or banning, of man or of beast. And ever keep patience and meekness and charity both to God and to man. And thus each man in these three states oweth to live, to save himself and help others; and thus should good life, rest, peace, and charity be among Christian men, and they be saved, and heathen men soon converted, and God magnified greatly in all nations and sects that now despise him and his law, for the wicked living of false Christian men.—(From a sermon in “The World’s Best Orations.”)

Wyndham, Sir William (England, 1687–1740.)

“Not Prophesying—Only Supposing”—We have been told, sir, in this House, that no faith is to be given to prophecies. Therefore I shall not pretend to prophesy; but I may suppose a case, which, though it has not yet happened, may possibly happen. Let us, then, suppose, sir, a man abandoned to all notions of virtue or honor, of no great family, and of but a mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of state by the concurrence of many whimsical events; afraid or unwilling to trust any but creatures of his own making, and most of them equally abandoned to all notions of virtue or honor; ignorant of the true interest of his country, and consulting nothing but that of enriching and aggrandizing himself and his favorites; in foreign affairs, trusting none but those whose education makes it impossible for them to have such knowledge or such qualifications as can either be of service to their country or give any weight or credit to their negotiations. Let us suppose the true interest of the nation, by such means, neglected or misunderstood; her honor and credit lost; her trade insulted; her mer-

chants plundered; and her sailors murdered; and all these things overlooked, only for fear his administration should be endangered. Suppose him next possessed of great wealth, the plunder of the nation, with a Parliament of his own choosing, most of their seats purchased, and their votes bought at the expense of the public treasure. In such a Parliament, let us suppose attempts made to inquire into his conduct, or to relieve the nation from the distress he has brought upon it; and when lights proper for attaining those ends are called for, not, perhaps, for the information of the particular gentlemen who call for them, but because nothing can be done in a parliamentary way till these things be in a proper way laid before Parliament; suppose these lights refused, these reasonable requests rejected by a corrupt majority of his creatures, whom he retains in daily pay, or engages in his particular interest by granting them those posts and places which ought never to be given to any but for the good of the public.—(From a speech in Parliament attacking Sir Robert Walpole. 1734.)

Zollicofer, Joachim (Switzerland, —.)

Continuous Life and Everlasting Increase in Power—My existence is not confined to this fleeting moment! It will continue forever! My activity is not bounded by the narrow circle in which I now live and move; it will be ever enlarging, ever becoming more extensive and diversified. My intellectual powers are not subject to dissolution and decay like dust; they shall continue in operation and effect forever; and the more I exert them here, the better I employ them, the more I effect by them, so much better shall I use them in the future world; so much the more shall I there effect by them. I see before me an incessant enlargement of my sphere of sight and action, an incessant increase in knowledge, in virtue, in activity, in bliss. The whole immensity of God’s creation, the whole unnumbered host of intelligent, thinking beings, all the hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge in Jesus Christ, the unfathomable depths of Divine perfection,—what noble employments, what displays of my powers, what pure joys, what everlasting progress, do not these afford to my expectations?—(From a sermon on Psalms, viii. 5.)

Zwingli, Ulrich (Switzerland, 1484–1531.)

Extracts from His Sermons During the Reformation—Before the fall, man had been created with a free will, so that, had he been willing, he might have kept the law; his nature was pure; the disease of sin had not yet reached him; his life was in his own hands. But having desired to be as God, he died,—and not he alone, but all his posterity. Since then in Adam all men are dead, no one can recall them to life, until the Spirit, which is God himself, raises them from the dead. . . .

Christ, very man and very God, has purchased for us a never-ending redemption. For since it was the eternal God who died for us, his

passion is therefore an eternal sacrifice, and everlastingly effectual to heal; it satisfies the Divine justice forever in behalf of all those who rely upon it with firm and unshaken faith. Wherever sin is, death of necessity follows. Christ was without sin, and guile was not found in his mouth; and yet he died! This death he suffered in our stead! He was willing to die that he might restore us to life; and as he had no sins of his own, the all-merciful Father laid ours upon him. Seeing that the will of man had rebelled against the Most High, it was necessary for the re-establishment

of eternal order, and for the salvation of man, that the human will should submit in Christ's person to the Divine will. . . .

Since eternal salvation proceeds solely from the merits and death of Jesus Christ, it follows that the merit of our own works is mere vanity and folly, not to say impiety and senseless impudence. If we could have been saved by our own works, it would not have been necessary for Christ to die. All who have ever come to God, have come to him through the death of Jesus Christ. . . .

CELEBRATED IMAGINARY ADDRESSES AND SOLILOQUIES



THE laws of language and the laws of music are so closely correlated that even the plainest prose is governed by the same principles of melody which govern the highest form of poetical expression. There is no break at any point of the development of speech towards its highest possibilities of beauty and power. The poets are thus the best teachers of prose, because it is in their best verse only that the laws of prose find perfect expression. All great orators have been taught by the great poets. Homer in the classical ages and Shakespeare in modern times have taught the greatest orators who ever lived. Anyone who will read aloud their verse and the verse of other great poets as persistently as a musician practices to acquire skill on his instrument, is almost sure to acquire a controlling "ear" for melody in language. It is indispensable for success, however, that the verse should be read aloud, in order that the ear may clearly grasp its vowel harmonies. This has been recognized practically, even if it has not been defined as a principle, for the "recitation" of speeches and soliloquies from Homer, Milton and Shakespeare has long been a favorite exercise in the schools. Some of the speeches which the great poets put in the mouths of their characters represent eloquence of the highest order. The orations delivered at the Council of War in hell by Milton's fallen angels have seldom been equaled, and, certainly, they have never been surpassed in either the American Congress or the British Parliament. It would be safe to say the same thing of the speeches and soliloquies in Homer, Shakespeare, and Byron. In selecting such speeches and soliloquies for this work, care has been taken to find, by examining the "Speakers" most used in America and England, those which general experience has shown to be most widely useful for oratorical purposes. Only the most celebrated have been included, and, though what may be called "the acting versions,"—as they have been adapted for recitation by the best elocutionists,—have been retained, they have been compared with the original texts in standard editions and corrected.

CELEBRATED IMAGINARY ADDRESSES AND SOLILOQUIES

HOMER

(Greece c. 850 (?) to 800 (?) B. C.)

ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON

I MUST with plainness speak my fixed resolve:
For I abhor the man—not more the gates
Of hell itself!—whose words belie his heart.
So shall not mine! My judgment undisguised
Is this: that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move! For ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert!
The brave and base in equal honor stand,—
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I, after all my labors, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earned
No very sumptuous prize! As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gained
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives. I have destroyed
Twelve cities with my fleet; and twelve, save one
On foot contending, in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities precious spoil I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and, having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained.
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me, alone,
Of all the Grecian host, hath he despoiled!
My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands!
Tell him my reply:
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if, armed
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume—
Canine and hard in aspect though he be—
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wronged me once,—
Deceived me once;—henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me! But, let him rot in peace,
Crazed as he is, and, by the stroke of Jove,
Infatuate! I detest his gifts!—and him
So honor as the thing which most I scorn!
And would he give me twenty times the worth

Of this his offer,—all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchomnos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives,—the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,—
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth,—no gifts from him
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive license of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,—
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus,—had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas,—even so endowed,
She were no bride for me!
Bear ye mine answer back.

—From *The Iliad*,^a Book IX. Cowper's translation.

ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS—LANG'S LIT- ERAL VERSION

AND Achilles, fleet of foot, answered and said
unto him: "Heaven-sprung son of Laertes, Odys-
seus of many wiles, in openness must I now de-
clare unto you my saying, even as I am minded,
and as the fulfillment thereof shall be, that ye
may not sit before me and coax this way and that.
For hateful to me even as the gates of hell is he
that hideth one thing in his heart and uttereth
another; but I will speak what me seemeth best.
Not me, I ween, shall Agamemnon son of Atreus
persuade, nor the other Danaans, seeing we were
to have no thank for battling with the foeman
ever without respite. He that abideth at home
hath equal share with him that fighteth his best,
and unlike honor are held both the coward and
the brave; death cometh alike to the untailing
and to him that hath toiled long. Neither have I
any profit for that I endured tribulation of soul,
ever staking my life in fight. Even as a hen
bringeth her unfledged chickens each morsel as
she winneth it, and with herself it goeth hard,
even so I was wont to watch out many a sleepless
night and pass through many bloody days of

battle, warring with folk for their women's sake. Twelve cities of men have I laid waste from ship-board, and from land eleven, I do you to wit, throughout deep-soiled Troy-land; out of all these took I many goodly treasures and would bring and give them all to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and he staying behind amid the fleet ships would take them and portion out some few, but keep the most. Now some he gave to be meeds of honor to the princes and the kings, and theirs are left untouched; only from me of all the Achaians took he my darling lady and keepeth her,—let him sleep beside her and take his joy! But why must the Argives make war on the Trojans? Why hath Atreides gathered his host and led them hither? Is it not for lovely-haired Helen's sake? Do then the sons of Atreus, alone of mortal men, love their wives? Surely whatsoever man is good and sound of mind loveth his own and cherisheth her, even as I too loved mine with all my heart, though but the captive of my spear. But now that he hath taken my meed of honor from mine arms and hath deceived me, let him not tempt me that know him full well; he shall not prevail. Nay, Odysseus, let him take counsel with thee and all the princes to ward from the ships the consuming fire. Verily without mine aid he hath wrought many things, and built a wall and dug a foss about it wide and deep, and set a palisade therein; yet even so can he not stay murderous Hector's might. But so long as I was fighting amid the Achaians, Hector had no mind to array his battle far from the wall, but scarce came unto the Skaian gates and to the oak tree; there once he awaited me alone and scarce escaped my onset. But now, seeing I have no mind to fight with noble Hector, I will to-morrow do sacrifice to Zeus and all the gods, and store well my ships when I have launched them on the salt sea,—then shalt thou see, if thou wilt and hast any care therefor, my ships sailing at break of day over the Hellespont, the fishes' home, and my men right eager at the oar; and if the great Shaker of the Earth grant me a good journey, on the third day should I reach deep-soiled Phthia. There are my great possessions that I left when I came hither to my hurt; and yet more gold and ruddy bronze shall I bring from hence, and fair-girdled women and gray iron,—all at least that were mine by lot; only my meed of honor hath he that gave it me taken back in his despitefulness, even Lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus. To him declare ye everything even as I charge you, openly, that all the Achaians likewise may have indignation, if, haply, he hopeth to beguile yet some other Danaan, for that he is ever clothed in shamelessness. Verily not in my face would he dare to look, though he have the front of a dog. Neither will I devise counsel with him nor any enterprise, for utterly he hath deceived me and done wickedly; but never again shall he beguile me with fair speech,—let this suffice him. Let him begone in peace; Zeus, the lord of counsel, hath taken away his wits. Hateful to me are his gifts, and I hold him at a straw's worth. Not even if he gave me ten times, yea twenty, all that now is his, and all that may come to him otherwhence, even all the rev-

enue of Orchomenos or Egyptian Thebes, where the treasure-houses are stored fullest,—Thebes of the hundred gates, whence sally forth two hundred warriors through each with horses and chariots,—nay, nor gifts in number as sand or dust; not even so shall Agamemnon persuade my soul till he have paid me back all the bitter despite. And the daughter of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, will I not wed, not were she rival of golden Aphrodite for fairness, and for handiwork matched bright-eyed Athene,—not even then will I wed her; let him choose him of the Achaians another that is his peer and is more royal than I. For if the gods indeed preserve me, and I come unto my home, then will Peleus himself seek me a wife. Many Achaian maidens are there throughout Hellas and Phthia, daughters of princes that ward their cities; whomsoever of these I wish will I make my dear lady. Very often was my high soul moved to take me there a wedded wife, a helpmeet for me, and have joy of the possessions that the old man Peleus possesseth. For not of like worth with life hold I even all the wealth that men say was possessed of the well-peopled city of Ilios in days of peace gone by, before the sons of the Achaians came; neither all the treasure that the stone threshold of the archer Phœbus Apollo encompasseth in rocky Pytho. For kine and goodly flocks are to be had for the harrying, and tripods and chestnut horses for the purchasing; but to bring back man's life neither harrying nor earning availeth when once it hath passed the barrier of his lips. For thus my goddess mother telleth me, Thetis, the silver-footed, that twain fates are bearing me to the issue of death. If I abide here and besiege the Trojans' city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame shall be imperishable; but if I go home to my dear native land, my high fame is taken from me, but my life shall endure long while, neither shall the issue of death soon reach me. Moreover I would counsel you all to set sail homeward, seeing ye shall never reach your goal of steep Ilios; of a surety far-seeing Zeus holdeth his hand over her, and her folk are of good courage. So go your way and tell my answer to the princes of the Achaians, even as is the office of elders, that they may devise in their hearts some other better counsel, such as shall save them their ships and the host of the Achaians amid the hollow ships; since this counsel availeth them naught that they have now devised, by reason of my fierce wrath.

—From the *"Iliad,"* Book IX., 307-427. Translated by Andrew Lang. MacMillan & Co.

HECTOR'S REBUKE TO POLYDAMAS

POLYDAMAS to dauntless Hector spake:
Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
To censure me, although advising well;
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. The omens we have seen
All urge against it. When the eagle flew,
Clutching the spotted snake, then dropping it

Into the open space between the hosts,
Troy's host was on the left. Was this propitious?
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind,
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defense.
An augur skilled in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom dark-lowering Hector thus replied:
Polydamas! I like not thy advice;
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the gods
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announced, and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,

Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve!
Consider we the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of Heaven and Earth. Omens abound;
But the best omen is our country's cause.
Wherefore should fiery war thy soul alarm?
For were we slaughtered, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, thou need'st not fear to die,
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest!

—From the "Iliad," Book XII., 210-250.
Sargent's revision of Cowper's translation.

CORNELIUS TACITUS

(Rome, c. 55-c. 117 A. D.)

GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS

(Galgacus is represented by Tacitus as addressing his followers, encamped on the Grampian Hills.)

AS OFTEN as I reflect on the origin of the war, and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us. The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around.

Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valor was a resource to look to; for we, the noblest of all the nations, and, on that account, placed in its inmost recesses, unused to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes even inviolate from its hateful sight.

We, the last of the earth, and of freedom, unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans,—men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience.

The robbers of the globe, when the land fails, scour the sea. Is the enemy rich? they are avaricious; is he poor? they are ambitious; the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretenses, they call empire; and, when they make a desert, they call it peace.*

*"Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

Nature has made children and relations dear to all; they are carried off by levies to serve elsewhere. Our goods and fortunes they seize on as tribute, our corn as supplies; our very bodies and hands they wear out, amid strife and contumely, in fortifying stations in the woods and marshes.

Serfs born in servitude are once bought, and ever after fed by their masters; Britain alone daily buys its slavery, daily feeds it. As in families the last slave purchased is often a laughing-stock to the rest, so we, the last whom they have reduced to slavery, are the first to be agonized by their contumely, and reserved for destruction.

We have neither fields, nor minerals, nor harbors, in working which we can be employed; the valor and fierceness of the vanquished are obnoxious to the victors; our very distance and obscurity, as they render us the safer, make us the more suspected. Laying aside, therefore, all hope of pardon, assume the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are alike dear.

The Trinobantes, under a female leader, had courage to burn a colony and storm castles; and, had not their success rendered them negligent, they would have cast off the yoke. We, untouched and unconquered, nursed in freedom, shall we not show, on the first onset, what men Caledonia has nursed in her bosom?

Do not believe the Romans have the same prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions; they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection.

Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment; when you remove them, as fear ceases, terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side; no wives inflame the Romans; no parents are there to call shame on their flight; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them, shut in and bound, into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers nor wounds, alarm you.

In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends; the Britons will recognize their own

cause; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom; the other Germans will desert them, as lately the Usipii have done. No objects of terror are behind them; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies, dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities.

Here is a leader, an army; there are tributes and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear forever, or instantly to avenge, lies in the power of your arms. Go forth, then, into the field. Think of your ancestors! Think of your posterity!

— *Agricola, Chapter 30-2.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(England, 1564-1616)

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

Jaques — All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining schoolboy, with his
satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the
justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

— *From "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 7.*

"A FOOL, A FOOL! — I MET A FOOL"

Jaques — A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the
forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth
he,
"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me for-
tune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world
wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An hour by his dial. — O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear. . . .
O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his
brain, —
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, — he hath strange places
cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior — Thou shalt have one.

Jaques — It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they
so?

William Shakespeare—*Continued*

The why is plain as way to parish church :
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob ; if not
 The wise man's folly is anatomized
 Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and
 through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

—From "*As You Like It*," Act II., Scene 7.

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DIS-
 CONTENT "

Gloster—Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths ;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled
 front,

And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's
 majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them :—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate, the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be,
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! Here Clarence
 comes.

—*Richard III.*, Act I, Scene 1.

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

Clarence—O, I have passed a miserable night.
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time. . . .
 Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches, thence we look'd toward
 England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in fall-
 ing,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea ;
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those
 holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brakenbury—Had you such leisure in the time
 of death
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clarence—Methought I had, and often did I
 strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brakenbury—Awaked you not with this sore
 agony ?

Clarence—O, no, my dream was lengthen'd
 after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
 wick ;

Who cried aloud,—"What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?"
 And so he vanish'd : Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
 "Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured
 Clarence,—"

William Shakespeare — Continued

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor-
ments!—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
" Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

— *From Richard III., Act I, Scene 4.*

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

Wolsey—So farewell to the little good you
bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root.
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cromwell—O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wolsey—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in.
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it
Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pry'thee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell—Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey—So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

— *From Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.*

ANTONY OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

Antony—O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low!
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh! 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—here wast thou bay'd, brave
heart,

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

William Shakespeare — Continued

O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever liv'd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

—From "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 1.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

Brutus—Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him, but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply—

Citizens—None, Brutus, none!

Then none have I offended. I have done none more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

—From "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR

Antony—Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interr'd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:—
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me—

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world;—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men!—
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men!—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue! . . .

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—
That day he overcame the Nervii!—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made!—

William Shakespeare — Continued

Through this,—the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed
 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all!
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty
 heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us, fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 Oh! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.*

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
 up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
 They that have done this deed are honorable:
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honor-
 able,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on:
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
 Show your sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

— From "*Julius Cæsar*," Act III., Scene 2.

HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS

Hamlet—Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
 pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but,
 if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had
 as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor, do not
 saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use
 all gently; for, in the very torrent, tempest, and,
 as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you
 must acquire and beget a temperance that may
 give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul,
 to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, tear a
 passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the
 ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part,

* "With traitors" in Valpy and other texts.

are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
 show and noise. I would have such a fellow
 whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods
 Herod. Pray you avoid it. . . .

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own dis-
 cretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word,
 the word to the action; with this special observ-
 ance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature;
 for anything so overdone is from the purpose of
 playing,—whose end, both at the first and now,
 was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to
 Nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn
 her own image; and the very age and body of the
 time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone,
 or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful
 laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the
 censure of which one must, in your allowance,
 o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be
 players that I have seen play,—and heard others
 praise, and that highly,—not to speak it pro-
 fanely, that, neither having the accent of Chris-
 tians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man,
 have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought
 some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and
 not made them well, they imitated humanity so
 abominably!

— From "*Hamlet*," Act III., Scene 2.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

Hamlet—To be—or not to be—that is the
 question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,—
 Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them.—To die,—to
 sleep;—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished! To die;—to sleep;—
 To sleep? perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
 rub;
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may
 come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause! There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
 tumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin?
 Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,—
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

William Shakespeare — Continued

And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

— From *"Hamlet," Act III., Scene 1.*

LADY MACBETH MEDITATING MURDER

Lady Macbeth — Glamis thou art, and Cawdor
and shalt be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries: "Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear:
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

(Enter an Attendant)

Attendant — The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth — Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attendant — So please you, it is true; our thane
is coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth — Give him tending.
He brings great news.—The raven himself is
hoarse

[Exit Attendant.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;

Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

— From *"Macbeth," Act I., Scene 5.*

MACBETH'S MURDER SOLILOQUY.

Macbeth — If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success!—that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here!—
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides this, Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
Striding the blast; or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls!*

— From *"Macbeth," Act I., Scene 7.*

MACBETH IN THE DAGGER VISION

Macbeth — Is this a dagger which I see before
me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind,—a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw!
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use!
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still!
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before!—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

* "And falls on the other," in the accepted texts.

William Shakespeare — Continued

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee—to heaven or to hell!

—From "*Macbeth*," Act II., Scene 1.

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE BEFORE THE SENATE

Othello—Most potent, grave, and reverend sign-
iors,

My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter. . . .

I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life. . . .

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine. . . .

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;

Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my travel's history
(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak), such was the process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent:
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man; she
thanked me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

From "*Othello*," Act I., Scene 3.

LEAR IN THE TEMPEST

Lear—Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage,
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man! . . .

Rumble, thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man—
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul! . . .
 Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
 wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody
 hand.

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
 That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practiced on man's life. Close pent-up guilts
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

—From "King Lear," Act III., Scene 2.

JOHN MILTON

(England, 1608-1674)

"HAIL, HORRORS, HAIL!"

Is THIS the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Archangel, — this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n? this mournful
 gloom
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made su-
 preme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy forever dwells: hail horrors; hail
 Infernal world; and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
 But wherefore let we, then, our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell?

—From "Paradise Lost," Book I.

SATAN TO THE FALLEN ANGELS

ABJECT and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now
 lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with link'd thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,—
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

—From "Paradise Lost," Book I.

SATAN ADDRESSES THE COUNCIL OF WAR

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence; and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not heav'n for lost: from this descent
 Celestial virtues rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here

John Milton — Continued

Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

—From "Paradise Lost," Book II.

MOLOCH'S SPEECH FOR WAR

MY SENTENCE is for open war; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now,
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No,—let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his Throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe;
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;—
The event is feared:—should we again provoke
Our Stronger, some worse way his wrath may
find
To our destruction, if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, con-
demned,
In this abhorred deep, to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour
Call us to penance? More destroyed than thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we, then? What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential,—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being;—
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst,
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which, if not victory is yet revenge.

—From "Paradise Lost," Book II.

BELIAL'S SPEECH OPPOSING WAR

I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,—
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:—
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge!—
First, what revenge?—The towers of heaven are
filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise,—Or, could we break our way
By force, and, at our heels, all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolled; and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,—
To be no more.—Sad cure!—for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,—
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we, then?
Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,"
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this, then, worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck

John Milton — *Continued*

With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads? while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespired, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end?—this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

—From "Paradise Lost," Book II.

MILTON'S APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT

HAIL holy Light, offspring of heav'n firstborn
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness
borne,

With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Maonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note; thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her
powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

—From "Paradise Lost," Book III.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks.
How due? yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; but what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst; whom hast thou then or what to ac-
cuse,
But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair !
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide ;
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
 O then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan ;
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery ; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain

By act of grace my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore ; ease would recant
 Vows made in pain as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so
 deep ;

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold.
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long and this new world shall know.

— From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.

JOSEPH ADDISON

(England, 1672-1719)

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY

Cato—It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well,
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity !— thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we
 pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works,—he must delight in
 virtue

And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? This world was made for
 Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—From the "*Tragedy of Cato*," Act V.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(England, 1751-1816)

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS

MY BRAVE associates, partners of my toils, my
 feelings, and my fame, can Rolla's words add
 vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your

hearts ? No ; you have judged as I have, the foul-
 ness of the crafty plea by which these bold
 invaders would delude ye. Your generous spirit
 has compared as mine has, the motives which in
 a war like this can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we—for our country, our altars, and our homes! They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a country which we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them. They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind and die—with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

— *From "Pizarro."* 1799.

REV. GEORGE CROLY

(Ireland, c. 1780–1860)

CATILINE DEFIES THE SENATE

Catiline—Conscript Fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right,—let him show proofs,—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare
stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?

[*Looking round him.*]

To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the
top,
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;

[*To the Senate.*]

Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set
free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my
lords!

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return. This—trial!

Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths,
my lords!

For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household
gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and
crimes,—

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing Thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.

I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst

Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!

You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the
Lictors.*] I will return!

— *From the "Tragedy of Catiline."* 1822.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(England, 1787-1855)

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

Rienzi—Friends!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame,—
 But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
 Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
 In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour, dark
 fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cry out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
 Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,

I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
 Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom upon his fair cheeks,—a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye
 slaves!

Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce
 brawl

To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
 The Eternal City shall be free!

—From *"Rienzi, A Tragedy."* 1828.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON

(England, 1788-1824)

MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY

Manfred—The spirits I have raised abandon me—
 The spells which I have studied baffle me—
 The remedy I recked of tortured me:
 I lean no more on superhuman aid;
 It hath no power upon the past, and for
 The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
 It is not of my search. My mother earth!
 And thou, fresh-breaking day; and you, ye moun-
 tains,
 Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
 And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
 That open'st over all, and unto all
 Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
 And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
 Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest forever—wherefore do I pause?
 I feel the impulse,—yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm;
 There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live,—
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulcher; for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil.—Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me,—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself !
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe

The breath of degradation and of pride.
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are — what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other.

—From "Manfred," Act I., Scene 2.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

(American, 1793-1852)

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA

Brutus — Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our
 breaking hearts
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story ;
 And now, to say one word of the imposture, —
 The mask necessity has made me wear !
 When the ferocious malice of your king —
 King, do I call him ? — When the monster, Tarquin,
 Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
 My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
 Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long,
 Would you know why I have summon'd you to-
 gether ?

Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger,
 Clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corse !
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death !
 She was the mark and model of the time —
 The mold in which each female face was form'd —
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue !
 Fairer than ever was a form created
 By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
 And never-resting thought is all on fire !
 The worthiest of the worthy ! Not the nymph
 Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
 And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
 Can I conceive beyond her : — The young choir
 Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,
 Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
 Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
 Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose ; —

How from the shade of those ill-neighboring plants
 Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
 Was blighted, but array'd in purest grace,
 She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
 Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
 To long-forgotten rapture ; — such a mind
 Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,
 And turn'd desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection ! Oh, my countrymen,
 You all can witness that when she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome ; — old age
 Forgot its crutch, labor its task, — all ran ;
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
 " There, there's Lucretia ! " Now, look ye, where
 she lies,
 That beauteous flower, — that innocent sweet rose,
 Turn'd up by ruthless violence, — gone ! gone ! gone !

Say, would ye seek instruction ? Would ye ask
 What ye should do ? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
 Which saw his poison'd brother ! — saw the incest
 Committed there, and they will cry, — Revenge !
 Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
 O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, — Revenge !
 Ask yonder Senate House, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry, — Revenge !
 Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
 And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son ;
 Their unappeas'd ghosts will shriek, — Revenge !
 The temples of the gods — the all-viewing heav-
 ens —
 The gods themselves, — shall justify the cry,
 And swell the general sound, — Revenge ! Revenge !

—From "Brutus, A Tragedy." 1813.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, LORD LYTTON

(England, 1803-1873)

RIENZI'S LAST APPEAL

Rienzi — Ye come, then, once again ! Come ye
 as slaves or freemen ? A handful of armed men are
 in your walls ; will ye, who chased from your gates
 the haughtiest knights — the most practiced battle-

men of Rome, succumb now to one hundred and
 fifty hirelings and strangers ? — Will ye arm for
 your tribune ? — you are silent ! — be it so ! Will
 you arm for your own liberties, — your own
 Rome ? — silent still ! By the saints that reign on
 the throne of the heathen gods, are ye thus fallen

from your birthright? Have you no arms for your own defense?

Romans, hear me! Have I wronged you?—if so, by your hands let me die; and then, with knives yet reeking with my blood, go forward against the robber who is but the herald of your slavery; and I die honored, grateful, and avenged.

You weep! Aye, and I could weep, too—that I should live to speak of liberty in vain to Romans. Weep!—is this an hour for tears? Weep now, and your tears shall ripen harvests of crime, and license, and despotism, to come!

Romans, arm; follow me, at once, to the Place of the Colonna; expel this ruffian Minorbino, expel your enemy (no matter what afterwards you do to me);—or, I abandon you to your fate.

What! and is it ye who forsake me, for whose cause alone man dares to hurl against me the thunders of his God, in this act of excommunication? Is it not for you that I am declared heretic and rebel? What are my imputed crimes?—That I have made Rome, and asserted Italy to be free! that I have subdued the proud magnates, who were the scourge both of pope and people.

And you,—you upbraid me with what I have dared and done for you! Men, with you I would have fought, for you I would have perished. You forsake yourselves in forsaking me; and, since I no longer rule over brave men, I resign my power to the tyrants you prefer.

Seven months I have ruled over you, prosperous in commerce,—stainless in justice,—victorious in the field; I have shown you what Rome could be; and since I abdicate the government ye gave me,—when I am gone, strike for your own freedom! It matters nothing who is the chief of a brave and great people. Prove that Rome hath many a Rienzi, but of brighter fortunes.

Heed me: I ride with these faithful few through the quarter of the Colonna, before the fortress of your foe. Three times before that fortress shall my trumpet sound; if at the third blast ye come not, armed as befits you,—I say not all, but three, but two, but one hundred of ye,—I break up my wand of office, and the world shall say one hundred and fifty robbers quelled the soul of Rome, and crushed her magistrate and her laws!

—From "*Rienzi*." 1835.

CHARLES DICKENS

(England, 1812–1870)

SERGEANT BUZFUZ, IN "BARDELL VS. PICKWICK"

THE plaintiff, gentlemen, . . . the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a customhouse can never afford. . . . Sometime before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." . . . I entertain the attention of the jury to the wording of this document,—"*Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!*" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for

protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation,—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner were at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days,—three days, gentlemen,—a Being, erect on two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant. . . .

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villainy. . . . I say systematic villainy, gentlemen, . . . and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am in—

formed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson. . . .

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley-tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: "How should you like to have another father?" . . .

Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervid, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's,—twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such

shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious,—"Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression,—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming pan!" The warming pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed about a warming pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire,—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeable to some pre-concerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you! . . .

But enough of this, gentlemen: it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his "alley-tors" and his "commoneys" are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of "knuckle down," and at tip-chesse, or odd-and-even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

—From "Pickwick Papers," 1837.

ELIJAH KELLOGG

(American, 1813-)

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA

IT HAD been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturinus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:—

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grand-sire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast

that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the car-rion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

CELEBRATED PASSAGES FROM POETS OFTENEST QUOTED IN ORATORY

IN SELECTING the celebrated passages of verse which the experience of orators has shown to be most useful in public speaking, the rule has been one of exclusion. The collections of Bohn, Bartlett, Edwards, Watson, and others, which were consulted and utilized in various ways, embrace collectively so many thousands of quotations, nearly all valuable for general purposes of illustration, that it was a task of considerable difficulty to select those most likely to be useful to the public speaker. It is hoped that this has been done, however, to such an extent that the number of extracts not likely to be pertinent in public speaking has been minimized, without sacrificing any very considerable number of such as will be found convenient for illustration. The needs of speakers in the courts and the pulpit, on the platform and in public life have been considered in making the selections, which, as they reinforce the "celebrated passages" from the best orations, offer what it is hoped will prove a very great and hitherto unattainable convenience not only in the study of oratory, but in the preparation of speeches, sermons, and addresses.

The attempt was made to include especially those quotations from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and other great poets which have been favorites with the great English and American orators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

As the arrangement by authors' names is most useful only where more attention is being devoted to the study of the author's style than to the thought, the arrangement adopted is by subject, and alphabetical to the third and fourth letters.

It has been assumed that as a rule the reader who has failed to find "detraction" indexed will not need to be told to look for "calumny" and "slander," but cross references have been given wherever they seemed more likely to promote convenience.

CELEBRATED PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

A

ABILITY

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.
— *Young: "Night Thoughts."*

*

ABSTINENCE

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.
— *Herrick.*

*

ABUNDANCE

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
Of Vallombrosa.
— *Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book I.*

*

ACTION

Take the instant way ; . . .
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.
— *Shakespeare: "Troilus and Cressida," Act III.*

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.
— *Beaumont and Fletcher: "The Loyal Subject," Act I.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
— *Shakespeare: "Othello," Act II.*

Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward—vice punishment.
— *Beaumont and Fletcher: "The Captain," Act V.*

ADVERSITY

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
— *Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act II.*

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ! to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope,—to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his foot,
And then he falls as I do.
— *Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.," Act III.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are better still.
— *Rogers: "Jacqueline."*

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
— *Shakespeare: "Comedy of Errors," Act II.*

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last.
— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto xiv.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
— *Shakespeare.*

Perfumes, the more they're chafed, the more they
render
Their pleasant scents ; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate.
— *John Webster.*

Adversity — Continued

All evils natural, are moral goods ;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.

— *Young.*

Never on earth calamity so great,
As not to leave to us, if rightly weighed,
What would console 'mid what we sorrow for.

— *Shakespeare.*

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

— *Shakespeare : " Measure for Measure," Act III.*

*

ADVICE

Direct not him whose way himself will choose ;
'Tis breath thou lackest, and that breath thou'lt
lose.

— *Shakespeare.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;—
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

— *Shakespeare : " Hamlet," Act I.*

Wait for the season when to cast good counsels
Upon subsiding passion.

— *Shakespeare.*

Those who school others, oft should
School themselves.

— *Shakespeare.*

*

AFFRONT

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

— *Cowper : " Conversation."*

*

AGE

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner ;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

— *Dryden : " Ædipus," Act IV.*

Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd
out,

Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
With av'rice and convulsions, grasping hard ?
Grasping at air, for what hath earth beside ?
Man wants but little ; nor that little long :
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !

— *Young : " Night Thoughts," Night IV.*

AMBITION

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

— *Shakespeare : " Macbeth," Act I.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars.
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

— *Shakespeare : " Julius Cæsar," Act I.*

I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.

— *Shakespeare : " Henry VIII.," Act III.*

Fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?

— *Shakespeare : " Henry VIII.," Act III.*

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

— *Milton : " Paradise Lost," Book I.*

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

— *Byron : " Childe Harold."*

*

ANCESTRY

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

— *Young.*

*

ANGER

Anger and madness differ but in this :
This is short madness ; that long anger is.

— *Aleyn.*

There is not in nature,
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger.

— *John Webster.*

*

ANTICIPATION

To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched.

— *Butler : " Hudibras."*

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid.

— *Milton : " Comus."*

APPEARANCES

All that glisters is not gold,—
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.

— *Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act II.*

By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.

— *Gay: "Fables."*

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Come like shadows, so depart.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act IV.*

*

ARGUMENT

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse,
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committeemen and trustees.

— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

— *Goldsmith: "Deserted Village."*

Calmness is great advantage; he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.

— *Herbert.*

Arguments, like children, should be like
The subject that begets them.

— *Decker.*

*

ARGUMENTS AT FAULT

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

*

ARTIFICE

'Tis great, 'tis manly to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

— *Young.*

Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; only disguising
What should have ne'er been seen.

— *Congreve.*

ASPIRATION

It were all one,
That I should love a bright, particular star,
And think to wed it.

— *Shakespeare: "All's Well That Ends Well," Act I.*

*

ASSOCIATION

A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act II.*

*

ASTONISHMENT

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act III.*

*

AUTHORITY

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep!

— *Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act II.*

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.

— *Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
And the creature run from the cur?

There thou might'st behold the great image of
authority:

A dog's obeyed in office.

— *Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act IV.*

*

AVARICE

The lust of gold succeeds the rags of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.

— *Dr. Johnson: "Irene," Act I.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

— *Pope: "Moral Essays," Epistle IV.*

O cursed love of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,—
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

— *Blair.*

B

"BACKING YOUR FRIENDS"

Call you that backing of your friends? a plague
upon such backing!

—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,"*
Part First, Act II.

*

BAD NEWS

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,"*
Part Second, Act I.

*

BASE THOUGHTS

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination.

—*Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act V.*

*

"BE-ALL AND END-ALL"

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

*

BEAUTY

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

—*Shakespeare: "Tempest," Act I.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

—*Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night," Act I.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—*Ben Jonson: "The Silent*
Woman," Act I.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

—*Byron: "She Walks in Beauty."*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth, too dear!

—*Shakespeare: "Romeo and*
Juliet," Act I.

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not
night.

—*Shakespeare: "Romeo and*
Juliet," Act II.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?

—*Byron: "Bride of Abydos," Canto i.*

*

THE BIBLE

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely.

—*Pollak: "The Course of Time."*

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—*Scott: "The Monastery."*

BIGOTRY

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

—Prior: "Solomon," Book I.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

—Pope: "Essay on Man."

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

—Byron: "Don Juan."

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this.

—Moore: "Come, Send Round
the Wine."

*

BITTERNESS

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou
write with a goose pen, no matter.

—Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night," Act III.

*

BLUNTNES

These kind of knaves I know, which in their
plainness

Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

—Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act II.

*

BOASTING

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon.

—Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,"
Part First, Act I.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

—Shakespeare: "Henry V.," Act IV.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin,
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting
him.

—Shakespeare: "Henry V.," Act IV.

Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.

—Shakespeare: "King John," Act II.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

—Young: "Night Thoughts."

*

BOASTING REBUKED

Glendower—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur—Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?

—Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,"
Part First, Act III.

*

BOLDNESS

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

—Shakespeare: "Merry Wives of
Windsor," Act II.

*

BOOKS

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—Wordsworth: "Personal Talk."

—

Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy.

—Alexander Smith: "A Life Drama."

*

BREVITY

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief.

—Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act II.

—

For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

*

BURKE, EDMUND

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind.

—Goldsmith: "Retaliation."

C

CALUMNY AND CENSURE

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Hamlet*," Act III.

Who stabs my name, would stab my person, too,
Did not the hangman's ax lie in the way.

— *Crown*.

Who steals my purse, steals trash;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*," Act III.

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Winter's Tale*," Act II.

If I'm traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,— let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Henry VIII.*," Act I.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

— *Shakespeare*: " *Measure for Measure*," Act III.

*

CANDOR

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*," Act I.

*

CARD, THE, SPEAKING BY

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by
the card, or equivocation will undo us.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Hamlet*," Act V.

*

CAUTION

Look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap.

— *Butler*: " *Hudibras*."

The mouse, that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

— *Pope*: " *Wife of Bath*."

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
" In part is she to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied."

— *Lady M. W. Montague*: " *Lady's Resolve*." Quoting *Overbury*.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Henry VIII.*," Act I.

*

CENSURE AND CRITICISM

I am nothing if not critical.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*."

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

— *Gay*: " *Fables*."

Men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.

— *Pope*: " *Essay on Criticism*."

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready made:
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault
A turn for punning, — call it Attic salt, —
Fear not to lie, — 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, — 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest; —
And stand a critic, hated, yet caress'd.

— *Byron*: " *English Bards*."

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

— *Pope*: " *Epistle to Arbuthnot*."

*

CHARACTER

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Hamlet*."

As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregoing event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

— *Longfellow*: " *Michael Angelo*."

Character—Continued

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

—*Hannah More: "Sensibility."*

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

—*Byron: "The Two Foscari," Act II.*

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

*

CHATHAM

His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.

—*Couper: "Table Talk."*

*

CHRISTMAS

Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!

Let every man be jolly.

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,

And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,

And all their spits are turning.

—*Wither: "Christmas Carol."*

*

CHURCH

"What is a church?" Let truth and reason speak,
They would reply,—*"The faithful, pure, and meek,
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."*

What is a church?—Our honest sexton tells
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells.

—*Crabbe: "The Borough."*

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

—*Defoe: "The True Born Englishman."*

Hear how he clears the points of faith
Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!

—*Burns: "Holy Fair."*

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought

A living sermon of the truths he taught,—
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

—*Dryden: "Character of a Good Parson."*

*

COMMONPLACENESS

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet."*

*

COMPARISON

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
So doth the greater glory dim the less.

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act V.*

Dogberry—Comparisons are odorous.

—*Shakespeare: "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III.*

*

COMPLIMENTS

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

—*Shakespeare.*

*

CONCEALMENT

She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

—*Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night," Act II.*

*

CONCLUSION. LAME AND IMPOTENT

Iago—To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona—O most lame and impotent conclusion!

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act II.*

CONSCIENCE

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Part Third, Act V.*

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
—*Milton: "Comus."*

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.
—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
And am so clear too of all other vice.
—*Pope: "Moral Essays."*

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Part Second, Act III.*

And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
—*Milton.*

Still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
—*Byron.*

*

CONSCIENCE AND CRIME

Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice.
—*Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act III.*

*

CONSCIENCE, THE STINGS OF

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

CONTEMPT

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Part Third, Act I.*

From no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt.
—*Pope: "Moral Essays."*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act IV.*

*

CONTENTMENT

Verily,
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
—*Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.," Act II.*

*

CONTRAST AND ANTITHESIS

The apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
—*Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act I.*

*

CONTROVERSY AND DISCUSSION

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folk together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk.
—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd.
—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

*

CORRUPTION AS A TRADE

'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to
labor in his vocation.
—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.," Part First, Act I.*

*

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures,
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a place, as tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash,—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.
—*Byron: "Don Juan."*

Corruption in Politics — Continued

At length corruption, like a general flood
 (So long by watchful ministers withstood),
 Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
 Spread like a lowborn mist, and blot the sun.

— *Pope*: " *Moral Essays*."

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.

— *Dr. Johnson*: " *London*."

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite,
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day.

— *Dr. Johnson*: " *London*."

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Hamlet*."

*

COURAGE

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Julius Cæsar*," *Act II*.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

— *Shakespeare*: " *King John*," *Act III*.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe;
 And make his wrongs his outsides,
 To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Timon of Athens*,"
Act III.

What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tiger,—
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," *Act III*.

I dare do all that may become a man:
 Who dares do more is none.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," *Act I*.

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," *Act I*.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
 To mean devices for a sordid end.
 Courage,—an independent spark from Heaven's
 bright throne,
 By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high,
 alone.

Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
 Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.

— *George Farquhar*: " *Love
 and a Bottle*."

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
 Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
 Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,—
 Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.

— *Dryden*: " *Palamon and Arcite*."

*

COURAGE, THE, OF DESPERATION

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," *Act V*.

*

COURTESY

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!

— *Shakespeare*: " *Cymbeline*," *Act I*.

*

COURTSHIP

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
 Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Two Gentlemen of
 Verona*," *Act III*.

*

COWARDICE

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!

— *Shakespeare*: " *Merchant of
 Venice*," *Act III*.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Richard II*," *Act I*.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame.
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

— *Shakespeare*: " *King John*," *Act III*.

Cowardice — Continued

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety.

— *Shakespeare: "King John," Act III.*

You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge
 home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you.

— *Shakespeare: "Coriolanus," Act I.*

*

CRIME

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

— *Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act II.*

Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

— *Byron: "Childe Harold."*

*

CRIME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

*

CROTCHETS

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.

— *Shakespeare: "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II.*

*

CUNNING

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act II.*

CUSTOM

How use doth breed a habit in a man

— *Shakespeare: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V.*

New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

— *Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.," Act I.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
 With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

— *Cowper: "Tirocinium."*

The slaves of custom and established mode,
 With packhorse constancy, we keep the road
 Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
 True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

— *Cowper: "Tirocinium."*

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
 To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
 A course of long observance for its use,
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

— *Cowper: "Task."*

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
 In all things ruled, — mind, body, and estate;
 In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
 To them we know not, and we know not why.

— *Crabbe: "The Gentleman Farmer."*

*

CUSTOM, HONORED IN THE BREACH

But to my mind — though I am native here,
 And to the manner born — it is a custom
 More honored in the breach than the observance.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

D**DANCING ATTENDANCE**

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

— *Shakespeare.*

*

DANGER

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
 them,

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

— *Shakespeare: "Richard III.," Act I.*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
 She'll close, and be herself! whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act III.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
 safety.

— *Shakespeare: "Henry IV.," Part First, Act II.*

DARING

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Macbeth*," *Act I.*

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,

He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.

—*Scott* : " *Talisman*."

*

DEATH

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Macbeth*," *Act I.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Measure for Measure*," *Act III.*

To die,—to sleep,—

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," *Act III.*

To die ! to sleep :

To sleep ! perchance, to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," *Act III.*

The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," *Act III.*

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away :
O ! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw !

—*Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," *Act V.*

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*Shakespeare* : " *The Tempest*,"
Act IV.

Beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Romeo and Juliet*," *Act V.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,—

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.

—*Young* : " *Night Thoughts*."

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

—*Young* : " *Night Thoughts*."

Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

—*Young* : " *Night Thoughts*."

A deathbed's the detector of the heart :
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,
Here real and apparent are the same.

—*Young* : " *Night Thoughts*."

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

—*Gray* : " *Elegy*."

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—*Gray* : " *Elegy*."

All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

—*Bryant* : " *Thanatopsis*."

When beggars die, there are no comets seen.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Julius Cæsar*," *Act II.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

—*Shakespeare* : " *Julius Cæsar*," *Act II.*

O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?

—*Shakespeare* : " *Julius Cæsar*," *Act III.*

Death — Continued

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

—*Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act III.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world.

—*Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act III.*

Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.

—*Mrs. Hemans: "The Hour of Death."*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stain'd it,

'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has
unchain'd it,

To water that Eden where first was its source.

Moore: "Weep not for Those."

Friend after friend departs;

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our only rest,

Living or dying, none were blest.

—*James Montgomery: "Friends."*

*

DECEIT

Look to her, Moor; if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Shakespeare: "Othello," Act I.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act I.*

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard III.," Act II.*

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Part Second, Act III.*

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.

—*Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book II.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

—*Addison: "Cato," Act I.*

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun,
And sting the soul.

—*Joanna Baillie: "De Montfort," Act I.*

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

—*Scott: "Marmion," Canto vi.*

*

DECISION

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act IV.*

*

DELAY — See Procrastination

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought;
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves.

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

DENIAL

Thou canst not say, I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," Act III.

*

DESPAIR

Beware of desperate steps! — the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

— *Cowper*: " *Needless Alarm*,"

They who have nothing more to fear may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd;
As children at discovered bugbears.

— *Byron*: " *Sardanapalus*,"

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Henry VI.*,"
Part Third, Act I.

*

DESPERATION

Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, Hold! enough!

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," Act V.

*

DETERMINED PURPOSE

I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," Act II.

*

DETRACTION

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Much Ado About Nothing*," Act II.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands:

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*," Act III.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base

Interpreter, who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.

— *Ben Jonson*: " *Poetaster*," Act V.

*

DEVIL, THE

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he.

— *Rabelais*: " *Works*," Book IV.

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Hamlet*," Act II.

He will give the devil his due.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Henry IV.*,"
Part First, Act I.

*

"DEWDROP FROM THE LION'S
MANE"

And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

— *Shakespeare*.

*

DIFFICULTY

O how full of briers is this working-day world!

— *Shakespeare*: " *As You Like It*," Act I.

*

DISAPPOINTMENT

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare
not.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Macbeth*," Act V.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

— *Goldsmith*: " *The Traveler*,"

*

DISCRETION

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*," Act II.

The better part of valor is discretion.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Henry IV.*,"
Part First, Act V.

Discretion — Continued

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill ;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

— *Fletcher : " Upon an Honest
Man's Fortune. "*

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes ;
For where no honor's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

— *Butler : " Hudibras. "*

*

DISCRIMINATION

I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

— *Shakespeare : " Hamlet, " Act II.*

*

DISPUTES AND DISSENSIONS

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd.

— *Butler : " Hudibras. "*

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny ;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

— *J. Byron : " On the Feuds between
Handel and Bononcini. "*

Now join your hands, and with your hands your
hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.

— *Shakespeare : " Henry VI., "
Part Third, Act IV.*

*

DOGBERRY'S WISH

O that he were here to write me down,—an ass !

— *Shakespeare : " Much Ado About
Nothing, " Act III.*

*

"DOOM, THE CRACK OF"

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?

— *Shakespeare : " Macbeth, " Act IV.*

*

DOUBT

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

— *Shakespeare : " Macbeth, " Act I.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

— *Shakespeare : " Measure for
Measure, " Act I.*

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

— *Shakespeare : " Troilus and
Cressida, " Act II.*

He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes,—presumes it may be so.

— *Cowper : " Conversation. "*

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

— *Tennyson : " In Memoriam. "*

*

DRESS

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

— *Shakespeare : " Taming of the
Shrew, " Act IV.*

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

— *Shakespeare : " Taming of the
Shrew, " Act IV.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

— *Shakespeare : " Hamlet. "*

*

DRINKING

Sweet fellowship in shame ;
One drunkard loves another of the name.

— *Shakespeare : " Love's Labor's
Lost, " Act IV.*

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

— *Byron : " Don Juan, " Canto iv.*

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we
Should with joy, pleasance, and applause,
Transform ourselves to beasts !

— *Shakespeare : " Othello, " Act II.*

DUPLICITY—See Deceit and Happiness

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side.

— *Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act III.*

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

— *Young: "Love of Fame."*

DUTY

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

— *Fielding: "Tom Thumb."*

And rank for her meant duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

— *George Eliot: "Agatha."*

E**"EASE IN MINE INN"**

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

— *Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,"*
Part First, Act IV.

*

EDUCATION

Learning by study must be won;

'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.

— *Gay: "Fables."*

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

— *Pope: "Moral Essays."*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

— *Thompson: "Seasons; Spring."*

Oh ye, who teach th' ingenious youth of nations—
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,—
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions:
It mends their morals: never mind the pain.

— *Byron: "Don Juan."*

*

ENDURANCE

Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

— *Shakespeare: "Timon of Athens," Act III.*

'Tis not now who's stout and bold,
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.

— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

*

ENOUGH

Romeo—Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.
Mercutio—No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so
wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough.

— *Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act III.*

*

ENTHUSIASM

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had:
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

— *Pope: "Satire IV."*

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.

— *Cowper: "Progress of Error."*

Rash enthusiasm, in good society,
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

— *Byron: "Don Juan."*

*

ENVY

Envy not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy
As hurts not others but may make thee better,
Is a good spur.

— *Herbert: "Temple."*

Envy — Continued

With that malignant envy, which turns pale
And sickens, even if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

— Churchill: "Rosciad."

*

EVIL

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

— Shakespeare: "Henry V.," Act IV.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

— Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

— Shakespeare: "Comedy of Errors," Act III.

Nought is so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

— Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act II.

Farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold.

— Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book IV.

But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

— Hood: "Lady's Dream."

*

EVIL AND GOOD, POSTHUMOUS

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

— Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar," Act III.

*

EXAMPLE

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

— Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act V.

*

EXCESS

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice and add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

— Shakespeare: "King John," Act IV.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

— Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act II.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

— Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act II.

*

EXPERIENCE

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

— Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act II.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

— Shakespeare: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I.

To willful men

The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

— Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act II.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

— Young: "Night Thoughts."

Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

— Matthew Green: "Spleen."

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through
his own.

— Bayard Taylor.

*

EXULTATION

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

— Shakespeare: "Richard III.," Act I.

F

FAME

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds :
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

—Milton : " *Samson Agonistes*."

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

—Milton : " *Lycidas*."

There is a tall long-sided dame,—
But wondrous light,—ycleped Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words ;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth,— oft lies.

—Butler : " *Hudibras*."

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind ;
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !

—Pope : " *Essay on Man*."

*

FANCY, SWEET AND BITTER

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

—Shakespeare : " *As You Like It*," Act IV.

*

FASHION, THE GLASS OF

The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers !

—Shakespeare : " *Hamlet*," Act III.

*

FATE

What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

—Shakespeare : " *Henry VI*,"
Part Third, Act IV.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

—Shakespeare : " *Hamlet*," Act V.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

—Shakespeare : " *All's Well That Ends Well*," Act I.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit ;
For whatsoever we perpetrate,
We do but row,— w're steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

—Butler : " *Hudibras*."

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

—Dryden : " *MacFlecknoe*."

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits

know ;

Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh ! blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

—Pope : " *Essay on Man*."

*

FAVOR IN POLITICS

O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—Shakespeare : " *Henry VIII*,"
Act III.

*

FAWNING

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

—Shakespeare : " *Hamlet*," Act III.

You play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

—Shakespeare : " *Henry VIII*," Act V.

*

FEAR

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

—Shakespeare : " *Macbeth*," Act III.

FEAR OF DEATH

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Measure for Measure*," Act III.

*

FIDELITY

Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Othello*," Act IV.

Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And, for the testimony of truth, hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence.

— *Milton* : " *Paradise Lost*," Book VI.

Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unshook, unshak'd, unshak'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind.

— *Milton* : " *Paradise Lost*," Book V.

*

FLATTERY — See Fawning

But flattery never seems absurd ;
The flatter'd always take your word.
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust ;
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

— *Gay* : " *Fables*."

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

— *Swift* : " *Cadenus and Vanessa*."

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;
And (stranger still) of blockheads' flattery.
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

— *Young* : " *Love of Fame*."

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

— *Goldsmith* : " *Retaliation*."

Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery.

— *Hannah More* : " *Daniel*."

FLOWERS

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Winter's Tale*,"
Act IV.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white ; now, purple with love's
wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee
once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Midsummer Night's
Dream*," Act II.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Midsummer Night's
Dream*," Act II.

*

FOLLY

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Twelfth
Night*," Act III.

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Winter's
Tale*," Act II.

In his brain—
Which is as dry as the remainder-biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd,
With observation, the which he vents ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.

— *Cowper* : " *Conversation*."

*

FOPPISHNESS

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Henry IV.*,"
Part First, Act I.

FORGIVENESS—See Mercy, Pardon

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

—Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book X.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both.

—Addison: "Cato," Act II.

Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

—Pope: "Essay on Criticism."

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

—Bailey: "Festus."

Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them, and washed them with her tears.
What then?

I think that yet our Lord is pitiful:

I think I see the castaway e'en now!

—Jean Ingelow: "Brothers
and a Sermon."

I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the
mercy.

—Shakespeare: "Measure for
Measure," Act II.

*

FORTUNE,—See Life, Character, Etc.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.

—Shakespeare: "Twelfth
Night," Act III.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

—Shakespeare.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please.

—Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways t' enrich her followers;
To some she honor gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving without honor;
Some, wit,—some, wealth,—and some wit with-
out wealth;
Some, wealth without wit,—some, nor wit nor
wealth.

—Chapman: "All Fools."

I am not now in Fortune's power,—
He that is down can fall no lower.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end
Or turn about again, and mend.

—Butler: "Hudibras."

*

FORTUNE FAVORING FOOLS

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

—Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar,"
Act I.

*

FREEDOM—See Liberty

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the
blow?

—Byron: "Childe Harold,"

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.

—Byron: "The Giaour."

Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he, who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear!

—Byron: "The Giaour."

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

—Byron: "Marino Faliero,"
Act II.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals
hold

Which Milton held.

—Wordsworth: "Sonnet."

*

FRIENDSHIP

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel

—Shakespeare: "Hamlet."

Friendship — Continued

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refin'd, and purged from all its dross,
'Tis next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross.

— *Catherine Philips* : " *Friendship* ."

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

— *Addison* : " *Cato* , " *Act III* .

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

— *Addison* : " *Campaign* ."

Who friendship with a knave hath made
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

— *Gay* : " *Fables* ."

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

— *Shakespeare* .

*

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no other agent.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Much Ado About Nothing* , " *Act II* .

G**GENIUS**

The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.

— *Wilcox* .

*

GENTLEMAN, THE

Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written — Gentleman.

— *Byron* : " *Don Juan* , " *Canto ix* .

He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

— *Byron* : " *Don Juan* , " *Canto ix* .

*

GLORY

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour : —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

— *Gray* : " *Elegy* ."

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

— *Scott* : " *Old Mortality* ."

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.

— *Bulwer-Lytton* : " *Richelieu* , " *Act V* .

GOLD

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold ;
But my outside to behold.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Merchant of Venice* , " *Act II* .

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd ;
Heavy to get and light to hold ;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled :
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold ;
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Good or bad a thousandfold !
How widely its agencies vary —
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

— *Hood* : " *Miss Kilmansegg* ."

*

GOOD NATURE

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Love's Labor's Lost* , " *Act II* .

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Winter's Tale* , " *Act IV* .

A plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man
up like a bladder.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Henry IV.* , " *Part First* , *Act II* .

GOODNESS

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.
— *Milton* : " *Paradise Lost*," Book V.

And grant the bad what happiness they would ;
One they must want, which is, — to pass for good.
— *Pope* : " *Essay on Man*."

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Young : " *Night Thoughts*."

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.
— *Rogers* : " *Jacqueline*."

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.
— *Garth* : " *Claremont*."

Oh, sir ! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.
— *Wordsworth* : " *The Excursion*."

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
— *Charles Kingsley* : " *A Farewell*."

The soul is strong
That trusts in goodness.
— *Massinger*.

Fear not thou to trust
he omnipotence of goodness.
— *Goethe*.

*

GRATITUDE

He that has Nature in him must be grateful ;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other.
— *Madden*.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays ; at once
Indebted and discharged.
— *Milton*.

*

GRATITUDE TO GOD

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
— *Shakespeare*.

THE GRAVE—*See* Death

Under ground
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
— *Blair* : " *The Grave*."

The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb ;
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
— *Young* : " *Poem on the Last Day*."

*

GREATNESS

He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.
— *Milton* : " *Paradise Lost*," Book I.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
— *Milton* : " *Paradise Lost*," Book IV.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
— *Pope* : " *Prologue to Addison's*
" *Cato*."

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
— *Pope* : " *Essay on Man*."

What is station high ?
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
— *Young* : " *Night Thoughts*."

He, who ascends to mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow ;
He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.
— *Byron* : " *Childe Harold*,"
Canto iii.

He is not great, who is not greatly good.
— *Shakespeare*.

Earth's highest station, ends in " Here he lies" ;
And, " Dust to dust," concludes the noble song.
— *Young*.

GRIEF

Everyone can master a grief, but he that hath it.

—*Shakespeare: "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III.*

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act II.*

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act III.*

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act IV.*

H

HABIT

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

—*Hannah More: "Floris."*

How use doth breed a habit in a man,

—*Shakespeare.*

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—*Dryden.*

*

HAPPINESS

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness
through another man's eyes!

—*Shakespeare.*

Know, then, this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

—*Pope.*

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

—*Pope.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were
but little happy, if I could say how much.

—*Shakespeare: "Much Ado About Nothing," Act II.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow.—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

—*Cotton: "Fireside."*

HATRED

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act IV.*

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

—*Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book II.*

Never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so
deep.

—*Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book IV.*

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas. Yet winds to
seas

Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.

—*Milton: "Samson Agonistes."*

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

—*Gay: "Epistle IV."*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

—*Congreve: "Mourning Bride," Act III.*

*

HEAVEN

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
joys;

There light and shade succeed no more by
turns;

There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth forever shines, and love forever
burns.

—*Watts.*

Heaven—Continued

Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

—Shakespeare.

*

HELL

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; for where we are is Hell;
And where Hell is, there must we ever be;
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.

—Marlowe: "Faustus."

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those
flames

No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.

—Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book I.

It is the wrath of God—his hate of sin.

—Bailey: "Festus."

*

HELL, ITS SECRETS

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

—Shakespeare: "Hamlet."

*

HEROES

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.

—Dryden: "Absalom and Achitophel."

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

—Pope: "Essay on Man."

*

HOME

The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labor hard.

—Dyer: "The Fleece."

Home is the resort

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

—Thompson: "Seasons; Autumn."

There's a strange something which, without a
brain,
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

—Churchill: "The Farewell."

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

—Goldsmith: "The Traveler."

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

—Byron: "Don Juan," Canto i.

Home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—Montgomery.

*

HONESTY — See Manliness, Character, etc.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one man pick'd out of two thousand.

—Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act II.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

—Shakespeare: "Othello," Act V.

Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

—Rowe: "Jane Shore," Act II.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

—Pope: "Essay on Man."

An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

—Cowper: "Epistle to Joseph Hill."

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

—Burns: "Cotter's Saturday Night."

His nature is too noble for the world,
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident
Or Jove for his power to thunder.

—Shakespeare: "Coriolanus," Act III.

Honesty — Continued

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar."*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

—*Shakespeare.*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar,"*
Act IV.

*

HONOR — See Reputation

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is — spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard II.,"*
Act I.

Too much honor:

O, 'tis a burthen, . . . 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.,"*
Act III.

Who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of*
Venice," Act II.

Honor is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.

— *Addison: "Cato," Act IV.*

Give me, kind heav'n, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honor shall be mine.

— *Gay: "Fables."*

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

— *Pope: "Essay on Man."*

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin:

He's arm'd without that's innocent within.

— *Pope: "Satire III."*

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.

— *Burns: "Epistle to a*
Young Friend."

*

HOPE

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard III.,"*
Act V.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

—*Pope.*

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

—*Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the net;
'Tis not here — still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

—*Carlyle: "Cui Bono."*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—*Goldsmith: "Captivity," Act II.*

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

—*Goldsmith: "Captivity," Act II.*

*

HUE AND CRY

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark
at me.

—*Shakespeare: "King Lear,"*
Act III.

*

HUMILITY

He saw a cottage with a double coach house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

—*Coleridge: "Devil's Thoughts." **

He passed a cottage with a double coach house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin that his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

—*Southey: "The Devil's Walk."*

* This verse is Coleridge's and not Southey's. See the note to the seventh verse in the edition of 1829. — *Crocott.*

Humility — Humility

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
— Moore: "Loves of the Angels."

*

HYPOCRISY — See Deceit

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
— Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act III.

The hypocrite was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.

— Pollok.

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his
heart

Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.

— Young: "Night Thoughts."

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

— Cowper: "Task," Book III.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or
best;

Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

— Byron: "Don Juan," Canto xv.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.

— Byron: "Don Juan," Canto iii.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

— Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act I.

A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

— Butler: "Hudibras."

I**"IF"**

Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue
in *If*.

— Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act V.

*

IGNORANCE

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

— Prior: "To Hon. C. Montague."

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

— Gray: "Ode on Eton College."

With just enough of learning to misquote.

— Byron: "English Bards."

Where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long.

— Tennyson: "Vivien."

By ignorance is pride increased;
Those most assume who know the least.

— Gay.

*

IMAGINATION

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

— Shakespeare: "Richard II.," Act I.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

— Shakespeare: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I.

IMMODESTY

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.
—*Roscommon.*

*

IMMORTALITY

Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
—*Young* "Night Thoughts."

I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears,—and peal
Into my ears this truth,—“Thou liv'st forever!”
—*Byron.*

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.*
—*Addison.*

A voice within us speaks that startling word,—
“Man, thou shalt never die!” celestial voices
Hymn it to our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, do sound forth still
The song of our great Immortality.
—*Dana.*

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.
—*Campbell.*

*

IMPUDENCE

For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretense;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
—*Butler*; "Miscellaneous Thoughts."

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.
—*Churchill*: "Rosciad."

*

INCONGRUITY

Black spirits and white
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.
—*Shakespeare*: "Macbeth,"
Act IV.

* See "Cato's Soliloquy on Immortality," elsewhere
in this volume.

INCONSTANCY

O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
—*Shakespeare*: "Romeo and Juliet."

*

INDECISION

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.
—*Shakespeare*: "Macbeth,"
Act I.

But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

—*Shakespeare*: "Macbeth,"
Act III.

*

INDECISION AND AMBITION

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—
—*Shakespeare*: "Macbeth,"
Act I.

*

INDIFFERENCE

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet,"
Act II.

*

INGRATITUDE

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

—*Shakespeare*: "Merchant of
Venice," Act IV.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
—*Shakespeare*: "As You Like
It," Act II.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

—*Shakespeare*: "Twelfth Night,"
Act III.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
—*Shakespeare*: "Henry VIII.,"
Act III.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
—*Shakespeare*: "King Lear,"
Act I.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

—*Shakespeare: "King Lear,"*
Act I.

*

INSOLENCE

But man, proud man!

Drest in a little brief authority,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.

—*Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure."*

J

THE GALLED JADE

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are un-
wrung.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

*

JEALOUSY

Ten thousand fears

Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.

—*Thompson: "Seasons; Spring."*

It is jealousy's peculiar nature

To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.

—*Young: "Revenge," Act III.*

*

JEALOUSY, THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on.

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act III.*

*

"JOCUND DAY"

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

—*Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act III.*

*

JOURNALISM

To serve thy generation, this thy fate:

Written in water, swiftly fades thy name;
But he who loves his kind does, first and late,
A work too great for fame.

—*Mary Clemmer: "The Journalist."*

*

JOY

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation.

INTEMPERANCE

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

—*Shakespeare: "Othello,"*
Act II.

—

O that men should put an enemy in their
mouths, to steal away their brains!

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act II.*

Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation.

—*Schiller: "Hymn to Joy."*

*

JUSTICE

The gods

Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

—*Ben Jonson: "Catiline," Act III.*

Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

—*Sweetman.*

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just.

—*Cumberland.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Shakespeare.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act V.*

He will give the devil his due.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,*
First Part, Act I.

*

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE

This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

—

A Daniel come to judgment.

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice."*

K

KINDNESS

Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth,"*
Act I.

*

KNAVERY

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world!

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act IV.*

As thistles wear the softest down
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats.

—*Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

*

KNOWLEDGE — See Education

The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

—*Shakespeare: "The Tempest,"*
Act V.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.

—*Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book IV.*

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

He knew what ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

—*Pope: "Moral Essays."*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

But all exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

—*Byron: "Manfred," Act II.*

Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most,
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of Life.

—*Byron: "Manfred," Act I.*

L

LABOR

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

—*Shakespeare.*

The labor we delight in physics pain.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act II.*

From labor health, from health contentment
springs.

—*Beattie: "Minstrel," Book I.*

*

LAW, LAWYERS

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

—*Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act II.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act III.*

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.,"*
Part Second, Act IV.

Law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages,
Who, tho' their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

Law, Lawyers — Continued

Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow
And where in conscience they're straight lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

— Goldsmith : " *The Traveler*."

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair ;
Honesty shines with great advantage there.

— Cowper : " *Hope*."

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

— Lines quoted in Latin by
Sir Edward Coke.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

— Sir William Jones : " *Ode in
Imitation of Alcaeus*."

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

— Trumbull : " *McFingal*,"
Canto iii.

Mastering the lawless science of our law,—
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

— Tennyson : " *Aylmer's Field*."

*

LEARNING

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music ;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

— Shakespeare : " *Henry V.*," Act I.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat ;
An art t' inumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit.

— Butler : " *Hudibras*."

A little learning is a dangerous thing !
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

— Pope : " *On Criticism*," Part II.

*

LIBERTY— See Freedom

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

— Shakespeare : " *As You Like
It*," Act II.

License they mean when they cry Liberty.

— Milton : " *Sonnet XII*."

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.

— Dryden : " *Palamon and Arcite*."

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

— Addison : " *Cato*," Act II.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

— Addison : " *Cato*," Act II.

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of their blessing.

— Cowper : " *Task*," Book II.

Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause.

— Moore : " *Lalla Rookh*."

He is a freeman, whom the truth makes free
And all are slaves beside.

— Cowper.

Liberty — *Continued*

Oh! give me liberty!
 For even were Paradise my prison,
 Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.
 — Dryden.

*

LIFE

'Tis but on hour ago since it was nine;
 And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale.
 — Shakespeare: "*As You Like It*," Act II.

—

All the world's a stage
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts.*
 Shakespeare: "*As You Like It*," Act II.

—

To be, or not to be? that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?
 — Shakespeare: "*Hamlet*."

—

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.
 — Shakespeare: "*Merchant of Venice*," Act I.

—

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lash'd from the foam of ages.
 — Byron: "*Don Juan*," Canto xi.

—

What different lots our stars accord!
 This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a lord!
 And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn;
 Another, like Colchester native, born
 To its vinegar only and pepper.
 — Hood: "*Miss Kilmansegg*."

—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
 breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
 lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 — Bailey: "*Festus*."

* See complete passage in "*Celebrated Imaginary Addresses and Soliloquies*."

LIFE, A TWICETOLD TALE

Life is as tedious as a twicetold tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
 — Shakespeare: "*Macbeth*," Act III.

*

LIFE, A WALKING SHADOW

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

— Shakespeare: "*Macbeth*," Act V.

*

LIFE ON EARTH

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind.

— Shakespeare: "*The Tempest*,"
 " Act IV.

*

LIFE — "THE SEAR AND YELLOW LEAF"

My way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare
 not.

— Shakespeare: "*Macbeth*," Act V.

*

"LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER"

Duncan is in his grave!
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
 — Shakespeare: "*Macbeth*," Act III.

*

LOGIC

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side.
 — Butler: "*Hudibras*."

If a man who turnips cries,
 Cries not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.
 — Dr. Johnson: "*Johnsoniana*," Pizzini.

LOVE

Men have died from time to time, and worms
have eaten them, but not for love.

— *Shakespeare*: "As You Like
It," Act IV.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

— *Hood*: "Miss Kilmansegg."

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove; for
love

Is heaven, and heaven is love:" so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "love": but I'm prepared,
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts and camps" be quite so sentimental.

— *Byron*: "Don Juan," Canto xii.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

— *Shakespeare*: "Twelfth Night."

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

— *Shakespeare*: "A Midsummer Night's
Dream," Act I.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

— *Shakespeare*: "A Midsummer
Night's Dream."

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue
— *Thomson*: "Sophonisba," Act V.

O happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

— *Pope*: "Héloise to Abélard."

*

LYING, THE WORLD GIVEN TO

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I
grant you, I was down, and out of breath: and so
was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

— *Shakespeare*: "Henry IV.,"
Part First, Act V.

*

LUXURY

What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare;
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood.

— *Gay*: "Trivia," Book III.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

— *Goldsmith*: "Deserted Village."

M

MAN

What a piece of work is man! How noble in
reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and
moving, how express and admirable! in action,
how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a
God!

— *Shakespeare*: "Hamlet," Act II.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving, too, and full as vain!

— *Dryden*.

But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels.

— *Shakespeare*: "Henry VIII.,"
Act V.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infamy
Thy schooldays frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and
vent'rous.

— *Shakespeare*: "Richard III.,"
Act IV.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.

— *Shakespeare*: "Antony and
Cleopatra," Act V.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

— *Shakespeare*: "Julius
Cæsar," Act V.

Man — Continued

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," Act I.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*," Act III.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.

— *Pope* : " *Essay on Man*."

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age;
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

— *Pope* : " *Essay on Man*."

*

MANHOOD

See what a grace was seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*."

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Macbeth*," Act I.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Coriolanus*,"
Act III.

*

MANLINESS

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!

— *Shakespeare* : " *Hamlet*."

MANNERS

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Twelfth
Night*," Act IV.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

— *Pope* : " *Essay on Man*."

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

— *Pope* : " *Moral Essays*."

*

MARRIAGE

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Twelfth
Night*," Act II.

The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

— *Shakespeare* : " *Merchant of
Venice*," Act II.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

— *Shakespeare* : " *Taming of the
Shrew*," Act V.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

— *Pope* : " *Moral Essays*."

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

— *Pope* : " *Wife of Bath*."

*

MEMORY

O Memory! thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the Past to pain.

— *Goldsmith* : " *Captivity*."

Memory — Continued

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

— *Rogers: "Pleasures of Memory."*

*

MERCY

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

— *Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act II.*

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

— *Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act IV.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

— *Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act IV.*

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us:

— *Shakespeare: "Henry V.," Act II.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

— *Shakespeare: "Titus Andronicus," Act I.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

— *Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act III.*

The greatest attribute of Heaven is Mercy;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

— *Beaumont and Fletcher: "Lover's Progress," Act III.*

Great minds erect their never-failing trophies
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captiv'd,
Argues a bastard conquest.

— *Massinger: "Emperor of the East," Act I.*

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won,
Than in restoring such as are undone;
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

— *Waller: "To My Lord Protector."*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

— *Pope: "Universal Prayer."*

*

MERIT

There's a proud modesty in merit!
Averse from asking, and resolved to pay
Ten times the gifts it asks.

— *Dryden.*

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

— *Heath.*

*

MISERY — See Adversity

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

— *Shakespeare: "The Tempest," Act II.*

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

— *Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act V.*

Misery is trodden on by many;
And, being low, never relieved by any.

— *Shakespeare: "Venus and Adonis."*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act IV.*

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

— *Young: "Force of Religion."*

*

MISFORTUNE

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act IV.*

Misfortune — Continued

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these?

—*Shakespeare*: "King Lear,"
Act III.

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

—*Shakespeare*: "King Lear,"
Act III.

*

MODESTY

In the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

—*Shakespeare*.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

—*A. Hill*.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

—*Pope*: "Moral Essays."

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.

—*Roscommon*: "Essay on Translated Verse."

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

—*Goldsmith*: "Deserted Village."

*

MONEY

If money go before, all ways do lie open.

—*Shakespeare*: "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II.

O, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

—*Shakespeare*: "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.

—*Shakespeare*: "Timon of Athens," Act IV.

Tho' love be all the world's pretense,
Money's the mythologic sense.

—*Butler*: "Hudibras."

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?

—*Butler*: "Hudibras."

*

MOTHERS

The mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be
a savage

But for her gentle cares, a Christian man!
Then crown her queen of the world.

—*Old Play*.

There is
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.

—*Hemans*.

*

MURDER

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet,"
Act I.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet,"
Act II.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes.

—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet,"
Act I.

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd
Assassination?

—*Cibber*: "Cæsar in Egypt," Act II.

*

MUSIC

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Shakespeare*: "Merchant of Venice," Act V.

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

—*Congreve*: "Mourning Bride,"
Act I.

Music — Continued

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again,—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

—*Shakespeare*: "Twelfth
Night," Act I.

✱

MUTATION

And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. . . .

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
"Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world
wags.

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

—*Shakespeare*: "As You Like
It," Act II.

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet," Act V.

N**NAME**

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

—*Shakespeare*: "Romeo and
Juliet," Act II.

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked.

—*Cowper*: "Task," Book VI.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

—*Campbell*: "Pleasures of Hope."

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

—*Shakespeare*: "Othello," Act III.

✱

NATURE

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

—*Pope*: "Essay on Man."

Lo! the poor Indian, — whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n.

—*Pope*: "Essay on Man."

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

—*William Cullen Bryant*: "Thanatopsis."

Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God.

—*Cowper*.

Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As by the sea reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere.

—*Young*.

Nature is man's teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart;
An influence breathes from all the sights and
sounds
Of her existence.

—*Street*.

Nature hath nothing made so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

—*Aleyn*.

✱

NECESSITY

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

—*Shakespeare*: "Hamlet,"
Act V.

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.

—*Shakespeare*: "King Lear,"
Act III.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

—*Shakespeare*: "All's Well That
Ends Well," Act I.

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

—*Shakespeare*: "Richard II.,"
Act I.

Necessity — Continued

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

— *Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book IV.*

'Tis necesse: ity
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

— *Beaumont and Fletcher: "False One," Act V.*

Nature means necessity.

— *Bailey: "Festus."*

Soul of the world, divine Necessity,
Servant of God and master of all things.

— *Bailey: "Festus."*

*

NOBILITY

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,

Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

— *Longfellow: "Santa Filomena."*

Oh, noble soul! which neither gold, nor love,
Nor scorn can bend.

— *Charles Kingsley: "Saint's Tragedy," Act IV.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley: "A Farewell."*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

O

OFFICE

When impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.

— *Shakespeare.*

*

OPINION

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world, and in the mind doth
frame

Distastes or likings; for in the human race,
She makes the fancy various as the face.

— *Howel.*

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

— *Shakespeare: "Pericles," Act II.*

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them,
As that inhuman brute, Opinion.

— *Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

*

OPPORTUNITY

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make ill deeds done!

— *Shakespeare: "King John," Act IV.*

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

— *Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act II.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

— *Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar," Act IV.*

*

OPPORTUNISTS AND TIME-SERVERS

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!

Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

— *Shakespeare: "King John," Act III.*

*

ORATORY

He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument.

— *Shakespeare: "Love's Labor's Lost," Act V.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

Oratory — Continued

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

— *Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act I.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.

— *Milton: "Paradise Regained," Book IV.*

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

— *Prior: "Alma," Canto ii.*

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

— *Churchill: "Rosciad."*

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd called "rigmarole."

— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto i.*

Proud of his, "Hear him," proud, too, of his vote
And lost virginity of oratory,

Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
He revel'd in his Ciceronian glory:
With mem'ry excellent to get by rote,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Grac'd with some merit and with more effrontery,
"His country's pride," he came down to the coun-
try.

— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto xiii.*

*

ORDER

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

— *Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Order, thou eye of action, wanting thee,
Wisdom works hoodwinked in perplexity;
Entangled reason trips at every pace,
And truth, bespotted, puts on error's face.

— *A. Hill.*

*

ORTHODOXY

He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.

— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

P-Q**PATIENCE**

Come what, come may:

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

— *Shakespeare: "Othello," Act II.*

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

— *Milton: "Samson Agonistes."*

PATRIOTISM

The age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretense.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.

— *Cowper: "Task," Book V.*

When was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?
Who slights the charities for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?

— *Cowper.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

— *Longfellow: "Building of the Ship."*

PEACE

Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time.

—*Shakespeare: "Richard III.,"*
Act I.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.,"*
Act III.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.

—*Milton: "Sonnet XVI."*

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blessed be the man divine, who gives us thee!

—*Thomson: "Britannia."*

*

PETARD, HOIST WITH HIS OWN

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

*

PHARISAISM

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
there shall be no more cakes and ale?

—*Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night,"*
Act II.

*

PHILOSOPHERS, PHILOSOPHY

I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood!
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

—*Shakespeare: "Much Ado About*
Nothing," Act V.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—*Milton: "Comus."*

Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause,
That nature uses, by their own by-laws.

—*Butler: "Satire Upon Abuse of*
Human Learning."

Besides, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over.
Whate'er the crabbed'st author saith
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for;
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

*

PHYSIC

Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

*

PHYSIOGNOMY

Your face, mythane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

*

PIETY

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion;
B' allowed to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions;
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

—*Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
—*Scott: "Lady of the Lake," Canto ii.*

*

PLAGIARISM

The world's as full of curious wit
Which those, that father, never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot.

—*Butler: "Satires on Plagiarists."*

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd
snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.

—*Pope: "Dunciad," Book I.*

*

PLEASURE

Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.
—*Prior: "Solomon," Book II.*

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Pleasure — Continued

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto iii.*

The evaporation of a joyous day,
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda bottle, when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow, left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind.

— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto xvi.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,—
A moment white,—then melts forever.

— *Burns: "Tam O'Shanter."*

*

POETS AND POETRY

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

— *Shakespeare: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V.*

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad mongers.

— *Shakespeare: "Henry IV., Part First, Act III.*

*

POLITICAL INGRATITUDE

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

— *Shakespeare: "Henry VIII., Act III.*

*

POLITICS — See Statesmen, etc.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike with friends or foes;
That runs behindhand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend, nor one cross.

— *Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

Fearfully wise he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.

— *Churchill: "Night."*

*

POPULARITY

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

— *Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act I.*

You would have thought the very window-spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage.

— *Shakespeare: "Richard II., Act V.*

*

POSSESSION

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

— *Shakespeare: "Troilus and Cressida," Act I.*

The sweets we wish for, turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

— *Shakespeare: "Rape of Lucrece."*

*

POVERTY AND ITS VICES

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

— *Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act IV.*

*

POWER

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton.

— *Shelley: "Queen Mab."*

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

— *Wordsworth: "Rob Roy's Grave."*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

— *Shakespeare: "Henry IV., Part First, Act III.*

PRAYER

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

If by prayer

Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries ;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

— *Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book XI.*

Father of all ! in every age,

In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

— *Pope: "Universal Prayer."*

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity :
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

— *Young: "Night Thoughts,"*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge: "Ancient Mariner."

*

PREJUDICE

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolored through our passions shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

— *Pope: "Moral Essays."*

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

— *Butler.*

*

PRESUMPTION

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

— *Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act III.*

PRETENTIOUSNESS

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

— *Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act I.*

*

PRIDE

How insolent is upstart pride !
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.

— *Gay: "Fables."*

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd wit
wind :

Pride, where wit fails, steps into our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.

— *Roscommon: "Essay on Translated Verse."*

*

PROCRASTINATION — *See Delay*

Procrastination is the thief of time :
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

— *Young.*

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.—
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure ;
After-wit is dearly bought ;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

— *Robert Southwell.*

Procrastination — Continued

Of all our losses, those delay doth cause
Are most and heaviest. By it we oft lose
The richest treasures,—knowledge, wealth, and
power,

And oft, alas! the never-dying soul!—
Like Felix, we intend to hear the call
Of God and duty at some future time;
At some "convenient season," which to us
May never come!

— *Edwards.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps, in its petty pace, from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere he can effect them.

— *Shakespeare.*

*

PROSPERITY

Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

— *Shakespeare: "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III.*

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are
near.

— *Webster: "White Devil," Act I.*

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
— *Young: "Night Thoughts."*

*

PROTESTATION

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

*

PROVIDENCE

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One thing is clear, whatever is, is right.

— *Pope: "Essay on Man."*

And he that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

— *Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act II.*

There is a special providence in the fall of a
sparrow.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act V.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will.

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act V.*

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
— *Pope.*

Providence
Extends its view to all;— from rolling worlds,
To falling sparrows,—all events it guides,
Controls, o'errules, educing still God's glory,
And the highest good of all that trust him

— *Edwards.*

*

PUNISHMENT

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast number
Of such as do offend, make less the sin;
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort, which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: everyone
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness.

— *Massinger: "Picture," Act IV.*

While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!

Right lives by law, and law subsists by power,
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
— *Dryden: "Absalom and Achitophel."*

*

PURPOSE AND DEED

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

— *Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act IV.*

*

QUARRELS

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet."*

Of all hell's quarrels, that is worst in sin
Which rages in the ranks of nearest kin.
— *After Tacitus.*

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation even to the can-
non's mouth.

— *Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act II.*

Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just
And he but naked though locked up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
— *Shakespeare: "Henry VI., Part Second, Act III.*

R

RANK

Rank is a Farce—if People Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to me.

—*Peter Pindar: "Peter's Prophecy."*

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

—*Burns: "For a' That
and a' That."*

*

READINESS FOR THE ISSUE

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.*

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

*

REASONS—ON COMPULSION

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons
were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no
man a reason upon compulsion.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.,
Part First, Act II.*

*

REBELLION

I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burdens,—meaning the high classes.

—*Byron: "Don Juan."*

Rebellion! foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!

—*Moore: "Lalla Rookh."*

*

RELIGION—See Bigotry, Church, Hypocrisy, Piety, Prayer

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat;
it ever changes with the next block.

—*Shakespeare: "Much Ado About
Nothing," Act I.*

In religion

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

—*Shakespeare: "Merchant of
Venice," Act III.*

All our scourging of religion
Began with tumult and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion,
As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

Not he who scorns the Savior's yoke
Should wear his cross upon the heart.

—*Schiller: "Fight With the Dragon."*

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts:
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the
world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights.

—*Rowe: "Tamerlane,"
Act III.*

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace.

—*Young: "Public Situation
of the Kingdom."*

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went;
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

—*Young: "Love of Fame,"
Satire I.*

When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins:
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere,
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink.

—*Cowper: "Expostulation."*

*

REPENTANCE

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry V.,
Act I.*

There is no future pang,
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned,
He deals on his own soul.

—*Byron.*

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness.

—*Percival.*

Repentance — Continued

Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can regain the place she lost.

— Rowe.

*

REPROOF

Reprove not, in their wrath, excited men ;
Good counsel comes all out of season then :
But when their fury is appeased and past,
They will perceive their faults, and mend at last.

— Randolph.

*

**REPUTATION — See Calumny,
Honor, etc.**

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed.

— Shakespeare : " Othello," Act III.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

— Shakespeare : " Romeo and
Juliet," Act II.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

— Shakespeare : " Richard II.,"
Act I.

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.

— Shakespeare : " Othello," Act II.

O, I have lost my reputation !
I have lost the immortal part of myself,
And what remains is bestial.

— Shakespeare : " Othello," Act II.

*

RESIGNATION

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

— Shakespeare : " Othello," Act I.

*

REVENGE

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

— Milton : " Paradise Lost,"
Book IX.

If we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

— Byron : " Mazeppa."

Vengeance to God alone belongs ;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.

— Scott : " Marmion," Canto vi.

*

ROSES

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

— Shakespeare : " Sonnet."

The rose saith, in the dewy morn,
I am most fair ;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.

— Christina G. Rossetti : " Consider the
Lilies of the Field."

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

— Herrick : " To Virgins, to Make
Much of Time."

*

RULING PASSION

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search, then, the Ruling Passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

— Pope : " Moral Essays."

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death.

— Pope : " Moral Essays."

S

SCIENCE

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;
 Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
 Or learning's luxury or idleness;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to
 come.

—Pope: "Essay on Man."

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wander'd there!
 To waft us home the message of despair?

—Campbell: "Pleasures of Hope."

Blessings on Science! When the earth seem'd old,
 When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold;
 'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,
 And taught a language to its lisping tongue:
 'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
 And made old knowledge pale before the new.

—Charles Mackay: "Railways."

*

SCIENCE AND ACHIEVEMENT

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

—Shakespeare: "A Midsummer Night's
 Dream," Act II.

*

SELF-CONCEIT

To observations which ourselves we make.
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

—Pope: "Moral Essays."

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
 Lord love us, how we apples swim.

—Mallet: "Tyburn."

*

SELF-CONTROL

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—Tennyson: "Ænone."

*

SELF-DEFENSE

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

—Shakespeare: "Henry VI.,
 Part Third, Act II.

SELFISHNESS

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Scott: "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"
 Canto vi.

How pleased is every paltry elf
 To prate about that thing, himself!

—Churchill: "Ghost."

*

SELF-RULE

Real glory
 Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
 And without that, the conqueror is naught
 But the first slave!

—Thomson.

The man whom Heaven appoints
 To govern others, should himself first learn
 To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

—Thomson.

Lawless are they that make their wills their law.

—Shakespeare.

*

SERMONS IN STONES

And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—Shakespeare: "As You Like
 It," Act II.

*

SHAKESPEARE

Soul of the age!

Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee room;
 Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

—Ben Jonson: "Underwoods. To the
 Memory of Shakespeare."

He was not of an age but for all time.

—Ben Jonson: "Underwoods. To the
 Memory of Shakespeare."

Sweet Swan of Avon!

—Ben Jonson: "Underwoods. To the
 Memory of Shakespeare."

SHERIDAN, R. B.

Long shall we seek his likeness,—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in molding Sheridan.

—Byron: *"Monody on the Death of Sheridan."*

*

SIN — See Crime, etc.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

—Shakespeare: *"Measure for Measure," Act II.*

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.

—Shakespeare: *"Pericles," Act I.*

He is no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

—Shakespeare: *"Pericles," Act I.*

O, what authority, and show of truth,
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

—Shakespeare: *"Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV.*

Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear;
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!
—Suckling.

In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare.
—Crabbe: *"Tales; Advice."*

*

SINCERITY

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth;

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.
—Shakespeare: *"Coriolanus," Act III.*

Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction rise,—
To take dissimulation's winding way.

—Home.

*

"SINGLE BLESSEDNESS"

But earthly happier is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

—Shakespeare: *"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I.*

SLANDER

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd.
—Shakespeare: *"Henry VIII.," Act I.*

'Tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

—Shakespeare: *"Cymbeline," Act III.*

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue

In noise so rude against me?

—Shakespeare: *"Hamlet," Act III.*

Slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

—Shakespeare: *"Hamlet," Act IV.*

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.

—Shakespeare: *"Othello," Act IV.*

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.

—Shakespeare: *"Sonnet LXV."*

*

SLEEP

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

—Shakespeare: *"Henry IV.," Part Second, Act III.*

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care.

—Shakespeare: *"Macbeth," Act II.*

*

SMATTERERS — See Ignorance

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, when they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout.

—Butler.*

* *Fragments of an intended second "Satire" upon the "Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning."*

All smatt'ners are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.
—Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."

*

SMELL

A very ancient and fishlike smell.
—Shakespeare: "The Tempest,"
Act II.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
—Shakespeare: "Hamlet."

*

SOLDIER

'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
—Cowper: "Task."

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and Sabbath breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad ;
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.
—Cowper: "Task."

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand.
—Byron: "Sardanapalus," Act V.

Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers ;
Also to have the sacking of a town ;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson and nineteen nam'd Smith.
—Byron: "Don Juan."

Soldiers in arms ! Defenders of our soil !
Who from destruction save us ; who from spoil
Protect the sons of peace, who traffic or who toil ;
Would I could duly praise you, that each deed
Your foes might honor, and your friends might
read.

—Crabbe: "Professions ; Law,"

*

SORROW — See Grief

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions !
—Shakespeare: "Hamlet,"
Act IV.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
—Shakespeare: "Hamlet,"
Act IV.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
—Shakespeare: "Othello"
Act I.

Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief ;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain ;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
—Dryden: "Palamon and Arcite."

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveler ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
—Cowper: "Epistle to an Afflicted
Protestant Lady."

*

SORROW AND GUILT

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?
—Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.

*

STATESMEN — See Political Corruption, Folly, Crime, etc.

Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state
To boast your slippery height ! when you do fall,
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise,
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
—Ben Jonson: "Sejanus," Act V.

An honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring ;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow.
—Webster: "Duchess of Malfi," Act III.

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends ;
Faction among yourselves ; preferring such
To offices and honors, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy ;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction.

—Massinger: "Bondman," Act I.

For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim ;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
—Butler: "Hudibras,"

Statesmen — *Continued*

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd,

— *Pope: " Moral Essays."*

Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen ;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show ;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.

— *Churchill: " Night."*

STRENGTH

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

— *Shakespeare: " Measure for Measure," Act II.*

*

SUPERNATURAL LAW

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our * philosophy.

— *Shakespeare: " Hamlet," Act I.*

*

SYMPATHY

Take physic, pomp ;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

— *Shakespeare: " King Lear," Act III.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

— *Shakespeare: " Troilus and Cressida," Act. III.*

T

"TALE, A ROUND, UNVARNISHED"

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

— *Shakespeare: " Othello,"*
Act I.

*

TATTLERS

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention ;
Aspersions is the babblers' trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

— *Cowper: " Friendship."*

*

TAXATION

These exactions

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to the load.

— *Shakespeare: " Henry VIII.,"*
Act I.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.

— *Shakespeare: " Julius Cæsar,"*
Act IV.

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

— *Congreve: " Of Pleasing," Epistle*
to Sir Richard Temple.

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall ?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.

— *Churchill: " Night."*

TEARS

O, let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.

— *Shakespeare: " King Lear,"*
Act II.

*

TELEPATHY

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

— *Shakespeare: " Macbeth."*

*

TEMPER

Of all bad things by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

— *Cumberland.*

*

TEMPERANCE

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

— *Shakespeare: " As You Like*
It," Act II.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to
rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

— *Milton: " Samson Agonistes."*

*

TEMPTATION

How many perils do enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall.

— *Spenser: " Faerie Queene," Book I.*

* * * *Your* in some texts.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth,"*
Act I.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar,"*
Act II.

'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do:
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

*

THOUGHT

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act I.*

*

THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

*

TIME

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes Archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

Time *wasted* is existence; *used* is life.

—*Young: "Night Thoughts."*

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime.

—*Young: "Love of Fame."*

*

TONGUE

Beware the tongue that's set on fire of hell,
And flames in slander, falsehood, perjury,
In malice, idle-talking, thoughtless tales.
Speak not too much, nor without thought; let
truth

In all things, small or great, dwell on thy lips.
Remember, God hath said, "He that in word
Offends not, is a *perfect* man; while he,
That bridles not his tongue, deceives himself,
And shows his faith in vain!"

—*Edwards.*

*

"TRUE 'TIS PITY"

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act II.*

*

TRUTH

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act V.*

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

Truth

Comes to us with a slow and doubtful step;
Measuring the ground she treads on, and forever
Turning her curious eye, to see that all
Is right behind; and with a keen survey
Choosing her onward path.

—*Percival.*

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

—*Shakespeare: "The Tempest,"*
Act II.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry IV.," Part*
First, Act III.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—*William Cullen Bryant: "The*
Battlefield."

Truth — *Continued*

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie ;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.
— *Herbert: "Temple. Church Porch."*

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
— *Dryden: "Hind and Panther."*

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods
do.

Without good breeding truth is disapprov'd ;
That only makes superior sense below'd.
— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

Truth ! why shall every wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters !
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof ;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and power would have her dumb.
— *Churchill: "Ghost," Book III.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.
— *Cowper: "Task," Book V.*

All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the pow'r's must needs refine.
— *Cowper: "Charity."*

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction ; if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange !
How differently the world would men behold !
How oft would vice and virtue places change :
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes.

— *Byron: "Don Juan," Canto xiv.*

*

TYRANNY

Each animal,

By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind :
But man, the tyrant man ! revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation ; men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
— *Somerville: "Field Sports."*

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains ? The despotism of vice, —
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury, —
The negligence — the apathy — the evils
Of sensual sloth, — produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

— *Byron: "Sardanapalus."*

Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects ? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber chief.

— *Byron: "Two Foscari," Act II.*

U TO Z

UNBELIEF

A Christian is the highest style of man !
And is there who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight !
— *Young.*

*

"UNEFFECTUAL FIRE"

The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

*

VENALITY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
— *Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act V.*

*

VICE — *See Crime, Sin*

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
— *Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice," Act III.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
— *Shakespeare: "Pericles," Act I.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.*
— *Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act V.*

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified.
— *Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," Act II.*

O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
— *Shakespeare: "Sonnet."*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
— *Pope: "Essay on Man."*

* "Plague us" in some texts.

VIRTUE

I held it ever,
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.

—*Shakespeare: "Pericles," Act III.*

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

—*Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act I.*

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousandfold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Part Third, Act I.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VIII.," Act IV.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act III.*

Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.

—*Gay: "Epistles To Methuen."*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

—*Pope: "Moral Essays."*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, — which is, to pass for good.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

*

VIRTUE, "TRUMPET-TONGUED"

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act I.*

WAR — See Battle

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry V.," Act IV.*

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VI.," Act V.*

War! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee!

—*Rowe: "Tamerlane," Act I.*

Rz fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

—*James Russell Lowell: "Biglow Papers."*

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

—*Young: "Love of Fame."*

And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights.

—*Butler: "Hudibras."*

All that the mind would shrink from, of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates, of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;

All that the devil would do, if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses
All by which hell is peopled, or is sad
As hell,— mere mortals who their power abuse,—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

—*Byron: "Don Juan."*

*

WAR, PREPARATION FOR

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

—*Shakespeare: "King Henry V.," Act IV.*

*

WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!

—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth," Act V.*

WEALTH

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

— *Shakespeare: "Measure for Measure," Act III.*

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
An hospital, a church, — and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face;
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

— *Eyron: "Don Juan."*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals. in just proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

— *Pope: "Moral Essays."*

*

WEARINESS OF LIFE

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

That it should come to this!

— *Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act I.*

*

WISDOM

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

— *Parnell: "Elegy; To an Old Beauty."*

What is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.

— *Pope: "Essay on Man."*

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

— *Young: "Love of Fame."*

*

WIT

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.

— *Shakespeare: "The Tempest," Act II.*

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.

— *Shakespeare: "Richard III., Act I.*

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

— *Herbert: "Temple. Church Porch."*

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holydays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

— *Butler: "Hudibras."*

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owner fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they'd none.

— *Butler: "Miscellaneous Thoughts."*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

— *Dryden: "Absalom and Achitophel."*

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

— *Pope: "Essay on Criticism."*

*

WOMEN

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

— *Shakespeare: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I.*

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

— *Shakespeare: "King Lear," Act V.*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will.

— *Tuke: "Five Hours," Act V.*

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers;
But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.

— *Rowe: "Tamerlane," Act V.*

Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange:
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,

That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

— *Rowe: "Jane Shore," Act IV.*

Women — *Continued*

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you :
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

— *Otway*: " *Venice Preserved*," Act I.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't ;
And if she won't, she won't ; so there's an end
on't.*

For her own person,
It beggared all description.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
— *Shakespeare*: *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II.

She's beautiful ; and therefore may be wooed :
She is a woman ; therefore may be won.
— *Shakespeare*: " *Titus Andronicus*," Act II.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
— *Shakespeare*: " *As You Like It*," Act II

*

WORDS

Words are things ; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think.

— *Byron*: " *Don Juan*," Canto iii.

*

WORK

Free men freely work ;
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
— *Mrs. Browning*: " *Aurora Leigh*."

Work is its own best earthly meed,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvelous isles that bloom
afar.

— *Jean Ingelow*: " *Work*."

For hearts where awakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work !
For work does good when reasons fail.
— *Jean Ingelow*: " *Reflections*."

* Copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the
Dane John Field, Canterbury.—*Examiner*: May
31st, 1829.

WORTH UNAPPRECIATED

Of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe.

— *Shakespeare*: " *Othello*," Act V.

*

YOUTH

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

— *Gray*: " *Ballad*."

How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !

All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands ;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
" Be thou removed ! " it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud !

— *Longfellow*: " *Morituri Salutamus*."

Youth is the gay and pleasant spring of life,
When joy is stirring in the dancing blood,
And nature calls us with a thousand songs
To share her general feast.

— *Ridgway*.

Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way ;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes.

— *Butler*.

*

YOUTH AND AGE

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

— *Shakespeare*: " *Merchant of Venice*," Act I.

*

ZEAL

Zeal is the fire of love,
Active for duty,—burning as it flies.

— *Williams*.

Zeal and duty are not slow ;
But on occasion's firelock watchful wait.

— *Milton*.

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